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THE DRAMATIC
WORKS

OF

ROGER BOYLE,
EARL of ORRERY.

To which is Added,

A COMEDY,

INTITLED,

AS YOU FIND IT.

By the Honourable

CHARLES BOYLE, Esq;

Afterwards

EARL of ORRERY.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING:

The BLACK PRINCE. } HENRY the Fifth.
TRYPHON. } MUSTAPHA.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at Tully's-Head, in Pall-
mall. M.DCC.XXXIX.

THE DRAMATIC
WORKS
OF
ROGER BOYLE
EARL OF ORKNEY

To which is Added

A COMEDY
Bookplate of the Duke of Roxburgh
AS FOUND IT

CHARLES FIDELITY



CONTAINING
THE BLACK PRINCE'S HISTORY THE FIRST
TRYMON

DOWNYON
Printed for R. Dodsley, at the Theatre, in Pall Mall, MDCCLXXII.



THE
PREFACE.



It may be necessary to say something of our Author, *Roger Boyle*, the first Earl of *Orrery*, whose Dramatic Pieces are now publish'd together; and there is added to them a Comedy call'd, *As you find it*: Written by his Grandson *Charles*, the late Earl of *Orrery*. Plays in Verse have been long laid aside, and out of Fashion; but if the Sentiments are just, and the Incidents moving and pathetic, they may at

least be admired as Poetry, tho' not as Plays.

After the Restoration of King *Charles*, Rhyme and Romance bore universal Sway; Sense was made subservient to Gingle, and Truth fell a Sacrifice to Knights in Armour. The Verses were to tinkle at any Rate, and the Nymph was to be brought on her milk-white Palfry, tho' the Hero was forced to fetch her out of the Clouds : Our juster Age has flung off the Chains of Rhyme, and has despised the Follies of Romance. The Tragic Muse now wears no Fetters, but such as are put upon her by the L—d C——n. But, if our Taste be improved, must we therefore lay aside our Candour and Good-nature ? Some Indulgence may be allowed to the Faults of our Ancestors ; as some Indulgence must be hoped for from our Successors : We may therefore generously forgive a Courtier, who, in Compliance to the Commands of his Prince, ran into the modish Error of
the

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the Times, at great Expence of Labour, and not without some Diminution, or, at least, Hazard of his own Character and Reputation.

The *Black Prince* was the first Play which my Lord of Orrery brought upon the Stage; and, in a Letter to one of his Friends, he mentions it in these Words:

*"I have now finished a Play in the French
"Manner; because I heard the King de-
"clare himself more in favour of their Way
"of Writing than ours: My poor Attempt
"cannot please his Majesty, but my Example
"may incite others who can: Sir William
"Davenant will have it acted about Easter.
"And as it is wrote in a new Way, he may
"possibly take Confidence to invite the King
"to see it; which if his Majesty should con-
"descend to, and if you at the same Time
"should wait on him thither, I intreat you,
"do not let him know who is the Author of
"the Play, unless you have double Assurances,
"that he does not dislike it.*

The *Black Prince* was acted accordingly, and it met with the Approbation of the King, and consequently of the Court. His Majesty was not only Sovereign of the Kingdom, but of the Graces, the Muses, and the Loves: Poets paid an implicit Obedience to His Laws, and he reign'd despotically over the Sons of *Apollo*, without so much as the Ceremony of a Privy-Council. Whatever the King applauded, was sure to meet with the Praise of the People: So that when the Royal Taste was vitiated, the Poison diffused itself through his whole Dominions, and reached even *Dryden* himself. It is in our Days only that a Poet has appeared, whose Judgment has never been led astray by his Fancy, and whose Numbers, matchlesly flowing as they are, have neither cramped his Sense, nor checked his Imagination: But it is our Misfortune, that this superior Genius never thought fit to exert his Talents in the Dramatic Way; which, doubtless, he could

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could have done, in the same inimitable manner as in the Heroic. Our Forefathers had no such bright Example to follow: Poets lived then in the same dark Situation that Mathematicians did before the Rising of that great Star Sir *Isaac Newton*; like Men working under Ground, they neither enjoy'd the Warmth, nor saw the Light of the Sun.

Encouraged by the Success of the *Black Prince*, Lord *Orrery* composed his second Play, call'd *Tryphon*, full of Poetry, and full of Rhyme.

To *Tryphon* succeeded *Henry the Fifth*; where, in the Personage of *Owen Tudor*, Mr. *Betterton* distinguished himself, and laid the Foundation of that great Character which he afterwards acquired: And now false Taste became predominant, and appeared in a thousand Shapes, but nowhere more successfully than upon the Stage. Such is the unhappy Influence of a Court!

Mustapha was Lord Orrery's fourth Play, and is formed upon a Story most exactly adapted to the then fashionable Sentiments of Love and Honour. The Episode of the Queen of *Hungary* heightens the Distress: And the Character and different Passions of *Roxolana*, make us forget that all she says is in Rhyme; but lest we should not, a late Author has with great Sagacity taken away the Rhyme, and has made his Play (by the Help of a first Minister, and some other lucky Incidents) as fashionable now, as my Lord Orrery's was heretofore: The impartial Reader will distinguish the Merit of each.

Herod the Great was Lord Orrery's fifth Play: It was finished, tho' not acted, some Years before his Death. As Ghosts were then in vogue, a Brace of those airy Beings appear to *Mariamne*, and a whole Troop to *Herod the Great*. Our present Times bid Defiance to all Ghosts and Goblins, except to such as have been magically

cally raised by the Wand of Dr. *Faustus*. But, to say Truth, this Tragedy appears under greater Disadvantage than any of the rest, because the same Story has been touched by the masterly Pen of Mr. *Fenton*: however, it may be hoped, that even the older *Mariamne* is not without her Charms; but like a Diamond ill-set, preserves her Value, tho' her Lustre is diminished.

The Earl of *Orrery*, at his Death, left two Plays, *Altemira*, and *Guzman*, unfinished. The fine Sentiments in *Altemira* engaged Mr. *Boyle* (Grandson to the Earl, and who afterwards by the Death of his elder Brother succeeded to the Title) to take it under his Care, and to model it in the Manner it now stands.

Little can be said in Praise of *Guzman*, the Work of an old Man, in the Decline of Life, labouring under the Torments and Anguish of the Gout. Certainly it is not equal to the Plays which go before it; but as all the dramatical Pieces of the then
Earl

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Earl of *Orrery* are now put together, *Guzman* has found a Place in these Volumes, tho' otherwise scarce worthy of a new Edition.

These are all the Plays which had the first Earl of *Orrery* for their Author:

— And this Preface is flung in merely to give a truer and more exact Account of them, than any that has hitherto been printed.

It was hinted before, that the Comedy entitled, *As you find it*, was the Composition of the late Earl of *Orrery*; but notwithstanding the favourable Reception with which that Play was honoured, his Lordship would never prefix his Name to it. He gave it to the Theatre in the earliest Time of his Life, and he need not have been ashamed of it in the latest, since it was writ, as all Comedies ought to be, in Defence of Virtue, and in Derision of Vice.

T H E

THE
BLACK PRINCE.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it was ACTED

At His Highness the D U K E
of YORK's Theatre.

BLACK PRINCE.

TRAGEDY.



At His Highness the Duke's
of YORK Theatre.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by

The GENIUS of ENGLAND, holding a
Trident in one Hand, and a Sword
in the other.

IS England's Genius, that victorious Name,
Which shakes the World, and fills the Mouth
of Fame,

So much forgot, as you misspend your Wit
(Which my great Deeds as greatly might have
writ)

To court a Fancy, or improve a Dream,
And seek new Worlds for a less noble Theme?
Can you in Arms conspiring Nations see,
And think on any thing but Fame and me?

While

While the loud Cannon, with prophetic Sound,

Foretels our King must be in Paris crown'd;

And with such Heat once more invade the
French,

As all the Waves between us cannot quench;

To the just Fury of whose fatal Blows

Fleets, Walls, and Armies they in vain oppose.

This Trophy, which so gloriously to yours

Adds a fourth Crown, and those Four Crowns
secures,

The Belgian Admiral usurping bore,

And I from him and all his Tritons tore.

He to another Element was blown,

Who thought himself immortal in his own;

For still the Sea his Losses did repair,

Till our Alcides kill'd him in the Air.

This Sword, which in French Blood so often dy'd,

Intail'd Success on the young Edward's Side,

Resign'd

PROLOGUE. xv

*Resign'd to you, shall all those Arts exceed,
Which made him triumph, and that Kingdom
bleed.*

*Their frighted Lilies shall confess their Loss,
Wearing the crimson Liv'ry of your Cross;
And all the World shall learn by their Defeat,
Our Charles, not theirs, deserves the Name of
Great.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

King EDWARD.	Mr. MOON.
King JOHN.	Mr. WINTERSELL.
PRINCE.	Mr. KENNISTON.
Lord DELAWAR.	Mr. HART.
Count GUESCLIN.	Mr. BURT.
Lord LATIMER.	Mr. CARTWRIGHT.
PAGE.	Mr. BEESTON.

W O M E N.

ALIZIA.	Mrs. GUINN.
PLANTAGINET.	Mrs. MARSHAL.
CLEORIN.	Mrs. COREY.
SEVINA.	Mrs. NAPP.
VALERIA <i>disguis'd.</i>	F. DAMPORT.
A LADY.	BETTY DAMPORT.

ATTENDANTS.

BLACK PRINCE,

THE FIRST ACT.

The First SCENE is a magnificent Palace, King Edward the Third standing in the Middle of the Theatre, environ'd with his Nobility and Guards: the Lord Delaware presents the King a Letter; which when he has read, the King says:

KING.

BRave *Delaware*, my Son doth let me know
How much my Empire to thy Sword does
owe;

What, generous Youth, could more thy Fame advance

Than with thy Hand to take King *John of France*?

DELAWARE.

Sir, What you say, more Fame to me does yield,
Then I could gain in *Poitier's* glorious Field;
For 'tis more Honour to be prais'd by you,
Then 'tis another Monarch to subdue.

KING.

No Subjects winning Glory can admit
 Such Joy, as does his King rewarding it:
 The Chape of that King's Sword whom thou didst
 take,
 The Crest for ever of thy Arms shall make;
 In that Addition to them shall be shown,
 While the World lasts, the Honour thou hast won:
 To thee thy Gen'ral leaves it to relate
 The *English* Glory, and the *Frenchmens* Fate.

DELAWARE.

As soon, Sir, as the Prince to *Bordeaux* came,
 (So much doth Glory his great Soul inflame)
 He took the Field, and did forthwith regain
 All that King *John* posselt in *Aquitain*;
 Then with like speed *Anjou* he did subdue,
 And all his Towns, but *Poitiers*, of *Poitou*;
 That place alone his Forces durst oppose:
Guesclin, the gallantest of all our Foes,
Poitiers did for their Governor admit,
 And he awhile bravely defended it:
 Yet our Success was but awhile deny'd,
 That by a greater it might be supply'd;
 For Heav'n decreed, that *Poitiers*, Sir, should yield
 As deathless Wreaths to you as *Cressy* Field;
 The noblest Wreaths which ever Victor wore,
 Wreaths which shall last when Time shall be no more.

KING.

But tell me how King *John* employ'd his Time,
While those three Provinces were torn from him.

DELAWARE.

He the mean while rais'd all the Pow'rs of *France*,
And to relieve the City did advance.
The Prince had notice of a Strength so great,
And timely might have made a fair Retreat;
Yet since before the Place he once did lie,
He was resolv'd to take it, or to die:
From this Resolve he could not, Sir, be won.

KING.

He did therein but what became my Son:
No human Force could ever yet subdue
An *English* Prince, and *English* Army too.

DELAWARE.

The *French* appear; and *Poictiers* spacious Plain
Was not enough their Army to contain:
Th' Advantages of Ground our Gen'ral takes,
And plants before his Squadrons sharpned Stakes.
With the like Art, but yet in thicker Ranks,
He strongly fortify'd his Rear and Flanks.
The Word was giv'n, and all our Bows were bent,
When a *French* Herald to the Prince was sent,
Who told him, that his King had thought it good,
T' avoid the shedding of much Christian Blood,
To let him know he could not win the Field,
And all should have fair Quarter, would he yield:

The Prince, unmov'd, did instantly reply ;
 None does deserve to live, who fears to die.
 Go tell your King, those *English* I command
 The Name of Quarter hardly understand ;
 But that, ere Night, he may have Cause to know,
 What we refuse to take, we may bestow.

KING.

This Answer did the Message well besit.

DELAWARE.

The Herald, Sir, return'd amaz'd at it ;
 Their Odds in Numbers rais'd them to that Height,
 They thought they came to take us ; not to fight.

KING.

How many were the *French* ?

DELAWARE.

————— Themselves confess'd
 That Eighty thousand Men they were, at least.

KING,

What was my Son ?

DELAWARE.

————— The Truth I do not wrong,
 Protesting he was but Eight thousand strong :
 But those Eight thousand, Sir, were *Englishmen*.

KING.

And One of those may well be reckon'd Ten.

DELAWARE.

Sir, since your Army by your Son was led,
 We all did then believe what now you said ;

For

For in his Eyes we our Success did see,
 His Looks did antedate our Victory.
 His Face that Morning to us all did show
 Those Lawrels which that Ev'ning crown'd his Brow;
 Now all the Drums do beat, the Trumpets sound,
 The Soldiers shout the trembling Air does wound,
 The flying Arrows such thick Clouds had made,
 As ev'n the Heat of Fight produc'd a Shade:
 Our Van brave *Oxford* and great *Talbot* led,
 Whose Swords that Day did much increase the Dead:
Suffolk and *Warwick* did command our Rear,
 And there deserv'd those Titles which they bear;
 So did bold *Audley*, Sir, and *Barkley* too,
 Whom all did imitate, but none out-do.

KING.

The like at *Cressy* by those six was done;
 Danger they slight, where Glory may be won.

DELAWARE.

Fortune, a while, did fear to ruin *France*;
 But when the Prince his Battle did advance,
 He courted her with Valour so sublime,
 As she turn'd just, and did declare for him:
 They in three Armies did divide their Pow'rs,
 And every one of them did treble ours;
 By which our Prince found, when the Day was done,
 That he had fought Three Battles to gain One.
 So many Heaps of *Frenchmen* there were slain,
 As into Hills they seem'd to change the Plain;

And all those Clouds their Horses Feet had made,
 Were with the Blood of their dead Riders laid :
 Two Lords, arm'd like King *John*, were in the Field,
 And by our Prince's Hand they both were kill'd :
 In doing which he did prodigious Things ;
 For though they were not, yet they fought like Kings.
 While in the Field War's bloody Game was plaid,
Guesclin did sally, and was Pris'ner made.

KING.

In your Relation you omit one Thing
 I fain would hear; 'tis, how you took the King?

DELAWARE.

Sir, in the Heat of Battle 'twas my Chance
 To fight with, and to take King *John* of *France*;
 'Twas Fortune only favour'd me in this.

KING.

Your Modesty great as your Valour is;
 For here my Son to me at large does write
 The Honour which you purchas'd in the Fight;
 And all those brave Attempts which you did make,
 Before your Royal Pris'ner you did take;
 Nothing which you perform'd from me is hid.

DELAWARE.

He writes what I'd have done, not what I did:
 When the *French* King into my Pow'r did fall,
 I did conduct him to our General,
 Who then was giving of Rewards to those
 Who took two hundred Colours from your Foes;

Amidst

Amidst those glorious Trophies, Sir, he stood,
His Armour cover'd all with Dust and Blood:
Those Sights afresh the captive King did wound.

KING.

None in a nobler Posture could be found.

DELAWARE.

When to the Prince I nam'd King *John of France*,
He hastily to meet him did advance;
And to his Pris'ner did as humbly bow,
As, Sir, he could have done, had it been you.

KING.

He did therein what did a Prince besit,
Fierce in the Fight, and humble after it.

DELAWARE.

The King then said: Since Fortune does decree
I should be taken by my Enemy,
Part of the Wound she gives, she also cures,
Since now I fall into such Hands as yours:
I am your Prisoner, Sir, and come to know
The End you aim at by my being so.

The Prince, in whom all Virtues do reside,
Pitying the King's Misfortune, thus reply'd:
That, mighty Prince, to which I most pretend,
Is, from an Enemy, you'll turn a Friend:
And if you'll grant what now is begg'd by me,
I'll prize it more than this Day's Victory.
These Words the Prince with such an Accent grac'd,
As by the King he closely was embrac'd;

3 THE BLACK PRINCE:

Who told him, In this Action you have shown;
You have more ways to conquer me than one;
And, Sir, to prove this does my Mind subdue,
That which you ask of me I beg of you.

KING.

This last Success transcends the other Three:
'Tis more to gain, than beat an Enemy.

DELAWARE.

All things to tell you, too much Time would take:
But then so strict a Friendship they did make,
As our Prince vow'd he would solicit you
To grant the King a Peace and Freedom too;
Then by a Generosity sublime,
He did that Night at Supper wait on him:
By which that vanquish'd Monarch well might boast,
He there receiv'd more Honour than he lost.

KING.

My Son in this did such high Worth express,
As I more value it than his Success.

DELAWARE.

The List of all those Pris'ners which we took
Are by the Prince presented in this Book.

[Gives the King a Book.

All Things secur'd which we had won by Force,
He, with King John, for England steer'd his Course,
The Wind so favour'd him, as yesterday
He safely landed in Southampton-bay.

From

From whence he sent me Post to let you know
They both to-morrow, Sir, will wait on you.

For their Reception ev'ry thing prepare,
Which may your Joys and your Respects declare.
I'll treat this royal Pris'ner at a Rate
Proportion'd to his Title; not his Fate.
My Actions, not my Words, shall let you see,
How much, brave Youth, you are esteem'd by me.

[*Exeunt*]

*The SCENE is a Garden and a Grotto; in which
Alizia Peirce lies as in a Slumber.*

*Enter Sevina who plays upon the Lute: When she
has done, Alizia rises, embraces her, and says:*

ALIZIA.

Ah, my dear Friend! it is in vain you strive
To give that Ease which only Death can give.

SEVINA.

This is the Day you promis'd I should know
That fatal Sorrow under which you bow.
I thought the Charms of Music might abate
The Grief, which springs from what you will relate.

ALIZIA.

Too mean a Thought you of my Grief admit,
In thinking any thing can lessen it.
Who would not all Delights of Life decline,
That had a Soul so out of Tune as mine?

SEVINA.

SEVINA.

Do not from such a Friend yourself refrain;
My Help may put your Soul in Tune again:
'Tis to your Promise, Madam, that I trust;
Let not your Sorrow make you prove unjust:
If Grief should make you to such Wrong submit,
You will deserve as well as suffer it.

ALIZIA.

My fatal Promise why do you pursue?
Though old Grievs, when related, turn to new;
Yet you no longer shall of me complain,
I'll rather heighten than deserve my Pain.
You know, dear Friend, when to this Court I came,
My Eyes did all our bravest Youths inflame:
And in that happy State I liv'd awhile,
When Fortune did betray me with a Smile;
Or rather Love against my Peace did fight;
And to revenge his Pow'r, which I did flight,
Made *Edward* our victorious Monarch be
One of those many who did fight for me.
All other Flame, but his, I did deride;
They rather made my Trouble, than my Pride:
But this, when told me, made me quickly know,
Love is a God to which all Hearts must bow.

SEVINA.

'Tis certain, ev'ry Creature that hath Breath
Is no more privileg'd from Love than Death:

Think

Think you what is your Duty is your Crime;
Or else do you repent you conquer'd him?

ALIZIA.

Oh! had you heard, in what a moving way
He, the first time, his Passion did display;
And had you seen that Grief, and matchless Grace,
Which did at once cloud and adorn his Face;
You had admir'd such differing Charms to see,
But more admir'd, had they not conquer'd me.

SEVINA.

I was your Confident in that bright Fire,
Which both did in each others Breast inspire:
A Fire might teach all Lovers how to burn.
Then sure 'tis something else which makes you mourn.

ALIZIA.

Oh! if he had been still to that bright Flame
As faithful and as constant as I am;
Justice herself, no Fire could higher prize,
But that bless'd Fire in which the Martyr dies.
But he is false —

SEVINA.

— If what you say were true,
Madam, my Friendship must have seen it too:
'Tis Jealousy which has usurp'd Love's Place.

ALIZIA.

Love has more piercing Eyes than Friendship has;
From the Sun's Sight you may the World remove,
Sooner than hide from Lovers, Change in Love:

His

His glorious Flame for me in Clouds is set,
 And he adores the fair *Plantagenet*:
 To that bright Widow he his Heart does yield.

SEVINA.

Alas! Since her brave Lord in *France* was kill'd,
 She only doth the Pow'r of Grief obey.

ALIZIA.

How soon does Love wipe Sorrow's Tears away!
 She's courted by a Monarch, whose Renown
 Does make him greater much than does his Crown:
 To conquer all he has resistless Pow'rs;
 His Sword subdues his Sex, his Virtues ours.

SEVINA.

Then let his Virtue, which you so much prize,
 Suppress your Jealousy, and dry your Eyes;
 Virtue so firm as nothing can remove.

ALIZIA.

Virtue is nothing but a Name in Love;
 What cannot Love, when he is Victor, do?
 Which makes Men think their Change their Virtue
 too.

SEVINA.

With equal Flames the King your Flames did meet,
 And daily breath'd his Passion at your Feet:
 Myrtles, when giv'n by you, were dearer held
 Than all those Laurels vanquish'd *France* did yield.
 He went with Grief that Empire to subdue,
 Hating whatever sever'd him from you.

ALIZIA.

ALIZIA.

I see his Change in spite of all his Art;
He suffers not, but plays the Lover's Part.

SEVINA.

Let not such Thoughts be entertain'd by you;
He courts you now more than he us'd to do.

ALIZIA.

This does the Truth of what I said detect;
His Passion now is chang'd into Respect;
And Love, which once was high, and is decay'd,
Like the Sun setting, casts the greater Shade.
From all his sacred Vows he does depart,
'Tis false Love only needs the Help of Art.

SEVINA.

Such Doubts his Constancy may overthrow;
Who thinks him false, provokes him to be so.
Did you to him your Cause of Grief unfold?

ALIZIA.

'T would not deserve that Name, could it be told;
She meanly loves, who slighted, can admit,
Ought but her Death should tell her Lover it.

SEVINA.

No wonder Grief thus in your Breast does reign,
When you from your Physician hide your Pain;
Let him but hear from whence your Sorrow grows.

ALIZIA.

'Tis low, and vain, to tell him what he knows.

SEVINA.

SEVINA.

Then I will tell it him, and he will fly:
Faster to you, then to a Victory;
And quickly learn to clear his fancy'd Fault.

ALIZIA.

A perfect Lover needs not to be taught:
And if he were with Love's true Passion fir'd,
He would not need to learn; he'd be inspir'd.

SEVINA.

At my Request ease your distemper'd Mind,
And on my Life you suddenly shall find,
To think him faulty, is to think amiss.

ALIZIA.

He is too guilty, since I think he is.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter CLEORIN *and* DELAWARE.

CLEORIN.

I hop'd your Absence (now three Years complete)
Had cur'd your Passion for *Plantagenet*,
And you would Fame to hopeless Love prefer.

DELAWARE.

I courted Fame but more to merit her.
Since I durst love, not having Fame atchiev'd,
Since I ador'd her while her Husband liv'd,
Now that the noble *Kent* three Years is dead,
Now that with Laurel War has crown'd my Head,

THE TRAGEDY IS

How can you be, dear Sister, so unwise,
To think that Love can fall, while Hope does rise?

CLEORIN.

You know, dear Brother, only for your sake
That I three Years incessant Care did take
To make myself your Conqueror's Confident;
But though I have accomplish'd my Intent,
Yet all I gain'd by it, is to believe
She never your Addresses will receive;
For since she lost her Lord the noble *Kent*,
She thinks all Time not paid to Grief, mis-spent.

DELAWARE.

In what you say much Cause of Hope I find:
Since Grief, th' unwelcome'st Passion of the Mind,
She does admit within her to reside,
Love, the most welcome, cannot be deny'd.

CLEORIN.

Do not your Hopes with such wild Fancies feed:
Her's is a Grief which does from Love proceed.
You by your Passion strangely are misled.

DELAWARE.

Is it then possible to love the Dead?
We but to those alive can Love express;
For when the Cause does die, th' Effect must cease.

CLEORIN.

Your own strange Fate opposes what you said;
Your Love does live, and yet your Hope is dead.

DELA.

16 THE BLACK PRINCE:

DELAWARE. How can you be so unwise?
Since Love has over her triumphant been,
My Flame is such, to doubt Success were Sin.

CLEORIN. You know, dear Prince, for your sake

Nothing from Sorrow can her Soul remove,
And Grief is still an Enemy to Love;
But were her Grief subdu'd, yet I must say
A greater Hind'rance does obstruct your Way:
In the King's Heart a growing Flame does rise,
Which he discovers by his Sighs and Eyes;
He is the greatest Monarch of the Earth,
And greater by his Actions, than his Birth.

DELAWARE. In which you say I find

Had I her Heart, his Titles would not sway,
In Love's just Balance only Love does weigh.

CLEORIN. Love, the most weak and most

The Nature of our Sex I'll not disguise;
Our Servants Loves less than their Pow'rs we prize,
For but in Name alone their Hearts are ours,
But we effectually do share their Pow'rs.

DELAWARE.

Yet Love would tell her, 'tis a greater thing
To conquer, than it is to be a King.

CLEORIN. For what the Prince

There's something else which makes my Care
more great
Than all which I to you have mention'd yet;

You know the Prince of *Wales* did once appear
 Your Conqueror's Lover, and was lov'd by her,
 And he to wed her gain'd the King's Consent;
 But unexpectedly she marry'd *Kent* :
 I often press'd the Cause she would reveal,
 Yet she the Secret does from me conceal;
 But tho' she on the Prince does lay the Blame,
 Yet she will weep when she but hears his Name.
 A thousand other Proofs do make me doubt
 That Fire it only cover'd, not put out.

DELAWARE.

Ah *Cleorin* ! there's none but I alive
 Of that strange Marriage an Account can give:
 You know, when to the Wars of *France* I went,
 I made a Friendship with the Earl of *Kent*,
 Which in short time did grow so strong and high,
 As when he found he of his Wounds should die,
 He to strict Silence first did me engage,
 Then told me how he gain'd his Marriage ;
 Which is so strange a Story, I dare swear
 She never can love him, nor he love her.

CLEORIN.

I will not beg you then to tell me why,
 Since you have ty'd yourself to Secrecy :
 Brother, I now must leave you ; for you know
 Our King does on King *John* a Masque bestow,
 To which he did *Plantagenet* invite,
 And thither I must wait on her To-night.

C

DELA-

THE BLACK PRINCE:

DELAWARE. You know the Prince is gone.

Ah! Since you must be gone, yet cry you go,
Let me at least what I may hope for know.

CLEORIN. But unexpectedly.

The highest Joy to which you can pretend,
Is, that your Mistress you may make your Friend.

DELAWARE. But she on the contrary the Blame.

If she does Friendship and not Love bestow,
At once she'll make me blest and wretched too.

CLEORIN. That Fire is only cover'd out.

She'll meet your Friendship, but your Love she'll
shun;

Despair must do what Reason should have done.

DELAWARE. You know, when to the Wars I went,

This is a Cruelty she should abhor.

• She should not do so much, or should do more.

Exit several ways.

ALIZIA'S Chamber.

Enter the KING, ALIZIA, and SEVIN.

KING. She never can love him, he loves her.

While your Suspicion to such Height does rise,
You wrong at once my Passion and your Eyes.

Ah! Madam, be no longer so unkind,

Since you, to think me false, must think me blind.

How can you doubt of any Change in me,

When such fair Eyes are your Security?

ALIZIA.

Admire not what you much do move.

Ah! do not, Sir, condemn what I have done:
To doubt your Love, does more declare my own.
'Tis Love, not Jealousy, which I detect;
Then for the Cause's sake excuse the Effect.

Since she who truly loves, knows

Madam, there is but one Degree, you know,
Twixt doubting I am false, and thinking for

To live torment'd thus to die:

To you no clearer Proof, Sir, I can give
I think you are not false, than that I live;
For did I doubt you guilty of that Wrong,
My Death should tell it you, and not my Tongue.

Kindness to her must be to you:

The Power of Kindness, Madam, you confound,
Making your Love the Sword with which you
wound:

If from this Day my Ruin you will date,
Then by some other Weapon act my Fate;
Your Anger, Misery enough does prove,
Without ascribing of it to your Love.
I were better far I fell by your Disdain,
Than have your Love, my Blessing, turn my Pain.

ADIZIA.

What I have said, too warmly you pursue.

Her Lord too in my Grave

How can you love him whom you think untrue?

And make that Duty, which you doubt is Love.

ADIZIA

C 2

Admire

20 THE BLACK PRINCE :

Admire not what you said so much does move,
 Since, if you think me false, I lose your Love.
 Against such groundless Fear there's no Defence,

ALIZIA.

Love feels no greater Torment than Suspense,
 Since she who truly loves had rather know
 Her Lover false than always think him so;
 For 'tis an Ill, more sensible and high,
 To live tormented still, than 'tis to die:
 But you may end those Torments I deplore,
 If you will never see my Rival more.

KING.

This is a Remedy severe and new;
 Rudeness to her must Kindness be to you;
 And of my Love can you no Proof admit,
 But what will make me for your Love unfit?

ALIZIA.

Ah! were I bless'd, or curs'd to such degree
 As that you thought some other lov'd by me,
 I would for ever from his Sight be gone,
 And would, in your Contentment, find my own:
 Were your Affections but for me as great,
 Then you no more would see *Plantagenet*.

KING.

She is the nearest Kinswoman I have;
 Her Lord too in my Service found his Grave;
 Nature and Honour these Respects approve,
 And make that Duty, which you doubt is Love.

ALIZIA

ALIZIA

ALIZIA.

Alas! were you not chang'd, you would not be
Civil to her, rather than kind to me.

KING.

Will this your fatal Jealousy remove?
I swear I never spake to her of Love.

ALIZIA.

Love is not always by Discourse made known;
It may be spoken in a Look or Groan;
Some in those ways more Passion can dispense,
Than others by the Charms of Eloquence:
Your Oath, I fear, is dictated by Art;
Your Tongue is innocent, but not your Heart.

KING.

This, Madam, too much your Unkindness shows;
You neither will believe my Love nor Vows.

ALIZIA.

Do not admire my Doubts and Fears are high,
When you that easy Cure of them deny:
I saw you gaze on her, much more than you
Did gaze on me when I did know you true;
Which to my Torment, Sir, does let me see
You lov'd me not, or lov'd her more than me.
Man's Art to such a Height could never rise,
As Love from a true Lover to disguise;
Oh! Sir, it is high time I let you know,
Tho' Love is blind, yet Lovers are not so.

C 3

KING.

KING.

He never yet the Height of Love has known,
 Who only told it in a Look or Groan:
 When I to you that Passion did express,
 Which, Madam, only with my Life shall cease,
 Tho' many Looks and Sighs to you I sent,
 Yet by Discourse too I did give it Vent;
 If through all Passages it does not press,
 It soon will kill the Heart it does possess:
 Love is so vast a Passion, as the Breast
 Is much too small to hold so great a Guest.

ALIZIA.

Great Love is like great Grief; and all, Sir, hold
 That Grief is weak or small which can be told.

Enter Lord LATYMER, who whispers to the KING.

KING.

Madam, a pressing Business calls me now;
 Be therefore satisfied with this strict Vow:
 My Carriage to *Plantagenet* shall be
 Such as shall make you grant you've injur'd me.

[Exeunt KING and Lord LATYMER.]

ALIZIA.

Now, my *Sevina*, think you not that I
 Had a sufficient Ground for Jealousy?

SEVINA.

Madam, you had; but give me leave to say,
 You, to suppress it, took a hopeless Way.

ALIZIA

ALIZIA.

To what Way else could I have had recourse ?

TO SEVINA.

A Lover never was brought back by Force :

But since he raises Jealousy in you,

Madam, resolve to make him jealous too :

You by a double Right must gain his Heart,

First owe it to your Beauty, then your Art :

Love is like Health, which all Men value most,

Not while it is possess'd, but when 'tis lost.

ALIZIA.

I'll rather bear Misfortune's worst Assault,

Than owe my Blessing to a seeming Fault ;

If what you now propose I should approve,

Virtue would blush at my Success in Love ;

Honour alone shall guide my Actions still,

Rather than I will do, I'll suffer Ill :

My Rival nor the King shall ever say,

To gain my Right I took a guilty way ;

She has the happier, I the nobler Part :

She may possess, but I'll deserve his Heart.

[*Exeunt. The Curtain falls.*]

The End of the First ACT.

 The SECOND A C T.

The First SCENE.

The Curtain being drawn up, King Edward the Third, King John of France, and the Prince of Wales, appear, seated on one Side of the Theatre; waited on by the Count of Guesclin, the Lord Latymer, the Lord Delaware, and other Lords, with the King's Guards. On the other Side of the Theatre are seated Plantagenet, Alizla, Cleorin, Sevina, and other Ladies. The SCENE opens: Two SCENES of Clouds appear, the one within the other; in the Hollow of each Cloud are Women and Men richly apparell'd, who sing in Dialogue and Chorus, as the Clouds descend to the Stage: Then the Women and Men enter upon the Theatre, and dance; afterwards return into the Clouds, which insensibly rise; all of them singing until the Clouds are ascended to their full Height: Then only the SCENE of the King's magnificent Palace does appear. All the Company arise.

King EDWARD.

SINCE you are Pris'ner by the Fate of War,
 I shall not only make it, Sir, my Care
 Your Grief by such Diversions to allay,
 But quickly too to take their Cause away;

Two pow'rful Motives me to this persuade;
The Friendship, Sir, you with my Son have made,
And that rare Fortitude which you have shown
In *Poitiers* Field, and after it was won.

King JOHN.

Sir, of that fatal Place I'll not complain,
Since I in it his Friendship did obtain,
Which I so prize, as I'd the Loss repeat
Rather than miss a Happiness so great.

[Embracing the Prince.]

PRINCE.

As much as Virtue Fortune does outshine,
So much your Victory surpasses mine;
A Treaty will my Bonds on you untie,
But yours on me will last eternally.

King EDWARD.

That Treaty we To-morrow will begin,
And you shall find I'll so proceed therein,
As you and all the World, Sir, shall confess
Justice shall guide me in it, not Success.
Doubt not but what I promise shall be done;
'Tis what I owe my Honour, and my Son.

King JOHN.

Thus using your Success, the World will see
How justly you deserve your Victory;
Force in rough Fetters may the Body bind,
But only Friendship captivates the Mind.

King

King EDWARD.
 It is already, Sir, so late, I fear,
 As I no longer will detain you here;
 But only for the Ladies sake to ask
 If you have been delighted with their Mask.

King JOHN.
 While they are here, a Sin I should esteem
 My being pleas'd with any thing but them;
 To such a Height their conqu'ring Beauties rise,
 T'admire them only I employ'd my Eyes.

King EDWARD.
 All those who treat of Love are much abus'd,
 If Love be dangerous while 'tis diffus'd :
 To-morrow they attend you at the Ball ;
 Then 'twill perhaps on one contracted fall.

King JOHN.
 'Tis harder, Sir, as 'tis by Trial known,
 To resist many, than resist but one ;
 But much more hard when each of them, I see,
 Has Charms enough alone to conquer me.

[*Exeunt, King John leading out Plantagenet.*
As all are going out, Alizia stops Sevina,
who both return on the Theatre.

ALIZIA.
 Stay, my *Sevina*, ere from hence you go,
 I must your Heart, as you my Heart shall know :
 Methought I saw *King Edward* by Surprise
 Look on my Rival with a Lover's Eyes ;

If,

If, while I'm present, he does her adore,
Ah! when I'm absent, sure he does it more.

SEVINA.

Thro' a false Optic, Madam, still we look,
When Jealousy hath once Possession took:
I mark'd the King, and, if his Looks were true,
He, with Love's Eyes, did only look on you;
But I am sure the Prince's Eyes were set
With so much Passion on *Plantagenet*,
As all my Skill in Looks, I think, is vain,
If his old Wound bleeds not afresh again;
And I'll ne'er trust a Woman's Eyes, if she
Be not as sick of that Disease as he.

ALIZIA.

I am amaz'd at what I hear from you.

SEVINA.

Madam, you'll find what I have said is true;
And if the Prince and she each other love,
The King's Addresses will successless prove,
Should his imagin'd Passion be as high
As you can think, tho' taught by Jealousy.
This, Madam, ought your Trouble to suppress.

ALIZIA.

It does increase, rather than make it less.
Ah! What Delight or Glory will it be,
To find her Scorn does drive him back to me?
May she still rather of her Conquest boast,
Than I regain so meanly what I lost:

My

28 THE BLACK PRINCE:

My Lover to my Rival I will lose,
 Sooner than take a King she does refuse.
 Then do not think I'll do so low a Thing:
 I'll nobly lose, or nobly keep the King.

SEVINA.

My Hopes of serving you I must forsake,
 When you a Poison of your Cordial make.

ALIZIA.

What greater Curse in Love can Fortune send,
 Than make the Way unworthy to the End?
 For should he from my Rival now refrain,
 I must attribute it to her Disdain:
 I, by my Doubt, did but the Pain endure;
 But what you said cuts off all Hope of Cure.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE is PLANTAGENET's Chamber,

PLANTAGENET and CLEORIN.

CLEORIN.

Pray speak your Thoughts, since I have told you
 mine.

PLANTAGENET.

Alas! dear Friend, they are the same with thine;
 But to be us'd by him as I have been,
 Does make me blush at Love as at a Sin.

CLEORIN.

I oft have begg'd you, Madam, but in vain,
 To tell me why you of the Prince complain.

PLAN-

PLANTAGENET.

'Tis that alone from thee I can conceal;
 Nay, I that Secret would to thee reveal,
 Had I not lov'd the Prince to such degree,
 As I had rather be condemn'd than he:
 Ah! What can my Respect more clearly show,
 Then willingly his Guilt to undergo!

CLEORIN.

I cannot think a Prince of such high Fame
 As all the World does Homage to his Name,
 To such a horrid Crime can condescend,
 As is unfit for you to tell your Friend.

PLANTAGENET.

To those bright Stars which guide us 'tis a Shame,
 That so much Falshood dwells with so much Flame.

CLEORIN.

Heav'n seldom does that Man with Laurels crown,
 Who ought by Thunder to be stricken down;
 And Crimes which you to me dare not relate,
 Cannot but merit, Madam, such a Fate:
 I doubt you are betray'd by some Abuse.

PLANTAGENET.

Oh! that his Sin would but admit Excuse!
 Which that it cannot, doubtless you'll admit,
 When I have vow'd, 'twas he which told me it.

CLE-

CLEORIN.

Madam, you might his Words misunderstand:

PLANTAGENET.

Alas! he writ them me with his own Hand.

CLEORIN.

Oh! in what Throne can sacred Virtue reign,
When such a Prince does Falshood entertain?

PLANTAGENET.

I know not which for Wonder is more fit,
Th' Offence he did, or my out-living it;
But tho' no Usage ever was so ill,
Yet, *Cleorin*, I fear; I love him still;
For when I saw him at the Mask To-night,
From him I could not take away my Sight;
Blushes and Sighs each other did pursue,
Too certain Signs that what I fear is true;
But I'll no more this guilty Talk prolong,
Who can the Offender love, deserves the Wrong.

Exeunt

Enter King John of France, and Count Guescelin.

GUESCLIN.

Since all Things, Sir, to ease your Grief are done
By the great *Edward*, and his greater Son,
Why shew you now more Sorrow in your Look,
Than when at *Poitiers* you were Prisoner took?

KING.

Ah! Who could think more could by Fate be done,
Than rob me of my Freedom and my Crown?

GUES-

GUESCLIN.

Supreme above your Fate you did appeal—
 So bravely, Sir, those Losses you did bear
 Your Conqueror, for a Constancy so high,
 Applauded you, and blam'd your Destiny.
 Heav'n did to you your Miseries assign
 Only to make your Virtues brighter shine.

KING.

Over my Sorrows I could still command,
 Were I but Fortune's Malice to withstand;
 She could my Hands but as a Prisoner bind,
 But now I am a Captive of the Mind.
 At *Poitiers* I by Force did lose the Field,
 But here, alas! I willingly do yield.

GUESCLIN.

I cannot, Sir, believe so ill of you,
 As that you blame what willingly you do.
 How can you bear the worst of Fortune's Blows,
 Yet sink with what you on yourself impose?

KING.

This gen'rous Prince doubly does me subdue,
 By Force of Arms, and Force of Friendship too,
 must lament what he hath done for me,
 Since now 'tis Sin to hate my Enemy.

GUESCLIN.

Blame not your Fortune; but yourself commend
 for making a brave Foe a braver Friend.

KING.

KING.

He by my Ruin makes his Glory rise;
 Then me by Friendship from Revenge he ties:
 Oh! do not blame me if I feel Remorse,
 When I'm subdu'd by Kindness, as by Force.

GUESCLIN.

Your Friendship for him, Sir, was never sound,
 If such Effects of it your Soul do wound;
 Ah! let him never, Sir, my King subdue
 Both by his Fortune and his Virtue too.
 Your Honour is so firm, and so sublime,
 'Twere Sin to think you guilty of that Crime:
 'Tis something else which does your Grief inspire,
 After what you would hide, I'll not inquire.

KING.

Ah, Friend! I grant 'tis something else indeed;
 Yet from his Friendship does my Grief proceed,
 For at the Mask King *Edward* made for me
 The bright *Plantagenet* I there did see;
 And soon my Heart a Passion did admit
 Vast as those Beauties which created it:
 Such Features, Colours, Motions, and such Eyes,
 With the Result which from them all did rise,
 My Soul to this Belief did quickly win,
 That Yielding, Duty was; Resistance, Sin.

GUESCLIN

GUESCLIN.

Your Grief from Love, not Friendship, then
does grow.

KING.

It springs at once from Love and Friendship too:
For I observ'd, during the Masking-night,
The Prince on her did always fix his Sight,
And often from his Breast a Sigh would steal,
Which, as his Looks, his Passion did reveal;
But that which made my Trouble much more great
Was, when her Sight did with the Prince's meet,
A bright Vermillion in her Face would rise,
Then with a Sigh she would cast down her Eyes.
What stronger Proof could either of them show,
That he lov'd her, and that she lov'd him too?
Condemn not then my Grief, who must contend
Both with my Conqueror, and with my Friend.

GUESCLIN.

Let that which does your Grief, your Glory prove,
Making your Friendship overcome your Love;
I will be by all a greater Action held,
Thus to decline a Love, than gain a Field;
As much as Virtue above Fortune is,
So much your Glory will out-rival his;
For you, a nobler Conquest this secures;
Let Force his Triumph make, but Friendship yours.

KING.

Guesclin, such Talk as this you must forbear :
 The greatest Glory is, her Chains to wear.
 In what thou mov'st thou dost mis-spend thy Breath;
 None cures her Beauties Wounds, but she, or Death.

GUESCLIN.

'Tis strange to be so vanquish'd the first Hour.

KING.

That does not show my Weakness, but her Pow'r
 Her Beauty only has the Right and Art,
 At the first Sight to captivate a Heart :
 Her Eyes can be no more oppos'd, than Fate;
 Others may raise, but she does Love create.

GUESCLIN.

I once believ'd the Empire of your Breast
 Could only by *Valeria* be possess'd.

KING.

I was myself to that Belief confin'd,
 But now *Plantagenet* has chang'd my Mind :
 She claim'd my Heart in such a charming Way,
 That to refuse was worse than to obey.
Guesclin, she gives, as to my Cost I prove,
 New Rules in Beauty, and new Laws in Love.

GUESCLIN.

This sudden Change I cannot, Sir, but dread;
 The News of it will strike *Valeria* dead.

KING.

KING.

Who on my Conqu'ror's Beauty does reflect,
Will find the Cause does justify th' Effect.

GUESCLIN.

But why have you your Heart so soon resign'd
To outward Beauties, till you knew the Mind?

KING.

Ah! when the Mask was done, I quickly found,
Her Mind was like her Eyes, with Brightness crown'd;
Such heighten'd Wit did in her Words appear,
As she subdu'd my Heart too by my Ear:
'Twas vain, alas! to think of a Defence,
When she had charm'd my Soul in ev'ry Sense.
Then do not hope my Passion to remove;
But as thou art my Friend, assist my Love.

GUESCLIN.

Though I foresee this Passion, many ways,
Will to your Fame and Freedom Trouble raise;
And that the Prince's Love obstructs your Way,
Yet, Sir, since you command me, I obey:
I'll make it, Sir, my Business now to win
Your Conqu'ror's Confident, fair *Cleorin*.
To Lovers, Sir, the fav'rite Women are
The same as Outworks to a Town of War;
Tho', to the Town compar'd, but small they look,
Yet, those once gain'd, the Place is sooner took.

KING.

Go, my dear *Guesclin*, then, and quickly try
If Friendship's Wings as fast as Love can fly.

[*Exeunt several Ways.*]

The SCENE is, The Prince's Chamber.

The PRINCE and DELAWARE.

PRINCE.

Oh *Delaware*! mine is so strange a Grief,
As I nor hope, nor wish to have Relief.

DELAWARE.

May you not to your Servant, Sir, declare
That Grief, in which he begs to have a Share?

PRINCE.

Ah! why should I that Grief to you impart,
Whose Trouble for it will more wound my Heart?
With my own Sorrows I can scarce contend:
Add not to these the Sorrows of my Friend.

DELAWARE.

Since you to me so high a Title give,
I humbly beg you by it to believe
Nothing to you so great a Grief can be,
As this Denial, Sir, would prove to me.
If, Sir, your Friendship treats me at this Rate,
'Twill make your Kindness wound me like your Hate.
Should I want Pow'r to make your Grief decline,
I'll not increase it, by disclosing mine.

PRINCE

PRINCE.

That deep Affliction, under which I groan,
 Cannot, alas! be eas'd by being known:
 Yet since no Proof you'll of my Friendship take,
 But what your Trouble and my own must make;
 Rather than you should fear the Truth of it,
 I to that Proof, which you desire, submit.
 I doubt not, you have heard, how heretofore
 The fair *Plantagenet* I did adore;
 And that I had some Ground to think, that she
 Nor cruel, nor ungrateful, was to me.
 Heav'n knows I lov'd her with so chaste a Flame,
 As I to marry her did only aim.
 To which, at last, my Father did consent,
 When she, next Day but one, did marry *Kent*;
 And, which is worse, if worse than this can be,
 She, for it, ne'er excus'd herself to me.

DELAWARE.

To offer at it had increas'd th' Abuse;
 Who could excuse a Fault above Excuse?

PRINCE.

I, who thro' all War's Dangers oft have past,
 Who a thousand times have Death out-fac'd;
 In all those Horrors did less Trouble see,
 Than in *Plantagenet's* Inconstancy.

DELAWARE.

'Tis she, not you, which should her Change repent,
 Since in her Sin she found her Punishment.

PRINCE.

Alas! to me a sad Revenge it prov'd,
 To see her ruin'd, whom so much I lov'd:
 What worse to me could she, or Fortune do,
 Than make her Punishment my Torment too?
 A Torment, which all others did out-do,
 Since I, who felt it, cannot tell it you:
 But yet, at last, Honour prevail'd so far,
 As I forsook *Plantagenet*, for War;
 Hoping in War, by Death, to find Relief,
 Or else, in Time, to wear away my Grief.

DELAWARE.

In her Inconstancy, and in that War,
 Heav'n shew'd it took of you a double Care;
 With deathless Laurels you have crown'd your Head,
 And miss'd a Wife, unworthy of your Bed.

PRINCE.

How dare you talk of her at such a Rate?
 For tho' her Usage might deserve my Hate,
 Yet from her Eyes such conqu'ring Light does break,
 As none of her, but with Respect, should speak.

DELAWARE.

Forgive me, if the Sense, Sir, of your Wrong
 Did force a guilty Duty from my Tongue.

PRINCE.

To her alone that Suit you must prefer:
 I dare not pardon an Offence to her,

The Wrong I told thee of concerns not thee.

DELAWARE.

Yes ; she in wronging you has injur'd me.

PRINCE.

From such Discourse I charge you to refrain ;
Be taught by me t'endure, and not complain :
If what I said, thou dost so much deplore,
What I must say, I find, will grieve thee more :
For know she does again my Conqu'ror prove :

[*Delaware starts*]

I thought her Change had cur'd my injur'd Love ;
But when last Night I saw her Beauties shine,
Resentment did to Love the Throne resign ;
And that deep Wound clos'd up by her Disdain,
Was open'd by one conqu'ring Look again :
As when the Murd'rer does the Murder'd see,
The Corps will bleed afresh immediately.

DELAWARE.

Oh let it never of my Prince be said,
He yields to one by whom he was betray'd !

PRINCE.

I glory more my Love that Wrong o'ercame,
Than I can grieve that I so injur'd am.
What to my Flame a Remedy can grant,
When her Inconstancy that Pow'r does want ?
I find, do what she will, in me she'll reign ;
Her Eyes give deeper Wounds, than her Disdain.

DELAWARE.

What her Disdain did want the Pow'r to do,
 Let Honour's Dictates now persuade you to :
 And, Sir, to arm you for this just Assault,
 Know, she has said, her Marriage was your Fault.
 Ah! 'twas enough the Injury to do,
 Without attributing the Guilt to you.
 Malice itself at nothing else could aim ;
 She kills your Love, and then would kill your Fame.
 And, Sir, to shew her Fault all Faults surpass,
 She of the first makes use to act the last.

PRINCE.

Ah! do not think this can my Love subdue,
 Since what she charg'd me with, I wish were true :
 I at my Miseries would scarce repine,
 Had I the Pow'r to make her Failings mine.
 My Love for her would make me be content,
 To have her Guilt, and my own Punishment :
 Yet I have nam'd but half the Weight I bear :
 My Father is in Love with her, I hear ;
 And I am much mistaken, if last Night
 She the *French* King subdu'd not at first Sight :
 By which, I find, I must the Field maintain
 Against my King, my Friend, and her Disdain.
 But though worse Crosses should my Hopes befall,
 My pow'rful Love would overcome them all.
 Dissuade me not, but try for me to win
 The Friendship of thy Sister *Cleorin* :

She

She most of all my Conqu'rors Mind does sway.

Reply not, if thou lov'st me ; but obey.

[*Exit Prince.*]

DELAWARE *alone.*

Some fatal Planet at my Birth did reign,
 Since all Things which should cure, augment my Pain:
 My Sister, who at last for me did get
 To be the Fav'rite to *Plantagenet*,
 Which from Despair, till now, my Soul did free,
 My Prince makes use of now to ruin me ;
 My Love he aims not only to destroy,
 But, to obtain that End, does me employ.
 Not doing it, I Disobedience show,
 And, if I do it, I my Love o'erthrow :
 That Secret dying *Kent* reveal'd to me,
 Which rais'd my Hopes, now makes my Misery.
 My Mistress I betray, while 'tis conceal'd ;
 And should betray my Love, were it reveal'd :
 Whatever happens, I must wretched prove ;
 For I must lose, or not deserve her Love.
 Thus from War's Dangers, crown'd with Bays, I rise
 Only to fall the greater Sacrifice :
 Yet of a Remedy I will not doubt ;
 Love which has led me in, may lead me out.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second ACT.

The

The THIRD ACT.

The SCENE is King JOHN's Apartment.

Enter King JOHN, and a Page.

PAGE.

THE fair *Valeria* has her Brother sent,
 T'attend you, Sir, in your Imprisonment :
 His Sister from the Duke of *Lancaster*
 Obtain'd a Pass, which brought him safely here ;
 He is but newly lighted at your Gate,
 And begs your Leave, that he on you may wait.

KING.

Valeria's Brother ! sure it cannot be.

PAGE.

Sir, I but say the Words he said to me.

KING.

Which of her Brothers is't ?

PAGE.

— That Brother, Sir,
 Who, ere his Face was hurt, resembled her.

KING.

Call him — — — — —

[Exit Page.]

— How can I on the Brother look,
 Whose Sister is by me so soon forlook ?

But

But who the bright *Plantagenet* shall see,
Must be unjust, or else must pardon me.

*Enter the Page with Valeria's Brother, whom the
King embraces.*

KING.

You are so like your Sister, I should know
You were her Brother, tho' none told me so:
She may increase my Debt, as she thinks fit,
But nothing can the Sense I have of it.
The Battle I have lost, I hope that she
Ascribes to my ill Fate, and not to me;
Fortune, alas! too tyrannous would prove,
If what has lost my Crown, should lose her Love.

VALERIA'S Brother.

Since for your Mistress you of her made Choice,
She at the Loss, Sir, does almost rejoice;
For it presents her with a Proof, that shows
Her Love is past the Reach of Fortune's Blows.
She'll grieve at nothing your ill Fate can do,
Unless at that, which severs her from you.

KING.

Never Affection to this Height did rise:
It proves her Love is matchless, as her Eyes;
And makes me scarce repine at what I bear,
Since it does shew how I am lov'd by her.

VA-

VALERIA'S Brother.

She of her Love a higher Proof does show,
In what she has commanded me to do;
For, Sir, she knows, that *England* still affords
Beauties, which are resistless as her Swords;
And has injoin'd me, if you here should be
In Love with any one more fair than she,
I should assist you, Sir, in your Amours,
And sink her Happiness, to heighten yours.

KING.

She does at once, in what she bid you do,
Declare her Love, and run no Hazard too;
For he, who once is made *Valeria's* Prize,
Is arm'd against all Wounds from other Eyes.

Enter GUESCLIN.

*The King goes hastily to meet him to the other
Side of the Theatre: Valeria's Brother listening
to them.*

KING.

'Tis with Impatience, *Guesclin*, I have staid
To learn from you the Progress you have made.

GUESCLIN.

In vain I try by Presents, Sir, to win
Th' Assistance of the beauteous *Cleorin*:
She, as I'm told, was pre-engag'd before.

KING.

Whoever told you that, could tell you more.

GUESCLIN.

GUESCLIN.

By Gifts I won a Lady, who of late
The Honour on your Mistress had to wait,
Who told me, and assur'd me it was true,
The Prince of *Wales* does love your Mistress too.

KING.

In this my cruel Fate does on me send
The greatest Curse which I could apprehend:
Must I the Prince, or else my Fortune blame,
Who thus does rival me in Love and Fame?

GUESCLIN.

How can you justly, Sir, this News deplore,
Since I but tell you what you thought before?
'Tis the least Wonder does in Love befall,
To think a Mistress is ador'd by all.

KING.

I, as a Lover, to that Thought was bound;
But now that Thought a Certainty is found,
Which justly in my Soul does Grief infuse.

GUESCLIN.

She has acquainted me with stranger News.
She told me, Sir, this is the second Time
The bright *Plantagenet* was lov'd by him.
He by Despair to the *French* Wars was sent,
She leaving him to wed the Earl of *Kent*.
But she the Cause of it could not relate.

KING.

How strange and intricate a Pow'r is Fate!

The

The Prince of *Wales* finds, in a slighted Flame,
 The noblest of all Ways to raise his Fame;
 Glory does heal what Love made him endure,
 And his Despair presents him with his Cure.
 He mist her Love a while, that he might be
 More worthy of it, by his conqu'ring me.
 A happy Planet at his Birth did reign;
 A seeming Loss brings him a double Gain;
 While Fate with me so cruelly does act,
 As by one Loss a greater I contract;
 Successless Love his Way to Fame does prove,
 And Loss of Fame does make my Way to Love.

GUESCLIN.

You wrong your Virtue by this strange Debate:
 The Brave are still the Makers of their Fate;
 'Tis only, Sir, those Men, whose Souls are low,
 Which first made Fate, and then to Fate did bow.
 Nor War, nor Love, Sir, are resistless Powers;
 Both have their happy, as unhappy Hours:
 But he who does for one Mischance despair,
 Can ne'er be prosperous in Love, or War.
 As I have told you what has rais'd your Grief,
 So now I will present you some Relief;
 For my Informer, Sir, to me has sworn,
 That though the Prince your Mistress does adore,
 He hath not yet his Love to her disclos'd.
 She therefore, Sir, has hopefully propos'd,

That

That you this Moment to the Prince would go, A
And let him from yourself this Passion know. W
His Friendship for you, and so great a Trust, since
Will make him cease to love, or be unjust: and
If, Sir, he does the first, your End you win,
And by the last make Rivalship no Sin. I will
This, Sir, which she proposes, I approve. or, and

KING.

No Friendship ever yet could conquer Love.
He to that Passion vainly does pretend,
Who can resign his Mistress to his Friend:
I scarce can relish what she does advise;
It seems to me nor generous nor wise:
For in vain Hopes of what it ne'er will do,
I clearer shall the lesser Friendship show:
My Friendship too were guilty of a Crime,
Should his do more for me, then mine for him.

GUESCLIN.

But ere her Council, Sir, you disapprove,
Consider if you can forsake your Love.

KING.

Sooner than I my Passion will forego,
I will forsake my Crown and Friendship too.

GUESCLIN.

Then pray, Sir, follow what she does advise,
And you will find 'tis generous and wise:
If to the Prince you first your Passion own,
You first do that, which he first should have done;

And

And lay that Blame on him, while this you do,
Which justly else he might have charg'd on you:
Since you will court the Mistress of your Friend,
This is the fairest Way to reach your End.

KING.

I will approve that which you last did say;
And, to attempt it, will no Time delay.

[*Exeunt King, Guesclin, and Page.*]

VALERIA'S Brother.

In which of both does he not guilty prove,
In his dissembling, or his Change of Love?
There is but one Way left that I can see
To cure or punish his Inconstancy.

[*Exit.*]

Enter PLANTAGENET *and* CLEORIN.

CLEORIN.

Guesclin did show no little Discontent,
When I refus'd the Gifts his King had sent;
Who, since this way he does successless prove,
He will himself declare to you his Love:
And, Madam, I believe King *Edward* too
Will suddenly disclose his Flame to you.

PLANTAGENET.

Oh *Cleorin*! how cruel is my Fate,
That those should love me most, whom most I hate,
And he whom most I love, spight of his Fault,
I fear, of me scarce does admit a Thought!

Enter

Enter to them ALIZIA and SEVINA.

ALIZIA.

Excuse me, Madam, if I take this Time
T' accuse your Beauty of a seeming Crime:
That Friendship which on me you did bestow,
Does make it just I should yet call it so.

PLANTAGENET.

Madam, I am surpriz'd at what you say;
For that great Friendship which to you I pay,
Does make me confident I ne'er could do
What may be call'd a seeming Crime by you.
Let me but know my Charge, and you will see
You are more faulty in suspecting me.

ALIZIA.

From the first Hour, in which you did descend
To bless me with the Title of your Friend,
I so much valu'd it, as Heav'n does know,
I strove to merit what you did bestow;
Which makes whate'er I did in serving you
To be at once my Joy and Duty too.
And though your Goodness often would confess,
I serv'd you above all you could express,
Yet I was higher griev'd I did no more,
Than I was pleas'd with all I did before.

PLANTAGENET.

Madam, to prove my Debt you need not strive:
I'll own myself th' ungratefull'st Soul alive,

50 THE BLACK PRINCE:

If since our Friendship I did e'er admit
A Thought, which might but seem unfit for it.

ALIZIA.

Ah! Madam, can you say what now you do,
And have your Face exempt from Blushes too?
Or do you think it is a friendly Thing
To rob me of my Lover, and my King?
One, who till now preserv'd so pure a Flame,
As made him greater for his Love than Fame.
If this be held a friendly Act by you,
Pursue such friendly Acts, and kill me too:
To me a much less Cruelty 'twould prove
To rob me of my Life, than of my Love.
For our past Friendship's sake you should not give
Wounds worse than Death, and after let me live.
Your Cruelty grants half of my Request;
Then let your Pity, Madam, grant the rest:
Accept this Weapon, and no longer shun
To let your Hand cure what your Eyes have done.

[Presents her a Dagger.]

PLANTAGENET.

I am amaz'd at what you say and do;
I'll sooner wound myself with it, than you.

ALIZIA.

Ah! 'tis your Kindness to the King, I see,
Hinders your granting what is begg'd by me:
His Image, Madam, you but love too well;
You fear to strike the Shrine where it does dwell:

A TRAGEDY.

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But for that Reason what I ask, dispense,
Since only Death can banish it from thence;
Else to your Conquest 'twill some Trouble give
To know he in your Rival's Heart does live.

PLANTAGENET.

Can you believe I'll share that Monarch's Bed,
By whose Command my Father lost his Head?
My Father, who was Uncle too to him,
And who in Virtue to such Height did climb,
As a whole Day he on the Scaffold stood,
Ere they could find out one would shed his Blood:
Adding *Edward's* double Guilt, my Soul does fright;
First, he usurp'd on his own Father's Right;
Then stain'd a Scaffold with his Uncle's Gore,
For striving his wrong'd Brother to restore.

ALIZIA.

You should not charge your Father's Death on him,
Since 'twas his Pow'r, not he, which did that Crime:
His Counsellors, while he was under Age,
Cloath'd with his Name th' Injustice of their Rage;
For which, when he had reach'd his fourteenth Year,
He put to Death the guilty *Mortimer*;
And to appease you for that Murd'rer's Sin,
He now does court you to become his Queen.

PLANTAGENET.

I thought, from Nature you had understood
There's no Atonement for a Father's Blood:

Then do not think I'll ever condescend
At once to injure Nature, and my Friend,

ALIZIA.

Have you forgot how you were almost won,
Madam, to wed your Father's Murd'rer's Son?
If only Love prevail'd so far with you,
What cannot Love, and Thirst of Empire, do?

PLANTAGENET.

Into a high Injustice I had run,
Had I ascrib'd the King's Guilt to his Son.

ALIZIA.

You with a worse Injustice can dispense:
You charge the King with *Mortimer's* Offence.
A Father's Guilt a Son may undergo;
But Kings partake not Sins which Subjects do.

PLANTAGENET.

If on the Prince his Birth a Guilt did lay,
He with his Tears did wash that Guilt away.

ALIZIA.

The Prince's Grief was weak, the King's was
strong;
The Prince deplor'd, the King reveng'd your Wrong;
The King did more, if rightly understood;
The Son gave you but Tears, the Father Blood.

PLANTAGENET.

'Twill easier to a cruel Prince appear,
To spill a Subject's Blood, than shed a Tear:

But that true Show'r wept by the Prince of *Wales*,
To judge him innocent with me prevails.

ALIZIA.

This does but shew the King what he should do :
He need but weep to be judg'd guiltless too ;
Or if yet guilty held, with little Pain
A Lover's Tears will wash off any Stain.

PLANTAGENET.

Tho' your not crediting what I have spoke
My just Resentment does too much provoke ;
Yet, that you may my Friendship clearly see,
Ev'n while you shew that you have none for me,
Since what I said has not prevail'd with you,
I will convince you by this solemn Vow :
I swear the King, nor any e'er to me
Mention'd that Love which makes your Jealousy ;
And should he e'er for me a Passion have,
Rather than wed the King, I'll wed my Grave.
These Vows your Friendship should to me restore.

SEVINA.

You cannot ask, nor can she promise more.

CLEORIN.

Such Vows as these should your Belief persuade,
And Friendship, thus renew'd, is stronger made.

ALIZIA.

"Ah, Madam! now my Trouble is more high,
Than it was lately by my Jealousy :

54 THE BLACK PRINCE:

You could impose no Penance so sublime
As thus to shew me and forgive my Crime.
What ends one Pain, a greater does begin,
Since all my Grief for your imagin'd Sin
Did not so much my wounded Mind subdue,
As does the Grief of having injur'd you:
Yet who can wonder that I jealous grew
Of so much Beauty and such Virtue too?
The Perfectness of both you now have shown;
The last has pardon'd, what the first has done.

PLANTAGENET.

If what I did might to Reward pretend,
You give the greatest, being still my Friend.

[Embraces her.

ALIZIA.

And may I be depriv'd of Life and Fame,
Whene'er again I lose that glorious Name.

[Exeunt.

*Enter King EDWARD and Lord LATIMER, as
in Discourse.*

LATIMER.

To me th' Assurance she did twice repeat.

KING.

What! That my Son adores *Plantagenet*?

LATIMER.

And with a Passion, Sir, that does appear
More fierce than that which he first paid to her.

KING.

KING.

Ah! Can he be so mean to love again
 One who his former Passion did disdain?
 One who was guilty of so strange a Crime
 As to give *Kent* that Heart she promis'd him?
 And, that her Scorn she might the more display,
 Wedded a Rival on his Wedding-day;
 At least, that Day which was for him design'd.

LATIMER.

Love never was to Reason's Rules confin'd:
 For 'tis a Passion, Sir, which only knows
 Such Laws as on itself it will impose.

KING.

But Honour should oblige him to abhor
 One, by whose Guilt he was betray'd before.

LATIMER.

A Lover thinks that no Dishonour lies
 In twice submitting to his Mistress' Eyes.
 We soon with Love and Fortune reconcile,
 When either of them, after frowning, smile.

KING.

Oh, *Latimer*! the News thou dost impart,
 Does with a double Wound afflict my Heart;
 First, that my Son by such a Love should dare
 To blast those Glories he has won in War;
 Then, that his Flames should be to her address'd,
 Without whose Love I never can be bless'd.

[*Latimer starts.*

E 4

Why

Why dost thou start? Is it so strange a Thing,
 That so much Beauty should subdue thy King?
 Rather admire, I did not sooner bow
 To such bright Eyes, than that I do it now.
 The greatest Men that e'er the World did grace,
 Have still allow'd to Love the highest Place :
Cæsar, who gained many a glorious Field,
 Yet did to *Cleopatra's* Beauties yield.

LATIMER.

Had he not won many a glorious Field,
 That Love had been but as his Weakness held :
 His Conquests make us think his Soul sublime,
 And many Victories excuse one Crime.

KING.

Whatever in my Love is judg'd amiss,
 I'll expiate by Actions great as his.

LATIMER.

But how, Sir, can you well condemn your Son
 For doing that which by yourself is done,
 Since both of you intend the same Design?

KING.

His Case, my Lord, does differ much from mine:
 For tho' we both *Plantagenet* adore,
 Yet he has been betray'd by her before :
 The Diff'rence is exceeding great, you see ;
 She has affronted him, but conquer'd me.
 Love is, at worst, a noble Frailty thought ;
 But Love, when scorn'd, is justly held a Fault.

LATI

A TRAGEDY. PART I.

57

LATIMER.

May I be pardon'd, if I speak my Heart?

KING.

Whate'er you think, you freely may impart.

LATIMER.

May not the Prince then, Sir, as justly say
You are more faulty to *Alizia*?
You cease to love her in whose Heart you reign'd,
And he but loves her who his Love disdain'd;
He with the best of Love's Extremes is curst,
But you seem guilty of the very worst:
His Fault is, Sir, the lesser of the two;
You too inconstant are, and he too true.

KING.

O! do not wound me by reminding Things,
Which rather Trouble, than Repentance brings.

LATIMER.

The Fault which you confess, will you pursue?

KING.

We should not sin, and yet we daily do:
I owe *Alizia* more than you can say,
But what I owe her I want Pow'r to pay:
Plantagenet should only Wonders do,
She makes my Fault, and does excuse it too.

Enter to them the PRINCE and DELAWARE.

PRINCE.

Sir, I am come to made you a Request,
Which if deny'd, I never can be bless'd;

'Tis

58 THE BLACK PRINCE:

'Tis a Request I beg you to admit,
And beg your Pardon too, for making it.

KING.

I'll grant whate'er you ask, tho' ne'er so great,
If it does not concern *Plantagenet*.

PRINCE.

Sir, it relates to her, in some degree,
But it exceedingly relates to me.

KING.

Then you are come, I doubt, to ask again
My Leave, that she may twice your Love disdain,
Since there is nothing else I can believe
Unfit for you to ask, or me to give;
And yet that Sin Honour should so detest,
As you should never make it your Request.

PRINCE.

If 'tis a Sin to love her, Sir, I fear
That ev'ry Man must sin that looks on her.

KING.

Loving of her, which is her Beauty's Due
From any other, is a Sin in you.

PRINCE.

How can it, Sir, by you be justly thought,
That what is Mankind's Duty, is my Fault?

KING.

You know what Scorn she did to you dispense,
And in such ways as heighten'd the Offence;

Without

Without the Blemish of that double Stain,
She had within your Heart deserv'd to reign.

PRINCE.

But had not I thro' those fierce Trials run,
I had not merited what I have won.

KING.

Too far she in those guilty Trials went,
When she abandon'd you, to marry *Kent*.

PRINCE.

His Fate is nobler who deserves, but fails,
Than his who merits not, and yet prevails.

KING.

But those fierce Trials which she us'd you to,
Makes her incapable to merit you :
For should she love you now 'twould be too late ;
The Wrongs of Honour, what can expiate ?

PRINCE.

Her Love, whene'er conferr'd, will over-pay
Th' Affronts of Scorn, and Tortures of Delay ;
Against her Beauties 'twere the greatest Fault
To think her Love can be too dearly bought.

KING.

Rather that cruel Injury she gave
Should all your Scorn, and all your Hatred have :
Then do not hope I ever will allow,
That by my Leave she twice should injure you.
Ask all those Provinces your Sword has won,
Ask me to share with you the *English* Crown,

And

And that true Kindness which does me dispose
Still to deny you her, would grant you those.

PRINCE.

The Empire of the World I should disdain,
Unless *Plantagenet* with me did reign ;
No Charms would in that Throne to me appear,
Without I had your Leave to place her there ;
But if you grant me what I now implore,
I cannot ask, nor can you give me more.

KING.

When first her Beauties in your Heart did reign,
I had design'd to marry you in *Spain* :
And the Consent I of Don *Pedro* won,
By which you had succeeded to his Crown ;
But, by Affection for you, I was led
To give you leave *Plantagenet* to wed.
What Act of greater Kindness could be shown,
Than yield your Love should lose so fair a Throne ?
You have lost *Spain* by your first fatal Flame,
And by your second, you will lose your Fame.
Those Wreaths which conquer'd *France* for you
has made,
By such a guilty Fire, will quickly fade.

PRINCE.

I doubt not, Sir, but by my Sword to gain
As large a Monarchy as that of *Spain* :
Fortune the Valiant may to Thrones prefer ;
But 'tis by Suff'rings, I must conquer her.

KING.

KING.

Ah, Prince! Since nor your Reason, nor your
 Fame,
 Can cure you of so criminal a Flame,
 I'll try if my Commands can make you do
 What Fame and Reason cannot lead you to.
 I here injoin you, Son, by ev'ry Thing
 Which binds you to your Father and your King,
 This sinful Love, without Delay, decline,
 Which should your Horror cause as well as mine;
 For if this Passion longer you pursue,
 You'll lose your Fame, your King and Father too.

[*Exeunt King and Lord Latimer.*]

PRINCE.

Two Ills he offers, one he bids me chuse;
 I must my Mistress, or my Father lose.
 Why should he strive by Nature to remove
 The highest Bond of Nature, that of Love?
 Tho' nat'ral 'tis t' obey a Father's Call,
 Yet, to love her, is much more natural:
 Since he would have me yield to Nature's Sway,
 Where she most rules, there I should most obey.

DELAWARE.

Since she, your King, your Father, and your Friend
 Oppose your Love, give to your Love an End;
 Any of them the Conquest ought to win:
 Then, to oppose all Four, will prove a Sin.

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

'Ah, *Delaware* ! the Sin were much more great,
Should I now cease to love *Plantagenet* :
Then I to kill myself must needs consent,
My Love and Life being of like Extent.

DELAWARE.

Your Passion is unjust, while 'tis so great :
You pay Love's Scorn with what is Nature's Debt.
If in your Love so prodigal you are,
With what, Sir, will you pay your Father's Care?

PRINCE.

Ah ! 'tis his Love for her, not Care for me,
Which makes him treat me with such Cruelty :
Against all Rules of Justice he does go,
Making himself both Judge and Party too :
If to love her who wrong'd me, be a Crime,
The self-same Cause makes Love a Fault in him.

DELAWARE.

More by a King and Father may be done
Than may be by a Subject and a Son :
Let calmer Thoughts you to your Duty bring,
Pronounce the Names of Father and of King
With that Respect which is to either due,
And yield to those Effects 'twill work in you :
Those pow'rful Names will then victorious be.

PRINCE.

I find, in either dwells Divinity ;

For nothing less of Force enough could prove,
 To hinder me to speak to her I love.
 This is the very utmost I can do,
 And this, Heav'n knows, will prove my Torment too.

DELAWARE.

Silence, Sir, is but half of what you owe;
 You should suppress your Inclination too.

PRINCE.

My Inclination must be let alone;
 For tho' 'tis mine, yet it is not my own.

DELAWARE.

Only to Lovers this Distinction's known;
 How can it, Sir, be yours, and not your own?

PRINCE.

Subjects who from their King the Pow'r have got,
 Are still his Subjects, tho' he rules them not.
 Oh! Friend, in my Condition, there appears
 Two Motions, like to those which rule the Spheres;
 My Love, the rapid Motion, I may call;
 My Duty to my King, the natural;
 Which while it does its reg'lar Course obey,
 Love's rapid Motion hurries it away. [Exeunt.

The End of the Third ACT.

The

The F O U R T H A C T.

The SCENE opening, King EDWARD and Lord LATIMER appear in a Garden, discoursing.

LATIMER.

SIR, 'tis past Doubt, th' Intelligence is true.

KING.

What ! the *French* King, the Prince's Rival too !

LATIMER.

And to so great a Height, as, I believe,
A Period to their Friendship it will give ;
For never any yet could soar above
The fierce Resentments of a Rival's Love.

KING.

Friendship between them Two can hardly be
Of so much Strength, as Nature is in me :
Since Love in me does Nature's Force subdue,
Doubt not in them 'twill conquer Friendship too !
'Tis the Prerogative of her bright Eyes,
For Love of them to break all other Ties.

LATIMER.

Is it then just you on the Prince should lay
Commands above his Pow'r, Sir, to obey ?

KING

KING.

Oh, *Latimer* ! I grant I am to blame ;
 But 'tis not Love alone does me inflame :
 Glory, in that I act, does bear a Part ;
 Glory does fire my Mind, as Love my Heart :
 Nothing for me seems worthy to pursue,
 But what my Son attempting, fail'd to do :
 Since he to such an envy'd Fame does rise,
 Mine will burn dim, if it out-shine not his.

LATIMER.

Oh, Sir ! can you, who have such Glory won,
 Grow jealous of the Glory of your Son ?

KING.

He never Glory lov'd, who could admit
 Of any thing which might out-rival it :
 From this Resolve nothing can me remove ;
 Nature must yield to Glory, and to Love.

*Enter King JOHN and the PRINCE, who locks
 the Garden-door.*

LATIMER.

Sir, I perceive the Prince, and the *French* King :
 Something important does them hither bring ;
 For they are come alone, and lock the Gate.
 If, Sir, conceal'd awhile you here will wait,

Perhaps you'll learn what in their Loves they'll do.

KING.

That's a Discourse deserves my list'ning to.

[*King Edward and Lord Latimer con-*

ceal themselves behind the Scene.

King JOHN.

'Tis such a Secret as shall clearly show
The perfect Friendship which to you I owe;
Since what to tell myself, is scarcely fit,
I to your Secrecy shall now commit.

PRINCE.

Tho' nothing can to me more Pleasure give,
Than Proofs, Sir, of your Friendship to receive,
Yet among Friends there may such Secrets be,
As to disclose them were an Injury;
But you too well the Laws of Friendship know,
And are too generous to use me so.

King JOHN.

That Friend must to himself appear unjust,
Who takes, as Injuries, the Marks of Trust;
Yet tell me, Sir, What can that Secret be
Which to reveal, would be an Injury?

PRINCE.

Should you have brib'd your Guards to set you free
'T would be an Injury to tell it me;
For I should be, whatever I should do,
False to my King and Father, or to you.

A TRAGEDY.

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King JOHN.

Could I corrupt or else his Guards deceive,
I'd not return to *France* without his Leave :
That gen'rous Usage he to me does show,
Secures me here, more than his Guards can do :
And tho' this Bond do strong enough appear,
Yet a far stronger does confine me here :
By your great Friendship, Sir, I here am ty'd.
But tell me freely, Is there ought beside,
Which by a Friend a Secret may be thought,
Which told a Friend, his Friend may think a Fault ?

PRINCE.

Yes, Sir ; yet I will mention but one more :

[Looking fixedly on the King.]

Suppose two Friends one Beauty did adore ;
If he, whose Heart her Eyes the last o'er-came,
Should to his Rival Friend disclose his Flame,
We well might think the Injury was great.

KING.

I hope you do not love *Plantagenet* ?

PRINCE.

Yes, Sir, I do ; and with a Love so high,
That it can never cease until I die.

KING.

Ah ! Since you love her, and to that Degree,
Why was your Passion not reveal'd to me ?
Telling you first she does my Conqu'ror prove,
You make your Friendship guiltier than my Love.

F 2

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

Why should I tell you what you needs must know
For whosoever sees, must love her too.

KING.

Since such high Pow'r does to her Eyes belong,
Think not, in loving her, I do you Wrong.

PRINCE.

To love such charming Eyes no Wrong can be,
But 'tis a Wrong to tell your Love to me.

KING.

Since all who look on her she must subdue,
Is it a Wrong to tell you what you knew?
Because you thought your Love was known to me,
You judg'd your Silence was no Injury;
But I, as soon as I her Lover grew,
Judg'd it a Duty, Sir, to tell it you:
Consider which of us has done the worst.

PRINCE.

I who first saw her must have lov'd her first.
Therefore my Passion must be known to you.

KING.

I heard you lov'd her, and she lov'd you too;
But afterwards she did inconstant prove,
And I believ'd that Wrong had cur'd your Love.

PRINCE.

Her Beauties were unworthy my Esteem,
If any thing more pow'rful were than them.

KING

KING.

Knowing their Pow'rs, admire not if you see
That Love more strong than Friendship is in me.

PRINCE.

Yet since I to her Beauties first did bow,
Your Love's a Wrong to me, not mine to you.

KING.

Affronts the Ties of Friendship may undo :
Yet you still love her, tho' she injur'd you :
You clearly have declar'd, in what you did,
That her fair Eyes do Friendship's Strength exceed ;
And she who spight of Wrongs triumphs o'er you,
Triumphs o'er me in spight of Friendship too.
Since she o'er you the greatest Pow'r has shown,
Blaming my Passion, you more blame your own :
Your Love in both, or neither, is amiss ;
Yours above Wrongs, mine above Friendship is ;
But the Success of mine I may despair,
Since now I know that you my Rival are ;
With Disgrace am cloath'd, but you with Fame,
Which makes me merit Pity more than Blame.

PRINCE.

How can I, Sir, that Pity give to you,
Which to my own Case is more justly due ?
Besides her Change, for which my Soul does mourn,
Besides my Friend, who does my Rival turn,
As high an Ill as both of these I feel.

F 3

KING.

KING.

May you that Secret, Sir, to me reveal?
 To me, whom tho' as Rival you may blame,
 Yet I your Friend more than your Rival am:
 For at this Name I grieve, at that rejoice;
 This is th' Effect of Force, but that of Choice.

[Embracing him]

PRINCE.

Oh! I did err, and in a high Degree,
 Repining that you Rival were to me,
 Since 'tis more fit that Pain I should abide,
 Than that her Eyes this Triumph were deny'd.
 As both in Love and Friendship I exceed,
 So both disdain in common Paths to tread;
 Unjust to her, and Love, I should appear,
 Would I without a Rival conquer her.

KING.

This Declaration I unmov'd receive,
 Since you to be your Rival give me leave;
 But tho' *Plantagenet* should prove unkind,
 Yet in my Friendship I some Ease shall find;
 For should the worst of Fortunes be my Share,
 Your Trophies I should raise in Love as War!

PRINCE.

Thus I by Friendship's Pow'r shall be supply'd
 With what to me my Fate and Love deny'd:
 My Friendship for you nothing can impair,
 Since it stands firm, tho' you my Rival are;

For I who best her Beauty's Pow'r do know,
 Find your Excuse from thence for being so;
 And to confirm this Truth, I now will show
 That Secret to you, which you ask'd to know.
 Those conqu'ring Beauties which did us subdue,
 Have made my Father turn my Rival too.

KING.

I thought he lov'd the fair *Alizia*.

PRINCE.

And, Sir, I thought you lov'd *Valeria*.

KING.

Our Conqu'ror's Eyes must ev'ry Heart reduce :
 In my own Fate I find the King's Excuse.

PRINCE.

'Tis she alone with the high Pow'r is blest
 Of captivating Freedoms prepossess'd.

KING.

She does in the same Fate, such is her Pow'r,
 Involve the Conquer'd and the Conqueror.

PRINCE.

But 'tis not, Sir, at this that I repine ;
 I know, where-e'er her Beauties please to shine,
 They ought to conquer as their native Right :
 Me by his Rivalship he does not fright ;
 For 'tis her Choice alone which can improve
 The highest Lover to deserve her Love :
 And, Sir, my Flame, which brightest shall appear,
 Would make it Sin, should I a Rival fear :

But that which does my Soul with Grief subdue,
Is his forbidding me to love her too :

Oh ! why should the paternal Right oppose
The nobler Right which Love on her bestows ?

KING.

Oh, Prince ! your Case is difficult, I see ;
He should have treated you, as you treat me ;
But in the fatal Streight which you are in,
You must against your Love or Nature sin.
What Resolution think you to pursue ?

PRINCE.

Ah ! 'tis much easier to resolve than do ;
For once I thought I could so far obey,
As silently to mourn my Life away :
But Love, the Monarch-Passion of the Soul,
That Resolution quickly did controul ;
Making me find, that her triumphant Eyes
Are much more pow'rful than all Nature's Ties :
Yet, that no Odds of you I may receive
But what my greater Love to me does give,
I let you know, on her this Night I'll wait,
And from her Sentence I'll receive my Fate.
Sir, if you please, you may go there with me,
And both together learn our Destiny :
I hope, if mine does prove a happy Doom,
My Father by Submission to o'ercome ;
But if a fatal Doom she does dispense,
That will revenge my Disobedience.

KING.

KING.

Since you allow me, I on you will wait,
 Of that bright Beauty to receive my Fate ;
 Tho' I already cannot but foresee
 The certain Ruin that must fall on me :
 For she must be unjust, as she is fair,
 If of her Love she makes me not despair ;
 Or if she should me with her Favour bless,
 Your Grief for it will kill my Happiness.
 Fate neither way to me does Hope allow.

PRINCE.

The Value of her Love you injure now :
 Since whosoe'er her Favour does possess,
 Is past the Relish of Unhappiness——

KING.

If of her Love such Thoughts I do admit,
 My heighten'd Friendship is the Cause of it ;
 And, Sir, you are oblig'd by Honour's Laws
 T'excuse Effects, where Friendship is the Cause.

PRINCE.

Admire not, that my Rival I reprove
 For too much Friendship, and too little Love ;
 But pardon me, since I therein express
 I prize her Right above my Happiness.

KING.

Ah! gen'rous Prince, such Virtues shine in you,
 That you in Love, as War, must all subdue.

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

Since, Sir, together we resolve to go,
And from *Plantagenet* our Fate to know;
'Tis fit that we no longer should defer
To beg her Leave, this Night, to wait on her.

KING.

But ere we know the Sentence she will give,
Let us from one another, Sir, receive
A mutual Vow, that still we Friends will be.

PRINCE.

That to our Friendship were an Injury.
It is its own Security, you know,
And does more strongly bind than any Vow.
Against our Friendship, Love in vain contends;
For though we Rivals are, we'll both be Friends;
Yet give your Friend that Pity he does seek,
Who to obey Love's Law must Nature's break.

[*Exeunt.*]

King EDWARD, and *Lord* LATIMER.

KING.

Never an Act so insolent was done!
Affronted by my Pris'ner, and my Son!
Both know *Plantagenet* is lov'd by me,
And yet my Rivals both presume to be.
In my revenging it I'll lose no Time:
Their Suff'rings shall be equal to their Crime.
I'll make them feel, that 'tis a dang'rous Thing
To dare to court the Mistress of a King.

LA.

LATIMER.

I beg you, not for their sakes, but your own,
Let first this Storm of Anger be o'erblown,
Ere you determine what is fit to do ;
Then such Resolves you safely may pursue.
If Patience guide you not, they will esteem
Your Passion only, Sir, does punish them.

KING.

Delay, in the Affront they cast on me,
Would not be Patience, but Stupidity.

LATIMER.

Consider, I beseech you, Sir, how they
The Pow'r of Love, not Reason's Pow'r obey :
Such strange Effects that Passion does produce,
As for all Faults, Love is its own Excuse ;
Love does our noblest Faculties controul,
'Tis in effect the Fever of the Soul.

KING.

My Lord, such Talk as this I'll not admit :
Share not their Guilt by thus excusing it ;
But follow them, and let them understand,
They now are both confin'd by my Command.
This Night, in which their Love they should have
shown,

I am determin'd to declare my own ;
Since by their Love, my Pow'r they injure so,
I by my Pow'r their Love will punish too.

*[Exeunt several Ways.]**The*

The SCENE, PLANTAGENET's Chamber,

Plantagenet, Delaware, and Cleorin.

DELAWARE.

Those Fires of Love have still most tort'ring been,
Which tho' they highly burn'd, have burn'd
unseen ;

And under those which I discover'd now,
For many Years my conquer'd Heart did bow,
Admire not yet I could so long disguise,
From your own Sight, the Acting of your Eyes :
For tho' the Sun on the Earth's Face but shines,
Yet by his Influence he does ripen Mines,
Your Eyes, which shine at least as bright as he,
Perform, like him, Things, which you could not see :
But yet this Breast, in which your Beauty shin'd,
May boast of Love purer than Gold refin'd :
Your Eyes alone perform within my Heart
'More than the Sun on Mines, tho' help'd by Art,
As it was just my Love I should display,
So 'tis as just your Will I should obey ;
Which I shall do, when you but speak the Word,
Tho' 'twere to pierce my Heart with my own Sword ;
And nothing in that Action I shall fear,
But to offend your Image, which is there.

PLANTAGENET.

My Lord, I think, you from your Sister know
The Friendship which I always had for you ;

Yet

A TRAGEDY.

77

Yet since your Words th' Occasion do admit,
I will myself give you a Proof of it.
Tho' your declaring of your Love for me
Is in itself no little Injury;
Yet for my Friendship's sake I'll pardon you,
If you th' Offence will not again pursue.

DELAWARE.

Madam, your Justice should this Usage blame :
You cloud your Cruelty with Friendship's Name ;
As Judges to the Tortur'd Respite give,
To lengthen Pain, but not to make them live.
Such Usage yet were for that Servant fit,
Who durst adore you, and not tell you it.
Tho' 'tis some Guilt to say, I die for you,
Yet, Madam, is that Guilt, a Duty too :
Ah! Madam, sure you ought not to deny
To take the Debt, or bid the Debtor die.
Your Sentence is too heavy, or too light;
You either should me kill, or save, or quit.

PLANTAGENET.

Since by yourself, my Lord, I now am told,
Your Love for me is more refin'd than Gold,
I'll put it to a Trial, but so vast,
As never yet that courted Metal past :
Know then, my Love, for which so much you strive,
Is not, alas! in my own Pow'r to give.
The Prince of *Wales*———

DELA-

DELAWARE.

— In Pity say no more:

Fate never had a Curse like this in Store ;
 Rais'd to the charming'st Hope of all the World,
 Into Despair, I now from thence am hurl'd.
 You keep that Word to which yourself you ty'd,
 And try me more than ever Gold was try'd.
 That glitt'ring Earth, when it has pass'd the Fire,
 Is the Refiner's Wonder and Desire:
 But I, having Love's fiery Trial past,
 Like the neglected Dross, away am cast.

CLEORIN.

Oh Brother! had not Love your Mind deprav'd,
 You'd think you were not cast away, but sav'd:
 The Crime you act she calmly does reform.

DELAWARE.

Ah! such a Calm is worse than any Storm.

CLEORIN.

How can the Princess more obliging prove,
 Than to give Friendship, when she cannot Love?

DELAWARE.

Oh! Sister, he who to her Love aspires,
 To nothing less can limit his Desires.
 Love's Pow'r must always Friendship's Pow'r outdo;
 For Love at once is Love and Friendship too.

CLEORIN.

You should, with Joy, what she bestows, receive;
 She gives in Friendship all she has to give ;

And

And to convince you hers is great and true,
She the first Hour her Secrets trusts with you.

DELAWARE.

Since to receive my Love she does deny,
She by her Anger ought to make me die;
That's the best Proof of Friendship she can give;
And therefore that alone I can receive.
He for her Love does grant himself unfit,
Who can be won t'outlive the Loss of it.

PLANTAGENET.

What I have yet perform'd, can but pretend
To let you see, how much I am your Friend
But that, my Lord, which now I do design,
Shall let you see, how much I think you mine;
For by your Counsel and Assistance too,
The Life of all my Hopes I will pursue.
Admire not Shame thus in my Face prevails,
When I confess, I love the Prince of *Wales*.
For though th' Affront, which I from him receiv'd,
Does make me blush, that after it I liv'd;
Yet I, whether by Weakness, or by Fate,
Still love that Prince, whom I ought most to hate:
And how that Love with Honour to pursue,
Is that, in which I ask Advice of you ———

[*Delaware starts.*

For he esteems you in such high Degree,
As you the fittest are to give it me.

DELA.

DELAWARE.

Oh Fate! Oh Love! why do you both agree
 To give such Beauty so much Cruelty?
 Is't not enough my Flame is scorn'd by you,
 But you would make me help my Rival too?
 And, my Resentments higher to inflame,
 These Wrongs you do me under Friendship's Name.
 Madam, if this, if this your Friendship be;
 Ah! give me Proofs then of your Cruelty.
 Either bestow on me your Love or Hate:
 This Tyranny surpasses that of Fate.
 Fate only made me wretched, but 'tis you,
 Alas! would have me make myself so too.
 To love you, is a Confidence so high,
 As I for it do not refuse to die:
 But do not let your Doom be so severe,
 As thus to make me my own Murtherer.
 From those fair Eyes which did my Love create,
 I beg, I may alone receive my Fate.

PLANTAGENET.

Oh! why should you be griev'd to this Degree?
 Love, which does govern you, does govern me.
 'Tis Love gives Laws to us, not we to it,
 And to this boundless Pow'r we must submit;
 Since by its Influence of my Love you miss,
 I give you that, which of next Value is;
 And hope by Friendship's Kindness to remove
 Your Grief, for wanting Pow'r to give you Love.

DELA.

DELAWARE.

Ah! Madam, how can you that Friendship prize;
 Which could destroy the Conquest of your Eyes,
 And would against its Nature make it prove
 A Rival's Help, and Murderer of Love?
 'Tis past the Pow'r of Friendship to bestow
 Such Joys as those 'twould ravish from me now:
 Yet think not strange that I deny to you
 What I deny'd my Prince and Gen'ral too;
 For your triumphant Eyes, since his Return,
 Have made his Fire, once quench'd, more fiercely burn.
 This fatal Secret he to me confess'd,
 And unobey'd, made me the like Request:
 But yet your Cruelty does his surpass;
 He did not know that I his Rival was:

But you, who knew it, strive to make me do
 What, known to him, Love had not forc'd him to.
 Fortune both ways my Torments does advance,
 By Friendship's Knowledge, and its Ignorance.

PLANTAGENET.

Ah! that blest Secret, which I learn from you,
 Makes me with greater Hopes my Suit renew:
 For 'twere below your Virtue to undo
 At once, my Lord, a Friend and Mistress too.
 Sure to that Man Love's Pow'r was never known,
 Who valu'd not her Joys above his own.
 Consider, since I lov'd him while I thought
 That his Inconstancy did cause his Fault,

If any other Love my Breast can fill,
 When from yourself I find, he loves me still.
 Since 'tis my Fate the Prince alone to love,
 Since therefore all your Hopes must fruitless prove,
 Assist your Prince, and Mistress, in Distress,
 And help that Love, which nothing can suppress
 Quenching, by such a gen'rous Act, your Flame,
 From your Misfortune you'll increase your Fame.
 Retire, my Lord, and think on what I said:
 I know, when Love does once the Heart invade,
 So powerful is that Passion's Influence,
 As 'tis not easily remov'd from thence:
 But when alone you weigh what's ask'd by me,
 Reason and Honour must victorious be.

DELAWARE.

Oh! Madam, though the Trouble be not light
 Of being thus commanded from your Sight,
 Yet that torments me in a less Degree,
 Than those Desires which here you lay on me.
 Yet ere I go, this sacred Vow receive,
 I, to obey you, Madam, will so strive,
 As, if I can, my Flame I will suppress,
 And, on my Ruin, raise your Happiness:
 But if I quench not Fires which you create,
 Accept the Duty, and deplore the Fate.

[Exit Delaware]
 I thought I lov'd him while I thought
 His Inconstancy did cause his Fate.

PLANTAGENET.

Go, my dear *Cleorin*, and lose no Time:
 Improve th' Impression I have made on him:
 For that blest Secret he reveal'd to me,
 Shews, that on him depends my Destiny.

[Exeunt several Ways.]

Enter Guesclin hastily, who meets Delaware.

GUESCLIN.

My Lord, I have been seeking you, with News
 Which will at once Horror and Grief infuse:
 My King, and your great Prince, are both confin'd.

DELAWARE.

From what black Coast blows this tempestuous
 Wind?

GUESCLIN.

By the Lord *Latimer* I understand,
 They are imprison'd by your King's Command.

DELAWARE.

The Cause of it did he not let you know?

GUESCLIN.

'Tis what he could not, or else would not do.

Let us by sev'ral ways employ our Care,

First to discover why they Pris'ners are:

That known, we may more hopefully apply

To this Misfortune a quick Remedy.

DELAWARE.

Let's hasten to this Work; for 'twere a Crime,
In serving them, to lose one Moment's Time.

[*Exeunt several Ways*]

The SCENE is Plantagenet's Bed-Chamber.

PLANTAGENET *and VALERIA's Brother sitting
and in Discourse.*

VALERIA's Brother.

Th' Assurance, Madam, which to me you give,
With Joys above Expression I receive:
'Tis you alone those Blessings can extend,
Which both my Merit and my Hopes transcend.

PLANTAGENET.

You in such moving Words your Love have shown
As I, in Justice, could not less have done:
Some Time and Industry it will require
Fairly to reach that End which we desire:
But leave it to my Care, if you think fit.

VALERIA's Brother.

She who must make my Fate, should govern it
While 'tis in such fair Hands, it is secure.

[*Enter a Lady hastily*]

LADY.

Madam, the King is almost at the Door.

[*They both rise up hastily*]

PLA

PLANTAGENET.

The King! Oh, strange Misfortune! and so near!

VALERIA's Brother.

What would he think, if he should see me here?
 I will ruin all which we design'd to do.

LADY.

The King does come the Way which he should go.

[Exit Lady hastily.]

PLANTAGENET.

By what dire Planet is he hither led?
 I hear him; hide yourself within my Bed.

[A Noise within.]

VALERIA's Brother hides himself in PLANTAGENET's Bed. She goes to meet the KING.

Enter the KING.

KING.

Since I enjoy, at last, this long'd for Time,
 I hope you will not think it is a Crime,
 Madam, if I employ it now to say,
 In Adoration to your Eyes I pray;
 In Adoration Words would ill express;
 Nor could I tell its Greatness, 'twould be less.
 So high a Passion ne'er was paid before;
 And yet I blush, Madam, that 'tis no more.

PLANTAGENET.

Do you consider, Sir, what now you say?
Such Vows you should but to *Alizia* pay.
Sir, you mistake, to her alone they're meant.

KING.

Ah! say not I mistake, when I repent.
You may believe, what I now say, is true,
Since of most Love I speak, and speak to you;
To you, who've given mine such perfect Strength,
As 'tis incapable of more but Length,
That Falshood may Truth's piercing Sight escape,
It slowly moves, and in a borrow'd Shape;
But Truth, which only fears to be unknown,
Moves speedily, and no Disguise puts on.

PLANTAGENET.

'Tis strange! this Love should grow so great so
soon.

KING.

The Dawning of it was a perfect Noon,
For what such Eyes, Madam, as yours create,
Must reach Perfection in their first Estate;
Yet since I did *Alizia* first adore,
I grant, I merit this Neglect, and more;
But you the Name of Tyrannous will win,
Revenging a Misfortune as a Sin.
This Usage too will an Injustice be;
You wrong your Eyes, while thus you punish me.

PLANTAGENET.

PLANTAGENET.

Were there nought else, I'd not be false to her.

KING. And I prove mine is true.
Beauty should still a Conquest most prefer.

PLANTAGENET.

They Tyrants are, who do usurp Delight.

KING.

Who has most Beauty, has in Love most Right.

PLANTAGENET.

You wrong your Mistress, while my Love you seek;
And I my Friend, in hearing what you speak.

KING.

To love another, after you are seen,

A greater Wrong, Madam, in me had been.

fully know the great Debt which is due

To your fair Eyes, and to your Virtues too:

And it had been below them to have gain'd

A Heart, in which no Beauty e'er has reign'd;

But mine before had yielded to the Pow'rs

Of conqu'ring Charms, which none excel but yours.

What greater Merit can my Passion shew,

Than thus to leave *Alizia*, to love you?

This of its Vastness is a Proof sublime.

PLANTAGENET.

Ah! what you call your Merit, is your Crime:

Since perfect Love in Justice must excel,

Falseness and he together cannot dwell.

KING.

That perfect Love is just, I grant, is true;
 And I prove mine is just in loving you:
 Your Eyes, which act the Change you so abhor,
 Are my Security, I'll change no more.
 Since to the highest Beauty I pretend,
 Blame not, if by Degrees I reach that End:
 And as my Love that Blessing does pursue,
 So now I find it only shines in you.

Enter ALIZIA and SEVINA,

ALIZIA.

This Duty daily must be paid by me;
 And though 'tis late ————

[She starts back amaz'd, seeing the King]
 ————Oh Heav'n! what is't I see?

Ah! wou'd these Eyes, rather than see this Sight,
 Had been clos'd up by an eternal Night;

KING.

What is it, Madam, which you thus bemoan?

ALIZIA.

Can you ask that, since you two are alone?
 And at an Hour, so guilty, as it shows
 The Falseness of her Friendship, and your Vows;
 To me this Sight so vast a Grief does give,
 As makes me wish rather to die than live,

KING.

And, Madam, 'tis some Cause of Grief in me,
 To find in you so strange a Jealousy.

ALIZIA

ALIZIA.

If you, who do the Wrong, Sir, can admit
Of Grief, what then must I, that suffer it?
But, Sir, your Cause of Grief shall be remov'd;
My Death shall shew you soon, how well I lov'd.
Go, treach'rous Woman! false as thou art fair!

[To Plantagenet.]

Those Hopes you rais'd on your wrong'd Friend's
Despair,

Shall soon be blasted; for my injur'd Ghost
Shall still pursue you for those Joys I lost;
Where-e'er you go, Revenge it shall invoke,
And shew you still that Heart your Falshood broke;
You still shall see it, or shall hear it groan,
And it shall haunt you in his Bed and Throne.

[She offers to go up.]

PLANTAGENET.

Oh! go not yet away.

SEVINA.

At least be pleas'd to hear what she can say.

ALIZIA.

Whatever she can say, I do despise:

I'll not believe her Words above mine Eyes;
And I have seen so much, as I now fly
To seek for Death, my only Remedy.

[Exeunt Alizia and Sevina.]

PLANTA:

THE BLACK PRINCE:

PLANTAGENET.

So well her heighten'd Spirit, Sir, I know,
 As what she threatens, she too soon will do;
 If by your instant Kindness, or my Care,
 We do not stop th' Effects of her Despair,
 Forgive me, if I leave you to attend
 The Debts I owe to a despairing Friend.

[The King stays her.]

KING.

Oh! leave not your Adorer, to pursue
 One who does hate you, and usurp'd your Due.
 If to receive my Passion you decline,
 Ev'n her Despair will be less great than mine.

PLANTAGENET.

Detain me not; she'll die thro' our Delay.

KING.

And I shall die, should you thus go away.

PLANTAGENET.

She needs my Help. —

KING.

— But does not it implore:

PLANTAGENET.

Her Case deserves it. —

KING.

— Mine deserves it more.

PLANTAGENET.

Her Grief does wound me. —

KING.

A TRAGEDY. THE 91

KING.

— So my Love should do.

PLANTAGENET.

Your Love's her Debt. —

KING.

— 'Tis only due to you.

[A great Shriek within.

PLANTAGENET.

That fatal Shriek must cut off our Debate;
For my best Speed, I fear, will come too late.

[She breaks from the King,
and goes out hastily.

KING.

She's gone, and left me in a deeper Grief,
Than her's, to whom she flies to give Relief.
She does her Hatred to my Love prefer;
To me she's cruel, but she's kind to her.
'Tis Fortune only, or resistless Fate,
Which governs all the World in Love and Hate.

[The King stands musing awhile: Valeria's Brother, thinking him gone, comes from behind the Bed: The King lifts up his Eyes, sees him, and starts back. Valeria's Brother runs into the Bed again.]

KING.

A Man, and here, and at this Time of Night!
How quickly did he vanish from my Sight!

Does

Does she a Visitant, like this, admit?

Tho' my bad Angel 'twere, I'll speak to it.

[The King draws his Sword, and goes towards the Bed.]

What art thou, and what is it brought thee here?

[The King plucks Valeria's Brother out of the Bed, who trembles, but answers not.]

His Tongue is ty'd by Guiltiness or Fear.

Prepare for Death, or else resolve my Doubt.

He's silent still. What! ho! Who waits without?

Enter Two Courtiers running.

Since my Commands thy Silence cannot break,
I'll find out Tortures which shall make thee speak.

Seize on this Mute, and with him follow me.

[They seize on Valeria's Brother.]

Why should the Thrones of Kings so envy'd be,

When such strange Griefs assault me in one Hour,

As make my Sorrows greater than my Pow'r!

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Fourth ACT.

The

The FIFTH A C T.

Enter King EDWARD, and Lord LATIMER.

KING.

I Have in short told you my Cause of Grief,
Which is as just as 'tis above Relief.
Ah! to forsake one in whose Heart I reign'd,
To court another who my Flames disdain'd!
And such a lovely Youth thus hid by her!
Are Loads too heavy for my Soul to bear.

LATIMER.

Tho', Sir, the fair *Plantagenet* may be
Too justly blam'd for One Inconstancy;
Yet in all else her Virtue such hath been,
As to suspect it, Sir, would turn a Sin.

KING.

Oh! she, who could for *Kent* my Son forego,
What is it after, which she might not do?
She must have giv'n that Love, for which he press'd,
Were not her Heart by other Fires possess'd.
I'll not defame her, since she bears my Name;
But she for ever has suppress'd my Flame.

Enter SEVINA hastily.

SEVINA.

If with your Love, Sir, for *Alizia*,
You have not thrown your Pity too away,

Be

Be pleas'd to see where she despairing lies,
And with your Hand vouchsafe to close her Eyes.

KING.

Madam, what is't which her Despair does move!

SEVINA.

Oh! ask not that, when she has lost your Love:

She did awhile that Misery suspect;
But when the Certainty she did detect,
She had, but that our Strength was her Relief,
By one dire Blow ended her Life and Grief.
When from her Hand the Weapon we did wrest,
Such Storms of Sighs did crowd out of her Breast,
And from her Eyes such Streams of Tears did flow
As we repented that we stopp'd the Blow;
For sure the Loss of Life is a less Ill,
Than that Despair which does possess her still.
But tho' we did one sort of Death prevent,
Yet she on dying, Sir, is so intent,
As from *Plantagenet* I now am come,
Who dares not, Sir, one Moment leave the Room,
To tell you that th' Assurance of your Love
Can only these Resolves of Death remove.
Despair, alas! so pow'rful is in her,
'Twill be too late, should you the Cure defer.

KING.

Ah! lead me then where my *Alizia* lies;
For in her Sorrow I so sympathize,

As I, alas! without Disguise may swear
Her Grief wounds me much more than it does her.

Enter DELAWARE and CLEORIN

CLEORIN

'Tis a strange Secret which you have reveal'd
But why, alas! was it so long conceal'd
Repair that fatal Sin you did commit,
And fly, to tell your Prince and Mistress;

DELAWARE

As all those Sins which for a Crown are done,
Heav'n does absolve, when Heav'n does put it on;
So all those Crimes which are perform'd in Love,
Do lose that Name, when we successful prove.

CLEORIN

But since of yours you cannot hope Relief,
Do not delay to cure your Prince's Grief.

DELAWARE

Ah! my dear Sister, if my Hopes were fled,
You soon should see your wretched Brother dead;
But who in Love does as a Lover strive,
Lives while he hopes, and hopes while he does live.

CLEORIN

Ah! to such empty Hopes impose an End,
By making blest your Mistress, Prince, and Friend!
So losing of your Hopes, you soon will see
A greater Blessing than your Hopes can be.

Has Love the Pow'r to sink the Soul so low,
 As to deny what Virtue bids you do?
 What nobler Fate can Love give to your Pain,
 Than to deserve that Love you cannot gain?

DELAWARE.

Should I this Secret to them both confess,
 'Twill rather raise than make their Troubles less.
 While under their Delusion they remain,
 Their just Resentment robs them of their Pain;
 But were that happy Fallacy remov'd,
 She with such Passion by the King is lov'd,
 As they can ne'er possess what I shall lose,
 And 'twill in them a lesser Grief infuse,
 Never a Hope of Union to admit,
 Than be so near, and after miss of it:
 Besides, the Kingdom may be plung'd in War,
 When such a Son, and Father, Rivals are.

CLEORIN.

Ah! you should blush to talk at such a Rate.
 Make not your Crime an Interest of State:
 Better that War you dream'd of, should ensue,
 Than you should shun what Honour bids you do.
 Oh! 'tis in you too guilty a Distrust,
 When you fear aught more than to be unjust.
 Consider, should the Prince or she e'er know
 That Secret you to me discover now

DELA

DELAWARE.

I fear not that : 'tis only known to you.

CLEORIN.

Yes but it is. ———

DELAWARE.

——— To whom? ———

CLEORIN.

——— You know it too.

Ah ! little Honour in your Soul does shine,
Should not your Knowledge fright you more than
mine ;

To what low State Love does a Lover bring !
Is your own Witness then so slight a Thing ?
Let Virtue, and not Fear, make you repent.
Guilt is a greater Ill than Punishment.
Have you not found what I have said is true ?

DELAWARE.

[Studies awhile.]

My Passion strives my Virtue to subdue.
Pity your Brother, whom Love masters so,
As he does fear what Honour bids him do :
Pity yourself, for it is you alone
This hopeless, guilty Passion must dethrone.

CLEORIN.

To conquer Love there needs but little Skill,
Since none can want the Pow'r, who has the Will.

DELAWARE.

There's none does want the Pow'r his Hopes to kill
But to destroy them; who can have the Will?

CLEORIN.

Your Cure were finish'd, were it but begun.

DELAWARE.

Ah! this is easier said than it is done:
Yet I from you this double Good have got,
To know my Debt, and grieve I pay it not.

CLEORIN.

Who grieves he does not what he can and ought
Is guilty of his Torment as his Fault.

DELAWARE.

Ah! you did never yet the Torment prove,
Which springs from Honour that disputes with Love.

CLEORIN.

The Torment lies in the Dispute alone:
Let Honour conquer, and the Torment's gone.

DELAWARE.

But Love assumes o'er me so strange a Right,
As 'tis at once my Torment and Delight.

CLEORIN.

You'll find, if Virtue dictates, you'll pursue
Greater Delights, exempt from Torments too;
For tho' successless Love be no small Pain,
Yet Guilt in Love wounds deeper than Disdain.

DELA

A TRAGEDY.

99

DELAWARE.

Oh, *Cleorin* ! that which you now have said,
Has in my Soul such an Impression made,
As I perceive Love made me too long stray,
And Honour now would lead me in the way :
To that bright Guide I am inclin'd to trust ;
I'll rather be unhappy, than unjust.

CLEORIN.

Such Charms in foll'wing Virtue you will find.

DELAWARE.

Ah ! shou'd you press me more, you'd be unkind.
Do not all th' Honour of my Change ingross ;
Leave me part of it to support my Loss.

CLEORIN.

'Tis not to Virtue that you now resort,
If it wants Strength its own self to support ;
'Tis only Sin, not Suff'ring, that it fears ;
It grows the stronger, the more Weight it bears.

DELAWARE.

I know in all its own Support 'twill prove,
Unless in quitting such a charming Love.
Then think it is my Wisdom, not my Fault,
If I seek ev'ry Help in this Assault.
Sister, farewell, I will retire awhile,
That I may Love and Virtue reconcile ;
Consider well what such a Love must be,
As with your Virtue dares to disagree.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

The SCENE opens. Alizia appears lying on Couch, King Edward, Plantagenet, Latimer Sevina, and Women Attendants standing about the Couch.

ALIZIA.

Ah! 'tis enough to die, Sir, by your Hate!
 Too much, your Triumph thus to celebrate.
 Yet I repine not, since you come to see,
 That your Contentment is so dear to me,
 As when I found my Life oppos'd your Love,
 I chose, by Death, that Trouble to remove;
 And I implore your Pardon, since the Debt
 Is only paying, and not pay'd you yet:
 But, Sir, my Rival can declare for me,
 'Tis not my Fault, tho' it my Trouble be;
 For she, her Cruelty is grown so high,
 Makes Death my Wish, yet hinders me to die.

KING.

Oh! I am come to wait upon you now,
 That I may be both just to her and you;
 I must confess, that her enchanting Eyes
 Did, for a while, my guilty Heart surprize;
 But what I now shall tell you is as true,
 Madam, 'twas I, not she, was false to you:
 Her Friendship for you, did the Conquest get;
 I did assault, but could not vanquish it.

Do not believe that what is spoke by me
Is only to suppress your Jealousy,
That I thereby the safer Pow'r may win
To persevere in, and repeat my Sin;
Oh! no: That Love and Grief which you have
shown,

Has all the Magic of her Eyes o'erthrown:
On Fancy's Wings I my past Flight did take;
But 'tis on Trial's Wings that I fly back.

ALIZIA.

Alas! if Words could cure a broken Heart,
Those you've now spoke would have that Pow'r of
Art.

They come too late; they should have come before;
Life you can take away, but not restore:
But, Sir, the Loss of mine my Joy shall be,
If in my Death my matchless Love you see;
For, Sir, to you, I'm more concern'd to give
Proofs of such Love, than I'm concern'd to live;
Which justly you may doubt, if after I
Did know I lost your Love, I shou'd not die.

KING.

Ah! the best Proof you of your Love can give,
Is, that you'll pardon me, and that you'll live.
Has my first Crime made me so black in Sin,
As my Repentance no Belief can win?
Do not believe I did the Sin commit,
Or else believe my Penitence for it.

H 3

Let

Let not one Fault, which is already past,
 Have greater Force than Love, which still shall last.
 Ah! sure you could not thus your Death pursue,
 If you believ'd what I have vow'd is true:
 But all those Doubts intirely to o'erthrow,
 My Lord, I charge you instantly to go

[*Speaking to Latimer.*

And let at once King *John* and my Son free,
 Who were the Pris'ners of my Jealousy.

LATIMER.

'Tis a Command I joyfully obey.

KING.

I charge you do it, and without Delay.

[*Exit Latimer.*

Madam, that King may safely court you now;

[*To Plantagenet.*

For I before you, and *Alizia*, vow,
 My Flame for you shall ne'er revive again,
 And my *Alizia* only here shall reign.

PLANTAGENET.

In what, Sir, you have said and vow'd, I find
 To me you're just, and to *Alizia* kind.
 Nor can your solemn sacred Vow, Sir, be
 More pleasing to my Friend, than 'tis to me.
 I hope that Name, Madam, I may resume,
 And safely keep it for the Time to come.

ALIZIA.

ALIZIA.

Heav'n knows, my Sorrows never were more high,
Than when I thought that you had laid it by.
And yet my Joy, that you forgive my Sin,
Is now as vast as e'er my Griefs have been.
Twice now your Friendship you to me restore :
May you refuse it, if I need it more !

PLANTAGENET.

No Fear of losing yours I can admit,
Since I will ne'er do what may forfeit it.
Madam, 'tis fit I leave you with the King,
That he your Cure may to Perfection bring.

[Exit Plantagenet.]

KING.

Ah, Madam ! Why in her should Friendship be
Of greater Pow'r, than Love or Grief for me ?
Since Friendship her Resentments does subdue,
Let Love for me, as pow'rful be with you.
Madam, to you my Heart this Suit prefers,
Which needs your Pardon more than you did hers.
To this sad State your King, alas ! is brought.

ALIZIA.

Sir ! I forgave you, when you saw your Fault ;
And I repine not at my ling'ring Death,
Which lets me seal it with my dying Breath :
No Proof of Love could ever be more high,
Than to forgive th' Offence which makes one die.

H 4

KING.

KING.

If you forgive me, yet your Death pursue,
 You will at once forgive and kill me too:
 Love's Pow'r you wrong, while at this rate you grieve;
 For Love should heal worse Wounds, than it can give.

ALIZIA.

I can, alas! Sir, but too truly say,
 'Tis only Love which makes me disobey;
 For I should not deserve the Love you give,
 If, after you recall'd it, I could live.

KING.

And I of Life should too unworthy be,
 If I could live, after you dy'd for me.
 Your Love for me by living must be shown;
 For you, to save my Life, must keep your own;
 And, if my Words you give no Credit to,
 What I have vow'd, my Grief will make me do.

ALIZIA.

Ah! then all Thoughts of dying I'll decline,
 Since you have vow'd your Life depends on mine;
 But if again to her your Love you give,
 My just Despair will be above Reprieve.

KING.

Oh, Madam! you will wound my Soul again,
 If such a fatal Doubt you entertain;
 My Grief for the great Crime I did commit,
 Will still preserve me from repeating it.

By all those Vows which bind me most, I swear,
I'll still love you, and never more love her.

[*The Scene closes.*]

The SCENE, PLANTAGENET's Chamber.
Plantagenet, *the Prince, Cleorin, and Delaware.*

PLANTAGENET.

Oh! what has been reveal'd by *Delaware*
His Friendship shows, but heightens my Despair,
It makes me guilty, Sir, to such Degree,
As you'd be guilty, shou'd you pardon me;
The Knowledge of my Fault so wounds my Mind,
As only I in Death my Ease can find.

PRINCE.

Alas! your Grief more cruel is to me,
Than, Madam, your suppos'd Inconstancy;
For to such Height my Love for you is grown,
As your Grief wounds me more than does my own.
You'll punish, by a Sorrow so sublime,
My Innocence more than you did my Crime:
But though the Word of Innocence I nam'd,
Yet only I can be with Justice blam'd:
For had I not that fatal Letter writ—

PLANTAGENET.

Oh! Sir, I cannot such Discourse admit:
For while Requests I for your Pardon make,
Alas! my Guilt you on yourself would take;
When all the Guilt to me alone is due,
Who did believe a Letter more than you.

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

Alas! have you design'd to let me see,
That ev'ry way you mean to ruin me?
For while you did suspect my Innocence,
You to my Rival did your Love dispense.
And, Madam, now that Heav'n has thought it fit
To make it evident, you punish it:
For by these precious Tears which now you spill,
You make me wish I were thought guilty still.

PLANTAGENET.

Oh! Sir, what does your Innocency prove,
Makes me too guilty to deserve your Love.

PRINCE.

Ah! be not cruel to this strange Degree,
Let not my Innocence my Ruin be.
No Reparation could be reckon'd more
Than what the injur'd Person does implore;
But you will make, if this be your Intent,
Your Reparation my worst Punishment.
A Punishment so cruel, and so high,
As it transcends th' imagin'd Injury.
Yet if you think, that you amiss have done,
Let me then name the Reparation:
'Tis, Madam, that you'll never think so more,
But give me Leave your Beauties to adore.

PLANTAGENET.

Heav'n, Sir, does know, and so does *Cleorin*,
That while I thought you guilty of that Sin,

Which

Which only my Misfortune made me do,
lov'd you, Sir, and lov'd none else but you.

PRINCE.

And Heav'n does know, and so does *Delaware*,
That while I thought you guilty as you're fair,
I did not you, but my ill Fortune blame;
And still preserve for you a deathless Flame.
My Lord, to her and me, this Justice do,

To Delaware.]

As to oppose me, if I speak not true.

DELAWARE.

Sir, you for her did still such Love express,
As Heav'n knows too, I griev'd it was not less.

PRINCE.

Ah! if you give Belief to what we say,
Do not refuse the perfect Love I pay.

PLANTAGENET.

Alas! a greater Sin I should commit,
Than that I mourn for, by accepting it:
But all the World will know that I repent,
When on myself I lay this Punishment;
Which, Sir, by Justice' Dictates I have chose,
Since 'tis the highest which I can impose:
Your Glory, Sir, would wither, if not die,
Should you love one so guilty, Sir, as I.
The Penance I design'd, let me pursue:
Tis what, Sir, on my Knees I beg of you.

[She offers to kneel, but is hinder'd by the Prince.]

PRINCE.

108 THE BLACK PRINCE:

PRINCE.

Ah! do not doubly thus my Soul subdue,
By such Denials, and Submission too;
But to my Suit be pleas'd to condescend,
Or else my Grief my tortur'd Life shall end.

DELAWARE.

Such were the Arts us'd by the Earl of *Kent*,
As both seem'd guilty, yet were innocent.

CLEORIN.

Madam, while you such scrup'ulous Virtue show,
The Prince may of your Love suspicious grow:
That moving Sorrow which he does express,
Invites your Kindness now to make it cease.

PLANTAGENET.

Sooner than you such Grief, Sir, shall admit,
I will obey whatever you think fit.
I rather, Sir, will an Injustice do
To my own self, than seem unkind to you.

PRINCE.

Ah! Madam, in those happy Words I find,
You are to me at once both just and kind:
No Satisfaction e'er was hop'd by me,
But that you might that Innocency see,
Which *Delaware's* great Friendship made appear,
Who is thereby for ever settled here;
Where, Madam, next to you, he still shall grow.

DELAWARE.

Ah! could a Prince ought to his Subject owe,

A TRAGEDY.

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might then think, to me you are in Debt.

PRINCE.

To me your Friendship has been always great.
Yet I must tax it of a seeming Wrong,
Since this blest Secret you conceal'd so long.

CLEORIN.

What justly does this seeming Wrong excuse,
Shall, Sir, present you with more welcome News:
While your great Father was in Love with her,
He, as a Subject, Sir, had Cause to fear
A Secret so important, to declare,
As might perhaps have caus'd a Civil War.
But, Sir, now that the King has this blest Day
Resum'd his Love for fair *Alizia*;
And has by Vows, which oft he did repeat,
Renounc'd his Passion for *Plantagenet*,
Which from herself this very Hour we know,
My Brother lost no Time to tell it you.

PRINCE.

These charming Words, which now from you
I hear,
His Justice shows, and ends my greatest Fear;
Nothing from Heav'n was left me to implore,
But that my Father rival'd me no more.

CLEORIN.

What fitter Time can Fortune give to you,
Than thus your Ends in Love still to pursue?

Lose

110 THE BLACK PRINCE :

Lose not one Moment of it ; for perhaps
Those conqu'ring Eyes may make him soon relapse

PRINCE.

What you advise, your Care of me does show ;
Forgive me, Madam, if I leave you now ;
Since 'tis so vast a Blessing to implore,
As, granted, I shall never leave you more.

PLANTAGENET.

That Grant the noblest Blessing, Sir, would be,
Could it make you as happy as 'twill me.

[*The Prince offers to go*]

DBLAWARE.

Stay, Sir, I scorn your Goodness to abuse,
Or owe your Pardon to her feign'd Excuse :
Fear made me not the Secret, Sir, conceal,
Nor the King's Change the Secret now reveal ;
For those were Motives of such mean Degree,
As, Sir, I blush, that they were nam'd for me :
Those Reasons, Sir, of which she did make use,
Obtain'd, but did not merit your Excuse :
My guilty Doubts awhile have kept me dumb ;
But Love and Honour have those Doubts o'ercome

PLANTAGENET.

My *Cleorin*, what will your Brother do ?

CLEORIN.

I am as ignorant of it as you.

DELA

THE TRAGEDY. 111

DELAWARE.

Now all the Truth shall be to you reveal'd;
For 'tis too glorious, Sir, to be conceal'd:
Know, Sir, those Beauties which did conquer you,
Became, while *Kent* did live, my Conqu'rors too.
At *Poitiers* they did me to Glory bring,
And made me grace your Triumph with a King;
And tho' some Honour I acquir'd that Day,
Yet, Sir, that prosp'rous Action, I may say,
Did on no Score to me so welcome prove,
As making me more fit to court her Love:
Rais'd by this Thought, for *England*, Sir, I came,
Where soon her Beauties did revive your Flame;
And Fortune against me was so much bent,
As you your Rival made your Confident;
And by a Cruelty, unknown to you,
You in your Love my Help commanded too.

PRINCE.

I am amaz'd, my Lord, at what you say.

DELAWARE.

Tho' that Command I wanted Pow'r t'obey,
Yet Heav'n my Witness is, how much I strove
To make my Duty overcome my Love:
But when I found, by what I did endure,
That she alone the Wounds she gave could cure;
I meant the Secret never to disclose:
And when your Father did your Flame oppose,

112 THE BLACK PRINCE:

I try'd your Love, by Reason, to subdue:
But that Attempt, Sir, proving fruitless too,
Inspir'd by Love, or guided by Despair,
I to herself my Passion did declare.

CLEORIN.
Of this Discovery I fear th' Event.

PLANTAGENET.
It merits Wonder, and not Punishment.

DELAWARE.
But when I for her Favour, Sir, did sue,
Alas! she said, her Love was giv'n to you:
So giv'n, as nothing could recal her Grant,
Since your forsaking her that Pow'r did want;
And, in her Words and Accents, made appear,
Her Flames for you did equal yours for her:
Convinc'd by this, that foll'wing my Design
Would blast your Joys, but not procure me mine,
In which I was confirm'd by *Cleorin*,
The noble fatal Conquest I did win;
And forc'd myself that Secret to declare,
Which builds your Blessings on my own Despair.

CLEORIN.
Yet Glory must on that Despair attend,
In which you serv'd your Mistress, Prince, and Friend.

DELAWARE.
Tho', Sir, 'twas much your Mistress to adore,
To help you, while your Rival, yet is more.

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Now, Sir, my Story to an End is brought :
Or praise my Merit, or condemn my Fault.

PRINCE.

Oh! you so nobly have o'ercome your Flame;
As your Despair cannot transcend your Fame.
That heighten'd Friendship which our Love secures,
In our Contentment will present you yours.
Your Friendship yet on me such Debts does lay,
As I must too despair, those Debts to pay.

PLANTAGENET.

'Tis nobler much, if you dare credit me,
To be th' Obliger, than th' Oblig'd to be;
But in that Heart your Prince did first obtain,
My Friendship plac'd, you shall for ever reign.

DELAWARE.

If aught could cure the Grief of losing you,
What you both said, that Miracle would do.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter King EDWARD, King JOHN, Lord LATIMER, Count GUESCLIN, and all the Men.

King EDWARD.

What, as a Lover, could I less have done,
Hearing what past betwixt you and my Son?
Strange are th' Effects which Jealousies produce:
But fully, Sir, to purchase your Excuse,
I come to visit you, and let you know,
That I no more a Rival am to you.

VOL. I.

I

My

114 THE BLACK PRINCE.

My Anger, tho' twere great, yet it was short.

King JOHN.

Sir, I admire no more at your Transport,
O'er-hearing all we in the Garden said ;
But you have now full Reparation made.

Enter DELAWARE and PRINCE.

PRINCE.

Sir, I more grieve I did a Fault commit,
Than I am pleas'd that you have pardon'd it ;
But, Sir, I hope that Freedom you'd restore,
Is but an Earnest that you grant me more :
My great Request, Sir, is renew'd by me ;
Granting me that, is more than Liberty.
Such strange Discov'ries I have made this Day,
As all the Favour for which now I pray,
Is, that to let me court her you'll consent,
When you yourself have judg'd her innocent.

King EDWARD.

But will you cease to court her, when I prove,
You being Judge, she merits not your Love?

PRINCE.

This, by my Duty, Sir, I promise you.

King EDWARD.

Then what you begg'd of me, I grant you too.

PRINCE.

Be pleas'd then, Sir, to order *Delaware*
Without Reserve his Knowledge to declare ;

And what he says, I hope you will believe.

King EDWARD.

To what he speaks, I still will Credit give.

DELAWARE.

I should be too unworthy of this Trust,
Should I abuse a King so great and just ;
When to the Wars of *Aquitain* I went ;
I made a Friendship with the Earl of *Kent*,
Who in a Charge did such deep Wounds receive,
As, finding that he had not long to live,
A Messenger in Haste for me he sent :
As soon as e'er I came into his Tent,
He told me something on his Heart did lie,
Which griev'd him more than he was griev'd to die :
Then in my Hand he did this Letter lay,
And in a Sigh his Soul did fly away.

PRINCE.

When you have heard it read, it will afford
Proof of her Virtue. —

King EDWARD.

— Read it then, my Lord.

The Earl of KENT to the Lord DELAWARE.

MY Death forces me to discover by what Arts
I obtained, from the Prince of Wales, the
Fair Plantagenet. Before he ador'd her, I did ;
And as soon as he fell in Love, (not knowing
I 2 mine)

mine) he made me his Confident ; but the King being against the Match, the Prince, the better to cloud his real Passion for Plantagenet, seem'd to have one for the fair Aurelia ; but still trusted the Superscription, Cypher and Seal, which he used when he writ to my Plantagenet, and I had the fatal Employment of carrying all these Letters.

At length the Glory the Prince won at Cressy join'd with his Grief for the King's Denial conquer'd his Father ; and the Day was appointed for his marrying Plantagenet ; which, if not prevented, I found would be the Day of my Death.

This I imparted to my Mother, who had a small Ascendant over Plantagenet ; and by my Mother's Advice, I got the Prince to write a Letter to Aurelia, (whom I seem'd to be passionately in Love with) wherein he begg'd her Pardon, for having counterfeited a Love to her, when his was otherwise disposed of ; but to repair it, he earnestly recommended me to her Affection, as most worthy of it.

This Letter I seal'd, and superscribed with the Cypher the Prince always made use of to Plantagenet, whom my Mother had so warmly alarm'd with the Prince's Passion for Aurelia, that the Letter being delivered to Plantagenet, in a short time, all written with the Prince's own Hand and seal'd.

sealed and superscribed, as all his Letters to her were wont to be, made her so abhor the Prince's Inconstancy, that in the Dictates of those Resentments, she gave herself to me; whereunto my Mother's Friendship with her did highly contribute.

The Prince, in Despair, undertakes the War with France; and I, soon after, disguised to all but you, follow'd him, in Hope by some great Action to wash off the Guilt my Love forced me to contract; but here I met my Death. Tell them all this; and that I hope their Hatred to me will be buried in my Grave.

DELAWARE.

This Letter till this Day I have conceal'd, for Causes, Sir, unfit to be reveal'd.

PRINCE.

I hope you find, in what he did relate, She was not guilty, but unfortunate.

King EDWARD.

I must confess, these Arts, which Kent did use, Do her forsaking you too much excuse.

PRINCE.

Since this has wash'd off her imagin'd Stain, Give me your Leave to love her, Sir, again.

118 THE BLACK PRINCE:

King EDWARD.

I would not have defam'd her; but I see,
To cure his Love, there's but that Remedy:
No, Prince, the Sin she did last Night commit,
Makes her for ever for your Love unfit.

PRINCE.

Oh! Heav'n, must I endure a new Assault?
Tell me, I beg you, Sir, this fanfy'd Fault:
For she is of such an unblemish'd Name,
As I can give it well no better Fame.
But, Sir, to try me, this perhaps is done.

King EDWARD.

I do not use to trifle with my Son:
And I believe you'll credit what I said,
When I myself found hid within her Bed
A lovely Youth, who since is dumb with Fear,
My Lord, bring instantly that Pris'ner here.

[To LATIMER

[Exit LATIMER

PRINCE.

Though I myself what you have said should see,
Yet I would think my Eyes were false, not she.

King EDWARD.

Since to your Witness I did Credit give,
Methinks, what I have said, you should believe.

PRINCE,

Forgive me, if her Virtue, and my Love,
Forc'd me to speak what may your Anger move:

Fate never Man to such a Streight did bring!

I must offend my Mistress, or my King,

Esteem her guilty, or not credit you :

That, Sir, I cannot ; this I dare not do.

Enter LATIMER, and VALERIA's Brother.

King JOHN.

Valeria's Brother! Love is just, I see,

Since he revenges my Inconstancy ;

And makes him punish his fair Sister's Wrong.

King EDWARD.

If still thy Fear has not ty'd up thy Tongue,

Discover to the King, and to my Son,

How thou by Charms *Plantagenet* hast won?

I found thee in her Bed ; there's no Excuse.

VALERIA's Brother.

Sir, that's a Place, which few Men would refuse.

[*Enter PLANTAGENET, ALIZIA, CLEORIN, SEVINA, and all the Women.*]

Shall not one Moment stay thy Destiny?

PLANTAGENET.

The Words and Anger of the King are high.

Alizia, Sir, and I but now did hear,

That with this Gentleman you angry were :

We come to beg you to forgive his Crime.

King EDWARD.

Of all the World you should not plead for him :

120 THE BLACK PRINCE;

For you by it so great a Guilt do show,
As I had rather but suspect, than know.

PLANTAGENET.

I know not what you mean by what you said,

King EDWARD.

You know not too you hid him in your Bed.

PLANTAGENET.

Who could to you that Secret, Sir, declare?

King JOHN.

Oh Heav'n! does she confess then he was there?

VALERIA'S Brother.

That, Sir, I hope, is no Offence to you.

King JOHN.

False Youth, to me what worse Wrong couldst
thou do?

VALERIA'S Brother.

I thought my Sister had your Heart possess,

King JOHN.

But didst thou not from her to me protest,
She bid thee help me, if I e'er should be
In Love with any one more fair than she?

VALERIA'S Brother.

And do you, Sir, confess, that you are so?

King JOHN.

Those charming Eyes must ev'ry Heart o'erthrow.

VALERIA'S Brother.

This Guilt in you will cause her Death, I fear.

King JOHN.

Thy Guilt to me is more than mine to her.

What

What do'st thou ail? thou tremblest and look'st pale.

VALERIA'S Brother.

Admire not Grief does o'er my Soul prevail,
When to *Valeria's* self such Words you said,

[*Taking off her Disguise.*

As, Sir, do make her wish that she were dead;
But tho' she's kill'd by your Inconstancy,
Yet in your Arms she begs your Leave to die.

[*She faints.*

PLANTAGENET.

She faints.—— [Plantagenet *holds her up.*

—Ah, Sir! that guilty Change in you!

King JOHN.

Oh, Madam! blame not what you made me do.

PLANTAGENET.

Sir, 'tis not just, to charge your Fault on me.

King EDWARD.

Is it *Valeria* then?——

King JOHN.

—Yes, yes, 'tis she.

Her Brother's Face so much resembles hers,

As I, deluded by the Cloaths she wears,

Did to herself my Change in Love avow.

PRINCE.

The Clouds of my Despair do vanish now,

And

And charming Hopes in me begin to reign.

PLANTAGENET.

Give her more Air; for now she breathes again.

[Valeria is set in a Chair]

King EDWARD.

Oh! I the fair *Plantagenet* did wrong.

PRINCE.

The Proofs that she is guiltless, are so strong,
As I now beg you will no more defer
To give me leave to make my Court to her.

ALIZIA,

Sir, in the Prince's Suit I also join,

King EDWARD.

Her Virtue now does with such Lustre shine,
As, to repair my having injur'd it,
I his Addresses to her do permit,

PRINCE.

In this more than a Father you appear :
'Tis less to give me Life, than grant me her;
But, Sir, before this Blessing I pursue,
I must do Justice to my Rival too.
Sir, I did promise you on her to wait,

[Speaks to King John]

And from her Sentence to receive my Fate.
This Promise I am ready to perform.

King JOHN.

No Heart did e'er endure so fierce a Storm:

Who

Who can support those Burdens which I bear?
 My Vows confine me here, my Passion there.
 By leaving her my noblest Hopes I end,
 And by not leaving her I wrong my Friend.
 Some sacred Pow'r teach me what I should do.

PLANTAGENET.

Your Honour binds you, Sir, to keep your Vow.
 She told me, Sir, that sacred Oath you swore,
 That you no other Beauty would adore;
 And tho' you often for her Love did press,
 Yet till Misfortune brought to you Distress,
 She never could, tho' she did often strive,
 Persuade herself this Passion to receive :
 But then all Danger, Sir, she did despise,
 And came to visit you in this Disguise.
 But, oh ! What Horror did her Soul invade,
 When she o'er-heard what you to *Guesclin* said
 Of that unhappy Love you had for me !
 She for that Wound no better Cure could see,
 Than to make me her Friend and Confident.

King JOHN.

Ah ! what for me could Fortune worse invent ?
 Love she deny'd, when 'twould have made me Joy,
 And only gives it now 'tis to destroy.

PLANTAGENET.

This, Sir, by Vow she ty'd me to conceal,
 Till you to me your Passion should reveal,

Believing

Believing that would be the fittest Time
To tell you, and convince you of your Crime,
In which I promis'd my Assistance too.

All I have told you, happen'd, Sir, when you
[To King Edward.

Did (unexpected) visit me last Night ;
Which put us both into so great a Fright,
I, lest ill Thoughts in you it might create,
Finding a Man (suppos'd) with me so late,
And she to be discover'd did so dread,
As, Sir, I did conceal her in my Bed,
Where I forgot her in my Friend's Despair.

King JOHN.

Madam, we wait till you your Doom declare.

PLANTAGENET.

Oh ! let not, Sir, my Sentence make you do
What Love and Honour now do call you to ;
She merits you, so bright her Love does shine ;
And, Sir, the Prince of *Wales* possesses mine.
Behold, the fair *Valeria* does revive :
If you'll ask Pardon, she'll a Pardon give :
She your past Fault but for a Dream will rake,
If, Sir, she finds you true when she does wake.

King JOHN.

I can no more (your Pow'r so high does rise)
Resist your Sentence, than I could your Eyes ;
And those Commands which now on me you lay,
I beg you will assist me to obey.

PLAN-

A TRAGEDY. 125

PLANTAGENET.

You have your King so wounded with your Grief,
That he, as much as you, does need Relief.

King JOHN.

With an afflicted Soul I wait on you
To own my Fault, and beg your Pardon too :
Madam, I hope, a Love which ne'er shall die,
Will expiate one short Inconstancy.

VALERIA.

Ah! tho' I ne'er more Reparation sought,
Than, Sir, that you should see, and own your Fault,
Yet you my Heart so wounded by your Crime,
As, to recover it, requires some Time.

King JOHN.

Tho' I this Penance, Madam, must deplore,
Yet I must grant my Fault does merit more.

PRINCE.

Now, Sir, to raise our Joys above Increase,
To this great King give Liberty and Peace.

King EDWARD.

Those Offers which I always did decline,
To gratify you both, I now will sign.

King JOHN.

While in this way my Freedom you restore,
You and the Prince make me your Pris'ner more.
Your former Conquests, Sir, to this must yield :
This wins my Friendship ; that but won the Field.

King

116 THE BLACK PRINCE, &c.

King EDWARD.

This is a Conquest we delight to own;
'Tis more to gain your Friendship, than your Throne.
Now all th' Alarms of Love and War shall cease,
And yield their Rooms to the soft Joys of Peace.

[The Curtain falls.]



EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

To the KING.

*THE Poet, Sir, has offer'd to your Sight,
An English Prince, whose Fame appear'd so
bright,*

*As never any, since his Time, was known
To shine with clearer Lustre, but your own;
For tho' immortal Honour he did gain
By conqu'ring France, and by restoring Spain;
Yet, Sir, You brought Three Kingdoms to Remorse,
And gain'd by Virtue, more than he by Force;
Which, Sir, on You a greater Name bestows
By conqu'ring Them, by whom he conquer'd Those:
Tis more by Virtue England to o'ercome,
Than by the English to beat Christendom.
As when the Universe was to be made,
The vast Design was on the Waters laid;
So you, in conqu'ring it, like Method keep,
Laying your first Foundation in the Deep.*

Tho'

*Tho' the Black Prince so happy, Sir, did prove,
 As to be crown'd with Victory and Love;
 Yet, Sir, he knows, from You he may receive
 A nobler Crown, than War, or Love, can give
 This makes him, like the Poet, trembling stand
 Till, Sir, that Crown be giv'n him by your Hand*



TRYPHON

T R Y P H O N:

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it was A C T E D

**By His Highness the D U K E
of Y O R K's Servants.**

THE HISTORY

A

TRAGEDY

As it was Acted

By His Highness the DUKE
of YORK's SERVANTS.

VOL. I

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. NOKES and Mr. ANGEL.

ANGEL.

HOLD, hold. —

NOKES.

— Why, Sir? —

ANGEL.

— What is't you mean to say?

NOKES.

I mean to speak the Prologue to the Play.

ANGEL.

Therefore to stop you I esteem it fit.

NOKES.

The Poet then will not be thought a Wit.

ANGEL.

A Wit forsooth! —

NOKES.

— Yes, Sir, a Wit. —

ANGEL.

— What's that?

NOKES.

A Wit is, in one Word — I know not what.

ANGEL.

Of that kind Title give your Poet Joy!

Wit is then, in French, *a je ne sçay quoi*;

A modish Name. —

K 2

NOKES.

NOKES.

*Yes, Sir, that Name to gain,
How many of our Writers crack their Brain!*

ANGEL.

*That's a Mistake; for who'd that Name contrive
Must, ere he court it, first his Brain have crav'd
To be a Wit, (believe me, Sir, 'tis true)
Is the worst State a Man can fall into.*

*The Wits first Vow is, That they none will spare
But jeer at every Creature that they dare;
And the No-wits these Wits so disesteem,
That they give Money oft to hiss at them:
'Tis the Wits Nature, or at best, their Fate,
Others to scorn, and one another hate.
They would be Sultans, if they had their Will;
For each of them would all his Brothers kill.*

NOKES.

Hold, Sir, the Wits you too severely school.

ANGEL.

*I say, to be a Wit's to be a Fool;
For who but such a Creature would not grudge
T' have any one for half a Crown his Judge:
Nay, toil, that he such a wise Act may do,
Then let the Players get the Half-crown too?*

NOKES.

Why was this Play then by the Author writ?

ANGEL.

In fear, 'tis said, of being call'd a Wit.

And many a Man does doubt, that is his Friend,
In three Hours hence he will have reach'd his End.

NOKES.

Take heed; if at this rate we gabble more,
Our Poet will attain his End before.

ANGEL.

For fear of that, 'tis best we should be gone.

NOKES.

What, without Prologue? —

ANGEL.

— I'm resolv'd I have none;

For some on Wit that needless Tax did lay,
Which Poets now are grown too poor to pay;
But yet, as mettled School-boys, set to cuff,
Will not confess that they have done enough,
Till deadly weary, till Spectators do
At once both part and call them good Boys too;
But then these Cuffers monstrous joyful are:
But thus it would with all our Poets fare,
Would you decree, (what I for them implore)
Poets with Prologues ne'er should meddle more.
'Tis the best Thing you for yourselves could do;
For Prologues first tire Poets, and then you:
If you'll not do't while in your Pow'r it lies,
They'll do it of themselves, if they be wise.
Our Poet's tir'd, and has with Prologues done;
But those which yet are fresh, let them cuff on.

The Persons Names.

Tryphon,

The King.

Aretus

and

Demetrius,

} Friends,

Seleucus,

} Captain of *Tryphon's*
Guard.

Nicanor,

} Father to *Cleopatra*
and *Stratonice.*

Arcas,

Tryphon's Freeman.

Cleopatra

and

Stratonice,

} Sisters.

Hermione,

} Confident to *Cleopatra.*

Irene,

} Confident to *Stratonice.*

TRYPHON

TRYPHON

The FIRST ACT.

the SCENE is the Garden of TRYPHON'S
Palace in Antioch.

DEMETRIUS and ARETUS.

DEMETRIUS.

TRYPHON, I grant, thro' Seas of Blood has gone,
To force his Passage to the Syrian Throne;
But how Men gain their Pow'r the Gods
do not

so much regard, as how 'tis us'd when got.
Our murder'd King, *Antiochus*, did own,
That *Tryphon's* Father did restore his Crown;
Which made him trust the Son's ambitious Youth
With so much Pow'r, as did corrupt his Truth:
Thus our dead Prince discover'd, but too late;
Which did provoke *Tryphon* to act his Fate;
For Kings should not to too great Subjects shew
They mean their Ruin, till they act it too.

And he too much deserves to lose his Throne,
Who makes a Subject's Pow'r exceed his own.

A R E T U S.

Whatever you in his Defence have brought,
 Rather than lessen, doth augment his Fault ;
 For what could show this Tyrant more unjust,
 Than to abuse such Gratitude and Trust ?
 Trust, which the Wicked often does reclaim,
 This Monster's Wickedness does more inflame !
 That he repents, nothing can us persuade,
 Since what makes others good, has made him bad.

D E M E T R I U S.

When once Ambition does the Mind devour,
 Men sacrifice their Virtue to their Pow'r :

Antiochus had rais'd him up so high,
 As he was either to usurp, or die ;
 And when he had perceiv'd the King's Distrust,
 It made him think that what was safe was just.

A R E T U S.

Oh ! let him not be pleaded for by you,
 Who did his King depose, and murder too,
 Lest on yourself th' Usurper's Guilt you bring.

D E M E T R I U S.

'Tis less to kill, than to arraign a King ;
 And he who does an Empire's Loss endure,
 Cannot think Death a Punishment, but Cure.

A R E T U S.

ARETUS.

But Actions should be taken as they're meant.

DEMETRIUS.

To vindicate him is not my Intent;
Since all which can in his Excuse be said,
That his Pride his Virtue has betray'd.

ARETUS.

No Glimpse of Virtue e'er in him could shine,
Who kill'd his King, and all the Royal Line.

DEMETRIUS.

After he had the Chief of it suppress'd,
He thought it was unsafe to save the rest.

ARETUS.

Ambition made him act the Parricide,
And Cruelty must then preserve his Pride:
By the same Rule he ought to shed the Blood
Of all his Countrymen, that dare be good.

Then from the Throne let us th' Usurper fling,
To save ourselves, and to revenge the King:

For should we to this Tyranny submit,

We shall deserve as well as suffer it;

And to the Virtuous 'twill much worse appear,

Such a Misfortune to deserve than bear.

That *Tryphon* calls you Favourite, I know;

But to his Fear alone that Name you owe:

Yet tho' the Kindness, which he feigns, were true,

It lays the Ground of what I call you to.

From

From you he merits Death, since he hath dar'd
To hope such Friendship could such Guilt have spar'd

DEMETRIUS.

Whom *Tryphon* fears, he doth to Death pursue,
And if he fear'd me, he might kill me too ;
But, that he fears me not, he could not give
A stronger Proof, than that he lets me live.
Yet do not think his Friendship such a Charm,
As from Revenge it could confine my Arm ;
But if my Patience you a Sin esteem,
It springs from Love to *Syria*, not to him :
For since the Royal Line are made away,
Were *Tryphon* kill'd, who should the Sceptre sway
All the Ambitious for the Throne would fight ;
For where none has the Title, all have Right.
Thus while we cast a bloody Tyrant down,
By Blood we raise another to the Crown :
'Tis this, 'tis this which chiefly frightens me ;
We may change Tyrants, not the Tyranny.
Where Force is Title, Force must make it good ;
And who comes in by Arms, must reign by Blood.

ARETUS.

Banish such groundless Fears ; for he alone
Who kills the Tyrant, should ascend his Throne.
Who from this Tyranny does *Syria* free,
All will confess, deserves our King to be.
If by your Arm this gen'rous Act is done,
Saving the Kingdom, you'll deserve the Crown.

DEME

A TRAGEDY. T

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DEMETRIUS.

Oh! my *Aretus*, should I yield to this,
would then be my Ambition punish'd his;
and he's unfit a Tyrant to dethrone,
Who with his Country's Ends dare mix his own.
Since *Tryphon* is call'd King, I'll rather bear
his Tyranny, than be his Murderer.
That Name, *Aretus*, is a sacred Thing.

ARETUS.

But *Tryphon*'s an Ufurper, not a King.
Oh! shall he keep his Blood from being spilt,
by taking off that Name which makes his Guilt?
In such a Principle we should endure,
when the most guilty would be most secure.

DEMETRIUS.

Whatever Sins to gain a Crown are done,
the Gods do pardon when they put it on.
We ought, when Heav'n's Vicegerent does a Crime,
to leave to Heav'n the Right to punish him.
Those who for Wrongs their Monarch's Murder act,
Worse Sins than they can punish, they contract;
and while his Favour I so much possess,
My Pow'r will hinder any new Excess.

ARETUS.

But from new Crimes while *Tryphon* you
with-hold,
You bribe our Swords from punishing the old.

DEME.

DEMETRIUS.

He that's so bad, as to gain Pow'r by Blood,
 Some Reparation makes, if he turn good;
 And 'tis my Hope, as much as 'tis my Care,
 To fill his Court with those who virtuous are.
 If Virtue in his Court itself advance,
 Vice there will soon grow out of Countenance.
 That he no more into new Crimes may fall,
 He'll make this Day *Nicanor* General;
 And our *Seleucus*, free from Vice as Fear,
 Shall head the Guards

TRYPHON, NICANOR, SELEUCUS,

TRYPHON'S *Guards*.

But *Tryphon* does appear,
 Who must not see me, since he sent me now
 On an Affair, which you at Night shall know.

[DEMETRIUS and ARETUS go out
several Ways.

TRYPHON.

No, no, *Nicanor*, I can truly own,
 My Safety made me chiefly take the Crown:
Antiochus had rais'd me to such Height,
 As I had felt what was an Empire's Weight;
 And scarce th' Ambitious would be brought to reign,
 If with the Poms of Pow'r they knew the Pain.
 But when false Doubts of me his Mind did fill,
 Then whom he rais'd he had design'd to kill;

And

A TRAGEDY.

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And tho' the Father plac'd him on the Throne,
 Yet this Return he would have made the Son.
 Finding that he or I must be oppress'd,
 Of two Evils did embrace the least:
 Since to my Services he was severe,
 From him what might not his best Subjects fear?
 Which shows, my Country's Good, in what was
 done,
 As much did urge me to it as my own.

NICANOR.

Sir, you have known me long, and that my Heart,
 In what I speak, disdains the Veils of Art.
 If therefore you would now my Silence break,
 Be not offended, if I freely speak.

TRYPHON.

Nought you can say, such an Offence will be,
 As doubting Freedom can be so to me.

NICANOR.

Then, Sir, my Mind I'll freely speak to you,
 Yet with that Reverence which to Kings is due.
 I know your Father's Valour, and your own,
 Did to *Antiochus* restore his Throne:

Since for your King you did that Service do,

Ah! Sir, forget not 'twas your Duty too:

Subjects too oft, whose Services are great,

Consider that as Merit, which is Debt;

And have the Ruin of their Kings design'd,

Judging them cruel, when not over-kind:

Those

Those are sad Truths, which Histories oft show,
Judge, Sir, if this has been your Case, or no.

TRYPHON.

I need no clearer Proof to let you see,
That once *Antiochus* was kind to me,
Than, when he alter'd, and my Murther meant,
I, by his Ruin, could my own prevent:
To me his Kindness he had largely shown,
Trusting me with a Pow'r above his own.
Had he but told me he'd that Pow'r recal,
I, at his Feet, would have resign'd it all.
But why, because he rais'd me up so high,
Should he conclude I merited to die?
If he did err, placing me where I stood,
Why must his Fault be wash'd off with my Blood?

NICANOR.

Ah! Sir, tho' this had been the State of Things,
Yet Subjects, Sir, should die to save their Kings:
Much rather they their own Death should endure,
Than by their King's their Safeties to procure:
And Virtue does oblige us, where 'tis strong,
Rather to suffer, than to act a Wrong.

TRYPHON.

But Nature's Dictates, which no Man can wave,
Obliges ev'ry one his Life to save.

NICANOR.

Nature, whose Dictates in Defence you bring,
Ties Subjects by their Deaths to save their King.

Nature

Nature is Reason, Sir; and that does show,
More to our Kings than to ourselves we owe:
For in a Subject's Death but one does fall,
But a King's Life contains the Life of all.

SELEUCUS.

Yet though your Safety, Sir, did you incline
To kill your King, you might have spar'd his Line:
Oh! Sir, you needed not their Bloods have spilt.

TRYPHON.

Their Births to me, *Seleucus*, made their Guilt:
Who his own Murder by his Monarch's shuns,
Makes it more certain, if he spares his Sons.

SELEUCUS.

But tho' to save the Sons unsafe was held,
Why was *Antiochus* the Grandchild, kill'd,
An Infant, who was then not two Years old?

TRYPHON.

Whatever of his Death my Foes have told,
Let to you both here solemnly I vow,
That Child, for aught I know, is living now:
And one who oft informs me what is true,
Tells me, *Nicanor*, he's conceal'd by you.

NICANOR.

I do not doubt, but many there may be
Too apt to give ill Characters of me;
But, Sir, I think, if you Reflection make,
With what Affront the King from me did take

The

The Gen'ral's Place, you'll scarce believe he durst
To one so wrong'd commit so great a Trust.
Yet if you think it true —————

TRYPHON.

————— *Nicanor*, hold,
'Tis not what I believe, but what I'm told ;
And to convince you what I say is true,
The Gen'ral's Office I restore to you :
If I to *Syria* meant not to be just,
I would not lodge in you so great a Trust ;
A Trust, which, if I use the *Syrians* ill,
Gives Pow'r to punish me, and Pow'r gives Will.

NICANOR.

That Trust, which, Sir, you now on me would lay
Does merit more than I have Pow'r to pay ;
But when my King did wrong me, I did swear
No publick Office I again would bear.
Forgive me, Sir, since 'tis a sacred Vow
Makes me decline what you have offer'd now.
I should for such a Trust appear unfit,
If I forswore myself, accepting it.

TRYPHON.

Take heed ; for if this Offer be refus'd,
I may believe, you justly are accus'd.

NICANOR.

You should, methinks, much rather, Sir, from
thence

See my Foes Malice, and my Innocence.

Were I posselt of the Throne's lawful Heir,
Why should I wave a Pow'r might place him there?

TRYPHON.

But if you would accept what I restore,
That Action would convince me of it more:
For since your Virtue binds you to be just,
I would bind you too not to betray your Trust.
Yet I'll believe 'tis nothing but your Vow,
Keeps you from taking what I offer'd now.
You shall therein by me no more be prest;
And that you may still on my Friendship rest,
Demetrius is this Day imploy'd by me
In an Affair, shall let *Nicanor* see,
That I have made it now my chiefeft End
To make him by a sacred Tye my Friend.
Seleucus, whose high Worth deserves Rewards,
Shall from this Day be Captain of my Guards.

SELEUCUS.

This Trust I'll strive to merit by my Care.

NICANOR.

Those clearliest shew that they your Servants are,
Who at your Faults judge it a Sin to wink,
And tell you Truths, which others scarce dare think.

SELEUCUS.

Those, who their Princes flatter; may be thought
Guiltier than those who have against them fought;
Since more by Flattery have been undone,
Than have been ruin'd, by Rebellion.

NICANOR.

Monarchs those Servants highest should esteem;
 Who, when they err, dare not but tell it them;
 And he who does by Force a Throne obtain,
 Ought to repair it by a gen'rous Reign.

TRYPHON.

This Freedom, and the Counsel which you give,
 As Proofs of both your Friendships I receive;
 And I resolve my Reign shall be so good,
 As shall outweigh my Want of Right by Blood.

[*They all go out.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, STRATONICE, IRENE
and HERMIONE.

The SCENE, NICANOR's *Palace.*

STRATONICE.

That sacred Friendship, which so firm has stood,
 And joins us more than Nature does by Blood,
 Makes me not fear, dear Sister, you'll believe,
 That 'tis my Envy this Advice does give.
Demetrius has but too officious been,
 Persuading *Tryphon* to make you his Queen;
 Improve his Error to exalt your Fame,
 And scorn both *Tryphon's* Sceptre and his Flame:
 You'll merit to a lawful Throne to rise,
 If an unlawful one you can despise;

nce greater to the Virtuous 'twill appear,
Crown to merit, than a Crown to wear.

CLEOPATRA.

Tho' *Tryphon* did by Blood the Crown obtain,
at a Crown worn doth wash off ev'ry Stain.

STRATONICE.

When Heav'n admits a Tyrant to a Throne,
s but from vaster Heights to cast him down :
do it whilst he's climbing, would appear
less Revenge, than being seated there ;
and since such Guilt does most the Gods incense,
e Punishment should equal the Offence.

CLEOPATRA.

Since he, while wicked, in the Throne has stood,
e Gods will not depose him now he's good :
past Offences he does much deplore.

STRATONICE.

That for their Vengeance ripens them the more :
t Men might think, were not quick Justice done,
pentance Usurpation might atone.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah! Sister, those to whom the Gods allow
pentance, with it give their Pardon too.

STRATONICE.

But those who to destroy their Kings consent,
av'n lets them never perfectly repent ;
leaves them quite, when they so wicked be :
Sorrow is but his Hypocrisy.

CLEOPATRA.

Let not your Virtue judge against your Sight;
Nor limit Mercy which is infinite;
But since a Crown is still the Gift of Heav'n,
What Matter is it by what Hand 'tis giv'n?

STRATONICE.

When by a Tyrant's Hand a Crown is giv'n,
How can you think that Crown the Gift of Heav'n?

CLEOPATRA.

Since *Tryphon*'s in the Throne, what *Syrian* dare
Without a Crime, dispute how he came there?

STRATONICE.

Rather, what *Syrian*, who dares Virtue own,
Thinks not he's bound to cast him from the Throne
My Father, great *Nicanor*, I dare say,
Thinks this a Duty, which he ought to pay:
You from this Duty may his Hand restrain,
If you with *Tryphon* in one Throne should reign.

CLEOPATRA.

Usurpers, who unforc'd their Crimes forsake,
For all past Crimes, full Satisfaction make:
If I, by Love, continue *Tryphon* good,
Nicanor ought not then to shed his Blood.
If he relapse, he by his Death may prove,
His Country he more than his Son does love.
Syria to us, what *Tryphon* e'er shall do,
Either his Change, or her Revenge shall owe.

STRATONICE.

Ah! think not Love, the softest Thing that is,
can dwell in such a cruel Heart as his.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather believe, since Love has him inflam'd,
his Heart from Cruelty is now reclaim'd.

STRATONICE.

Since by such Guilt he in the Throne does sit,
rather believe his Virtue counterfeit.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis the least Miracle, which Love can do,
to change dissembled Virtue into true.

STRATONICE.

Ah! *Cleopatra*, this Discourse has shown,
you'll lose your Happiness to gain his Throne;
or I was now, in brave *Aretus* Name,

to have disclos'd to you his hidden Flame;

Flame so high, and so respectful too,

as it appear'd worthy of him and you!

Oh! had you seen the Fear in which he spoke,

When he my Help did in his Love invoke;

would have you, as well as me it mov'd:

that Fear had let you see how much he lov'd.

CLEOPATRA.

Aretus ought to blush, that durst appear

at once my Lover, and admit a Fear.

STRATONICE.

He, of that Fear, rather than blush, should boast,
Since Flames which highest rise still tremble most.

CLEOPATRA.

Sure, my dear *Stratonice*, this is but said,
Me from the Love of *Tryphon* to dissuade :
For did *Aretus* burn to such Degree,
He wou'd have first disclos'd his Flame to me.

STRATONICE.

Draw not, from what his high Respect does prove
An Argument that he is not in Love.

HERMIONE.

I have observ'd, so has *Irene* too,
Of late *Aretus* often gaz'd on you ;
And when by chance your Eyes on him were turn'd
He with a Sigh would seem to say he burn'd.

IRENE.

I must acknowledge, Madam, I admire,
That you did ne'er take Notice of his Fire :
Hermione and I have often said,
Never more Love in any Looks was read.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis happy for him, that he ne'er did dare
Himself to me his Passion to declare :
For if he had been guilty of that Crime,
'T would have suppress'd th' Esteem I have for him.

STRATONICE.

His Virtue the Esteem of all does move;
But is there nothing owing to his Love?

CLEOPATRA.

Yes, yes, my Pity, while it is conceal'd;
But Hate when 'tis by him to me reveal'd.

STRATONICE.

You more than he should this Resolve deplore.

CLEOPATRA.

Press me, dear *Stratonice*, in this no more.
Tryphon's Address has so successful been,
As he has now my Word to be his Queen.

STRATONICE.

Ah! such as have to Thrones of Tyrants rose,
Have been the more expos'd to Fortune's Blows.

CLEOPATRA.

She does not merit on a Throne to sit,
Who can fear aught more than to miss of it.

[Exeunt.]

STRATONICE

The SECOND ACT.

The SCENE, the Palace Garden.

DEMETRIUS and ARETUS, as in Discourse.

DEMETRIUS.

BUT for his interrupting of us, you
 Had then known all which I have told you now.
 Methinks you seem amaz'd at what I said.

ARETUS.

Alas! your Words have struck me worse than dead.
 Fortune no Curse so bad as this could send;
 Made sharper too, since acted by my Friend.

DEMETRIUS.

How could I think that you concern'd had been,
 In *Cleopatra's* being *Tryphon's* Queen?

ARETUS.

I am so much concern'd in it, that I,
 Rather than see her *Tryphon's* Wife, would die.

DEMETRIUS.

Do you then love her? — — —

ARETUS.

——— Love's too low a Name,
 For that which does *Aretus'* Heart inflame:

I

For

For never any Fire resembled mine,
But that bright Fire which in her Eyes does shine.

DEMETRIUS.

Was't fit this Love from me conceal'd should be?

ARETUS.

Alas! 'twas till last Night unknown to me.
Something I felt of late had charm'd me so,
As did at once please and subject me too;
But those Emotions were so far above
All that the World has ever known of Love,
As that 'twas Love no more by them I knew,
Than I can now describe that Love to you.
Twas fit that Eyes that shoot unusual Rays,
Should kindle Fires too in unusual Ways.

DEMETRIUS.

I am not guilty, tho' myself I blame:
But sure you might suppress so young a Flame:
Your Friend from no small Trouble it would free.

ARETUS.

Ah! 'twere not Love, did it depend on me.
Those guilty Words you therefore should recal;
Love does not take, but gives the Law to all.
Would you not think me cruel, or unwise,
Should I beg you not to love *Stratonice*?

DEMETRIUS.

I durst not ask that you'd your Love decline,
If it had took so deep a Root as mine.

ARE-

ARETUS.

Nothing can fix a Love to such Degree,
 As *Cleopatra's* Eyes have done in me.

DEMETRIUS.

You have not yet your Conqu'ror's Favour gain'd
 But I my *Stratonice's* have obtain'd.
 That Secret's only trusted to your Breast,

ARETUS.

And there in Silence it shall ever rest:
 But, oh! in what you say you have not prov'd,
 That I love less than you, but less am lov'd.
 Success may raise my Joys, but not my Flame;
 The World for Love like mine does want a Name.

DEMETRIUS.

Ah! my *Aretus*, had I known before,
 That you fair *Cleopatra* did adore,
 I had prevented those sad Streights we're in,
 And hinder'd *Tryphon* courting her for Queen.
 Now there's no Cure for a Disease so high.

ARETUS.

Yes, but there is. —————

DEMETRIUS.

————— What is't? —————

ARETUS.

————— *Tryphon* shall die.

On two Accounts his Death to him I owe;
 For he's my Tyrant, and my Rival too.

A TRAGEDY.

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Yet with the last I merit to be curs'd,
Since I to kill him needed but the first.

DEMETRIUS.

In killing him, your Country you'll expose.

ARETUS.

Not killing him, I *Cleopatra* lose;

And he unworthy of her will appear,
Who, above all Things, does not value her.

DEMETRIUS.

This Truth with greater Lustre may be seen,
If you would not oppose her being Queen.

ARETUS.

I'll not oppose (by taking *Tryphon's* Life)
Her being Queen, but being a Tyrant's Wife.

DEMETRIUS.

Since she would have him as her Choice or Fate,
She'll take such Proofs of Love, as Proofs of Hate.

ARETUS.

Her Virtue, which has still appear'd so high,
Shews 'tis a Marriage of Necessity,
Which hath engag'd me by one gen'rous Blow
To free my Mistress, and my Country too.

Farewel: I'll go and act what I intend;
And if I fall, say, you have lost a Friend.

[*Embracing him.*]

DEMETRIUS.

He'll perish in th' Attempt — *Aretus*, stay.
And is there, to your Cure, no other Way?

ARE-

ARETUS. I find not now
In such a Question you mispend your Breath:
In rival Love, what Cure is there but Death?

DEMETRIUS. You'll meet your own, attempting his, I fear.

ARETUS. 'Tis worse than Death, to be depriv'd of her.
Farewel!—Was't this for which you call'd me back?

DEMETRIUS.

Stay, Friend; for I'm contriving for your sake,
That which may reach your End, a safer Way;
Suspend th' Attempt the Remnant of this Day:
Since in your Love you are engag'd so far,
To serve you in it, I'll imploy my Care:
You know the Pow'r which I with *Tryphon* have.

ARETUS.

This is but spoke th' Ufurper's Life to save.

DEMETRIUS.

How's this? Yourself, as me, you now offend;
Can you suspect me, and yet call me Friend?

ARETUS.

What I have said in such a Storm of Fate,
Deserves your Pity, rather than your Hate:
Do not the Pardon which I beg deny;
'Twas my Distraction wrong'd you, and not I.

DEMETRIUS

Alas! I see you are o'ercome with Grief.

ARETUS

Yet to my Sorrow 'twould be some Relief,
Would you but swear, if you in your Design
Should fail, you would assist me then in mine.

DEMETRIUS

But will you swear his Death you'll not attempt,
If from his Rivalship I you exempt?

ARETUS

In such a Vow myself I cannot trust :
Tis less to be unhappy than unjust ;
Which I should be, if I to you should give
A Promise, that I'd let th' Usurper live.

DEMETRIUS

The Vow which I desire that you would make,
Is not for *Tryphon's*, but for *Syria's* sake.

ARETUS

Poor *Syria*! since *Demetrius* thinks it good
To bind me not to shed thy Tyrant's Blood,
What greater Curse could Heav'n on thee have sent,
Than make thy Safety be thy Punishment?

DEMETRIUS

Since 'tis the Will of Heav'n, we must submit.
What will you do?

ARETUS

I'll do—— what shall be fit.

DEMETRIUS.

But will you then to no more condescend,
To lose a Rival, and oblige a Friend ?

ARETUS.

Would you have me do more than what is fit?

DEMETRIUS.

But will you vow to make me Judge of it,
If by my Pow'r with *Tryphon*, and my Skill,
I make him cease to rival you ? —

ARETUS.

—— I will.

Oh, *Cleopatra* ! never Lover yet
Did of his Passion give a Proof so great :
With such Devotion to your Eyes I bend,
As I pay them what I deny'd my Friend ;
Nay, for their sake, and what more could I do ?
I spare the Tyrant of my Country too :
If I in this, act against Duty's Laws,
Let Love forgive th' Effect which Love did cause.
Ah, Friend ! from me you have extorted now
That which, I fear, may prove a guilty Vow :
But you are Judge of all which gives me Rest.

DEMETRIUS.

Can you then doubt what's trusted to my Breast ?

ARETUS.

You see I do it not, since I decline
Ev'n to inquire what you for me design.

DEMETRIUS.

Fear not; I'll ne'er betray a Trust so high.

ARETUS.

When you betray me, 'tis high time to die.

[*Embracing him, they go out.*]

The SCENE, NICANOR'S Palace.

Enter NICANOR, STRATONICE, IRENE.

STRATONICE.

I thought my Sister your Consent had got.

NICANOR.

So far from getting, that she ask'd it not.

Hermione to me has been unjust;

Left my *Cleopatra* to her Trust,

And know not now which most I should suspect,

For her Unfaithfulness, or her Neglect:

Her Ambition of your Sister, I foresee,

Will make her wretched, and will hazard me:

For if she marries *Tryphon*, she's undone;

And me he'll ruin, if his Love she shun.

IRENE.

Hermione and I have but one Breast,

And she to me did solemnly protest,

That not, 'till 'twas too late, the Business knew;

And, Sir, laments for it as much as you.

NICANOR.

In such a Fault she'd show herself unwise,

If she from you did not herself disguise.

STRA-

STRATONICE.

Hermione is innocent therein!

Sir, 'tis my Sister's Fate, or else her Sin.

NICANOR.

You both absolve *Hermione* from Guilt.

Shew me on what your Confidence is built.

STRATONICE.

The Cause of mine to you, Sir, I'll relate:

She loves my Sister, and does *Tryphon* hate,

And would not, Sir, I know, deserve your Frown

To gain, for her own self, the *Syrian* Crown.

IRENE.

I know she does *Aretus* much esteem,

And thinks your Daughter only merits him;

And to *Hermione* he told this DayThe Love he does to *Cleopatra* pay:

Besides, she vow'd to me, 'tis her Intent,

In that Address, to be her Confident.

NICANOR.

Does then *Aretus* *Cleopatra* love?

STRATONICE.

And in that Height, I fear, his Death 'twill prove

For when he knows she'll be th' Usurper's Wife,

He will attempt his own, or *Tryphon's* Life.

NICANOR.

That Happiness at which I most did aim,

Is now fal'n on me, but is fal'n in vain:

that heighten'd Worth *Aretus* still has shown,
 makes me esteem him above *Tryphon's* Throne.

By *Stratonice*, *Irene*, you, and I,
 must, for this Ill, find a quick Remedy:

All must assault her in a several Way:
 on *Cleopatra* my Commands I'll lay;

and with *Hermione* you two must join,
 to make your Sister break off her Design.

STRATONICE.

You may be of our best Endeavour sure;

But, Sir, I fear, this Ill is past our Cure.

NICANOR.

Those who of Fear in their Attempts admit,

to take the surest Way to fail in it:

their Resolutions cannot be above

their Duty, Friendship, and *Aretus's* Love;

but we lose Time while we together stay,

and this Affair admits of no Delay.

[*They go out several ways.*]

SCENE a Garden, and a Grove of Trees.

Enter CLEOPATRA, HERMIONE.

HERMIONE.

Forgive me, Madam, that I thus have press'd

to know the Grief which does invade your Breast:

For tho', when you in public do appear,

your Speech is chearful, and your Looks are clear;

Yet they are clouded when you are alone,
And every Word is brought forth with a Groan.

CLEOPATRA.

That which you have observ'd, alas! is true:
Those various Actions to my Fate are due,
I ought, since destin'd to a Tyrant's Throne,
Joyful to seem, yet mourn when I'm alone,
Nor know I which my Soul does most subdue,
Feigning false Joys, or hiding Grief that's true.

HERMIONE.

Rather than grieve, methinks you should rejoice
Since *Tryphon*, Madam, you have made your Choice.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather than I, *Hermione*, would have
Tryphon for Husband, I would wed my Grave.

HERMIONE.

Why did you his Addresses then receive,
'And ne'er so much as ask *Nicanor's* Leave?
Had you but to your Father told your Mind,
He, to prevent it, something had design'd.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis that which made me do what I have done:
For I more fear his Ruin than my own.
This is my Duty, which appears my Crime;
Better he mourn'd for me, than I for him:
But now my Word is giv'n, 'tis past Recall;
I'll be unhappy, to prevent his Fall:
He gave me Life, and therefore, for his sake,
The Life he gave me I will wretched make;

or such 'twill be, when I am *Tryphon's* Wife,
his Way alone could save *Nicanor's* Life;
or by th' Usurper's Fury he had dy'd,
he, to marry me, had been deny'd.

HERMIONE.

Since 'tis your Duty, Madam, as you own,
and not Ambition, led you to the Crown,
Why did you not *Aretus'* Arm employ
to save yourself, and *Tryphon* to destroy?

CLEOPATRA.

Ah! I was loath to act the guilty Part
of owing, and not paying him my Heart.

HERMIONE.

Do you so hate him as you'll wretched be
rather than yield his Sword should set you free,
and under *Tryphon* let your Country bow,
sooner than let him save both it and you?
Oh, Madam! to my Grief, alas! I see
that you would now conceal yourself from me.

CLEOPATRA.

Think not that I conceal myself from you,
telling you what my Duty made me do.

HERMIONE.

Duty might you to marry *Tryphon* lead,
that alone could save *Nicanor's* Head;
but you a much more easy way may chuse
to reach that End, and yet that way refuse;

When, Madam, by pursuing of it, you
 Might save at once, yourself and Country too;
 For none but brave *Aretus*, that I see,
 The Valour has, to end this Tyranny;
 From which his Love to you will him restrain,
 If you with *Tryphon*, as his Queen, should reign.
 Alas! What is the poor *Aretus*' Crime,
 That rather than you'll be oblig'd to him,
 You'll of your Country's Tyrant be the Wife,
 And, which is worse, you'll save that Tyrant's Life.

CLEOPATRA.

Do not I shew, I think him free from Crime,
 That lose myself rather than hazard him?

HERMIONE.

In that Attempt he'll but some Hazard run;
 But if you marry *Tryphon*, he's undone:
 Thus from the Hazard you *Aretus* free
 But to destroy him the more certainly.
 Ah, Madam! by such Reas'ning you declare
 That in your Confidence I have no Share:
 'Tis therefore fit our Friendship here should end;
 For who distrusts, deserves to lose a Friend.
 And since with me so cruelly you deal,
 I'll bid you now eternally farewell.
 Would to the Gods this had been done before,
 That none might think I like what I abhor!
 But tho' from you myself I thus divide,
 Yet still I'll pray, that Heav'n may be your Guide.

CLEO

CLEOPATRA.

Raise not the Sorrows under which I bend,
 threat'ning to deprive me of my Friend;
 his Usage so severe I needs must blame.

HERMIONE.

Why do you thus abuse that sacred Name?
 'Tis for me it is no longer fit;
 your Mistrust, Madam, has cancel'd it;
 therefore from you for ever will I part.

[*She offers to go out.*]

CLEOPATRA.

Oh stay, and I'll disclose to you my Heart!
 with so cross a Fortune I contend,
 I'm ashamed to tell it to my Friend.

HERMIONE.

Whatever Sorrows have oppress'd your Heart,
 since you strove to hide yourself by Art
 from me, whom you call Friend, you ought much
 more,
 at Sin, than those Misfortunes, to deplore.

CLEOPATRA.

My Grief from you I will no longer hide,
 that you may pity her whom now you chide:
 let us first, *Hermione*, remove
 to some such shady Place as yonder Grove;
 that when to you my Secret I commit,
 you scarce may see how much I blush at it.

[*They go out.*]

The SCENE, TRYPHON'S Apartment.

Enter TRYPHON and SELEUCUS.

SELEUCUS,

Forgive me, Sir, if I presume to say,
You have appear'd in too much Grief this Day;
And all last Night you took so little Rest,
As if some Sorrow had your Heart oppress'd.

TRYPHON.

Alas, *Seleucus*! I am under, now,
Sorrows would make the strongest Soul to bow;
And I have often for *Demetrius* sent,
That in his Friendship I might give them Vent;
But since he does not come, and since I know
That perfect Friendship which he has for you,
Being with Trouble so much overpress'd,
I will commit that Secret to your Breast.

SELEUCUS.

This Favour no Addition can admit,
Unless, Sir, I may serve you too in it.

TRYPHON.

That Friendship for *Demetrius* which I have,
And which shall never cease but in the Grave,
Made me resolve, by his Advice, to gain
The *Syrians* Kindness by a gentle Reign;
And since *Nicanor's* Virtue most does shine,
That I without Reserve might make him mine,

by *Demetrius*'s Counsel to dow was led
to raise *Nicanor*'s Daughter to my Bed.

SELEUCUS Who have Kings

Which of *Nicanor*'s Daughters is it, Sir,
that he would have you to your Crown prefer?

TRYPHON And of the Yielding

'Tis *Cleopatra*: Whose bright Eyes, I own,
make her deserve to share the Syrian Throne.
You seem to sigh at what I told you now.

SELEUCUS Those Words

Under your Grief how could I chuse but bow?
But under what Affliction can you bend,
leaving a Crown, that Mistress, and that Friend?

TRYPHON My Crown to

Most Men with one of those might happy be;
But I am wretched, tho' I have all three:
For Heav'n decrees, from whence our Law we take,
How much shall ev'ry Mortal happy make;
And if he does but fall in one of those
Desires which must that Happiness compose,
That one deny'd, tho' with all th'other blest,
Will rob him of the Gift of all the rest:
If I must love, and in Love miss my Ends,
Fortune in vain sends me a Crown and Friends.

SELEUCUS Some

Does *Cleopatra* your Addresses slight?

TRYPHON Since you

That she'll receive them, e'en my Heart does fright:

I, who undaunted thro' such Storms did steer
 As the most Brave would tremble but to hear;
 I, who have Kings depos'd, and Battles won,
 And never anything like Fear have known,
 Am now to see my dearest Friend afraid,
 And of the Yieldings of a lovely Maid.

SELEUCUS.

To share your Crown, can you esteem her fit,
 And yet, Sir, fear that she'll accept of it?
 Those Words appear a Mystery to me.

TRYPHON.

Seleucus, I'll unveil the Mystery:
 'Twas Yesterday that I *Demetrius* sent
 My Crown to *Cleopatra* to present;
 But 'twas last Night, alas! that I did see
 A brighter Beauty, which has conquer'd me;
 Whose Eyes are bless'd with such a pow'rful Charm,
 They burn those Hearts which others can but warm:
 Till I that Beauty saw, I did believe,
 A Man resolv'd the Law to Love could give.

SELEUCUS.

Why should you, Sir, appear afflicted now,
 Since 'tis to so much Beauty that you bow?
 Love is a Fate which ev'ry one must taste,
 Some soon, some late; but all must burn at last.
 Your Fate you rather should applaud than blame,
 Since you must burn, that 'tis in such a Flame,

TRYPHON.

To wear her Chains, *Seleucus*, is to me
 A Happiness transcending Liberty;
 Then do no longer think it is my Love,
 But 'tis my Friendship does my Torment prove.
 Since with *Demetrius* I did once contract,
 Never yet, in Thought, or Word, or Act,
 Yielded to what might it in Question call;
 But now, I fear, *Seleucus*, that I shall;
 For while that he by me employ'd has been
 To court fair *Cleopatra* for my Queen,
 This other Beauty has so conquer'd me,
 As, without her, thy Prince must wretched be;
 Which justly my *Demetrius* will offend:
 Hard Choice, when I must wrong my Love, or Friend!

SELEUCUS.

Is this, Sir, the Misfortune you lament?

TRYPHON.

You ask, Sir, as if Fate could worse have sent.

SELEUCUS.

Demetrius would not merit your Esteem,
 That which makes your Joy, should trouble him.

TRYPHON.

Yet that I shall offend him, I must grieve.

SELEUCUS.

Such an Offence as this he'll soon forgive.

TRYPHON.

My Grief (tho' he forgave it) would not end;
 'Tis much to need the Pardon of a Friend.

SELEU-

SELEUCUS

'Tis more, when Fortune does a Subject bring
To such a Height as to forgive his King;
That Glory will the heaviest Wrong outweigh.

TRYPHON.

Thro' all this Darkness I might see some Day,
If my *Demetrius* e'er in Love had been;
For then he'd judge this Change my Fate, nor should
Lovers still pay to Love a deep Respect,
And where Love is, Causes excuse th' Effect.

SELEUCUS.

At my Request, Sir, banish all your Care;
Leave it to me, to manage this Affair.

TRYPHON.

!! Ah! if to this thou giv'st a happy End,

[Embracing him]

Thou hast for ever made thy King thy Friend;
'Tis not enough, that he forgives my Sin;
He must be still my Friend, as he hath been;
For know, I need, my Sorrows to remove,
As much his Friendship, as my Conqueror's Love;
Since if to win the last I lose the first,
I shall thereby at once be blest'd and curs'd.

[They go out]

The End of the Second ACT.

HERMIONE

~~Why Madam do you ask?~~

CLEOPATRA

The THIRD ACT.

*The SCENE, An obscure Grove.**Enter CLEOPATRA and HERMIONE.*

CLEOPATRA.

DO not, my dear *Hermione*, admire,
 That to this gloomy Grove I did retire;
 Since here I thought I could my Heart reveal,
 While the kind Shade my Blushes did conceal;
 But now I find I'm in as high a Frigh
 To tell my Fate in Darkness as in Light:
 Shame, like the World when it in *Chaos* lay,
 Knows not Distinction berwixt Night and Day.
 Ah! judge what are my Troubles, since I fear
 Their sad Relation from myself to hear.

HERMIONE.

No such just Cause of Grief your Fate can send,
 As, Madam, at this Rate to use your Friend:
 'Tis by that pow'rful Name I beg again,
 That you'll from me no longer hold your Pain.
 Perhaps I may the Cause of it remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh! tell me first, have you been e'er in Love?

HER-

HERMIONE.

Why, Madam, do you ask? —————

CLEOPATRA.

————— Because I know,
That none can ease my Pain, that is not so.

HERMIONE.

I was; but Love to Friendship did submit.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah! 'twas not Love, if aught could conquer it.
You lov'd not well, or knew his Pow'r but ill,
That say you are in Love, and are not still:
The Name of Love for Love itself you took,
Since real Love can never be forsook.
Had yours been true, you might as well have sworn
You do not live, as that you love no more.

HERMIONE.

What you have spoken, does, methinks, declare,
You to the Pow'r of Love no Stranger are;
But would you thus reproach me, if you knew,
That what you now condemn I did for you?

CLEOPATRA.

Why, did you cease to be in Love, for me?

HERMIONE.

By many Proofs I did so clearly see,
That such a pleasing Sadness conquer'd you,
As I to Love could judge it only due;
And since your Heart and mine were still so like,
I fear'd one Arrow both of us did strike.

CLEO.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah! say not that your Heart resembles mine,
Since you once lov'd, and could your Love decline:
Nor can I fancy who this Man can be,
Whom you could leave, yet think could conquer me.

HERMIONE.

Aretus is —————

CLEOPATRA.

————— *Aretus* did you name?

HERMIONE.

And at that Word your Face is in a Flame.
What Friendship should have done, your Blushes do:
They are to me more kind and just than you.
Why has *Hermione* been thus abus'd?

CLEOPATRA.

May not one blush, that's wrongfully accus'd?

HERMIONE.

But my Belief on a sure Ground is built:
I see your Love to him, to me your Guilt.
Madam, a Blush, when Love is in the Case,
Is in Effect the Conscience of the Face:
Though in this Secret you my Faith did doubt,
Deny it not now I have found it out.

CLEOPATRA.

Too much your Friendship I have wrong'd and
try'd;
My Blushes tell you what my Words deny'd:

Alas!

Alas! I fear, I for *Aretus* prove
 That fatal State the World does call, In Love;
 Yet do not, since I did but hide my Flame,
 Condemn my Friendship, but commend my Shame;
 Nor blame me, if to you I fear'd to show,
 What of myself I am aham'd to know;
 But, my *Hermione*, since you could see
 That pow'rful Passion which has conquer'd me,
 Spight of my Care to cloud it, oh! I fear
 It may to others as to you appear.
 Should that befall me which so much I dread,
 Honour and Grief would justly strike me dead.

HERMIONE.

That Fear you ought not, Madam, to admit.

CLEOPATRA.

How did you then come to discover it?

HERMIONE.

That Grief, which, when retir'd, you still express'd
 Made me suspect what now you have confess'd:
 For she who grieves, while courted by a King,
 Shews that such Grief alone from Love can spring;
 And when I found you lov'd, I quickly knew
 Your Love could be but to *Aretus* due:
 Which since you have acknowledg'd, give me leave
 To ask why *Tryphon's* Love you did receive,
 Was not Ambition in your Soul too strong?

CLEOPATRA.

Do not at once my Love and Virtue wrong.

or if I had *Aretus*' Passion known,
would have val'd it above a Throne.

HERMIONE.

But now 'tis known, why is it not embrac'd?

CLEOPATRA.

Because my Word was first to *Tryphon* past.

HERMIONE.

As you my Love, so I your Love must blame,
since you before your Love prefer your Fame.

CLEOPATRA.

I should appear unfit for his Esteem,
did I not value more my Word; than him;
and this great Pleasure to my Act is due,
that which does lose me him, deserves him too.
Oh! why did not *Aretus* let me see
that Passion, which, you say, he has for me,
before my Promise was to *Tryphon* past?

HERMIONE.

But why, to give it, did you make such Haste?

CLEOPATRA.

I fear'd that he who did my Heart subdue,
Would, my *Hermione*, have seen it too;
And I his Love for ever would decline,
rather than he should first discover mine.
Twas fitter, since I ow'd it to my Fame,
To suffer Ruin, than to merit Shame.

HER-

HERMIONE.

But ere you did admit the King's Address,
'Aretus' Looks did so much Flame express,
 As sure you could not but his Passion see.

CLEOPATRA.

That's not enough ; he should have told it me ;
 But whatsoe'er his Proofs of Love have been,
 By me, dear Friend, alas ! they were not seen :
 For I so fear'd that I might act amiss
 In my own Love, that I ne'er minded his.
 Blushes a Woman's Passion may reveal ;
 But Men their Passion by their Words should tell.

HERMIONE.

Could he your Love more generously seek,
 Than to deserve it, and yet nothing speak ?

CLEOPATRA.

Rather, what more could he have done amiss,
 Than lose my Love by so concealing his ?
 A Love that is at once both great and strong,
 While it doth bind the Heart, sets free the Tongue ;
 And lest that mine should make me faulty prove,
 I to my Honour sacrific'd my Love :
 For I did fear his Merit was so great,
 That, asking nothing, he might all Things get.

HERMIONE.

How cruel is your Virtue, or your Fate,
 Which makes your Love produce th' Effects of Hate.

CLEOPATRA.

Aretus yet more Cruelty does show,
 That durst love me, yet durst not tell me so.

HERMIONE.

You do him double Wrong, since his Respect
 In your first mistake, then punish as Neglect.
 Such awful Flames you in his Heart have bred,
 That he thinks Silence ought his Love to plead.
 But defers to speak what he does feel,
 Till by his Actions you his Love may tell;
 And to declare his Passion does delay,
 Only to show it you the noblest Way.

CLEOPATRA.

Fatal Delay! the fatal'st that could be!
 It loses me to him, and him to me:
 That such a high Respect to him I pay,
 That on myself I'll punish his Delay;
 And since my Promise is to *Tryphon* made,
 To break it, Love itself shall not persuade:
 That which for me your Friendship made me do,
 My Honour makes me now perform for you.
 My Rival I will never be again.

HERMIONE.

I for *Aretus* did a Love but feign,
 That in your Blushes, Madam, I might see
 That by your Modesty was hid from me:
 That had I lov'd, I'd not that Love pursue,
 Since you best merit him, as he does you:

But how can you so just to Honour prove,
 And yet resolve to be unjust to Love?
 Ah! you much more than he have done amiss,
 You prize your Word more than your Flame and his
 And by a sacred Bond yourself you tie
 To him you hate, and him you love you fly.

CLEOPATRA.

I owe him less than I do owe my Fame,
 And fly not from his Love, but from my Shame:
 She to her Honour too unjust does prove,
 Who dares not value it above her Love.
 Press me not then to do what I should shun:
 Rather than be unjust, I'll be undone:
 Those who are lost while Virtue they pursue,
 In their Destruction find their Comfort too.

[*They go*]

The SCENE, DEMETRIUS's Apartment

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* SELEUCUS.

SELEUCUS.

Those were the Words which did betwixt us pass
 But I perceive some Sadness in your Face.

DEMETRIUS.

My Heart and Face do then but ill agree,
 Since nothing could more welcome seem to me.

SELEUCUS.

I cannot guess from whence your Joy should rise,
 Since *Tryphon* told me 'twas by your Advice,
 That he did offer her to be his Queen;
 And, which is more, that you employ'd had been
 To court her, to be Consort to his Throne.

DEMETRIUS.

All this, and more than this, I freely own:
 For I not only woo'd her to be Queen,
 But her Consent to be it I did win.

[*Seleucus starts*]

But why at this, *Seleucus*, do you start? I don't

SELEUCUS.

Alas! what you have said has pierc'd my Heart:
 Yet from my Friend I'll not myself disguise:
 The charming Light of *Cleopatra's* Eyes
 O'er my Soul the Victory did win;
 But to herself this has a Secret been:
 For, my *Demetrius*, I did judge it fit,
 Not Words, but Service, should discover it.
 That high Respect I did resolve was due
 To such a Beauty, and such Passion too.
 Methinks at this, which I have spoke, you start:
 Think her Beauties too have pierc'd your Heart.

DEMETRIUS.

How can you think for *Tryphon* I'd appear,
 If I myself had been in Love with her?

SELEUCUS.

But why should you such Satisfaction show,
That he declines what you advis'd him to?
Ah! sure your Liberty she did surprise,
Since first to court her you did him advise.
I see what Beauty has made *Tryphon* do:
What it has wrought in him it may in you;
And what I said, such Change in you did move,
As I have Cause t'impute it to your Love.

DEMETRIUS.

If any Change does in my Looks appear,
Tis not, I vow, that I'm in Love with her.

SELEUCUS.

Give me then Leave there my Address to make.

DEMETRIUS.

That's what I cannot give; but you may take.

SELEUCUS.

Neither for *Tryphon*, nor yourself, to woo
And yet deny me Leave to court her too!
I cannot guess what 'tis that you intend.

DEMETRIUS.

I were unfit to be *Seleucus*' Friend,
Should I act otherwise than now I do;
For he who to one Friend does prove untrue,
That he may gain another Friend's Esteem,
Deserves too justly to lose both of them.
Though I am yours above what I can say,
Yet I must be it too in Honour's Way.

Friendship ev'ry other Temure's ill :
 that mine has been held, and shall be still.

SELEUCUS.

Fate o'er my Hopes another Cloud does send ;
 a rival'd, and by one that is your Friend :
 may you not acquaint me with his Name,
 who is my Fellow-Martyr in this Flame?

DEMETRIUS.

No ; I'll be just to both, he shall not know
 a rival him, or that he rivals you :
 both thus far shall be oblig'd to me ;
 from *Tryphon's* Rivalship I'll set you free.
 did he not acquaint you with her Name,
 who in his Heart has lighted such a Flame?

SELEUCUS.

So vast a Cause of Joy to me it prov'd,
 that he no longer *Cleopatra* lov'd,
 I did not remember to inquire,
 who this new Passion did in him inspire.

DEMETRIUS.

By what he said, could you not guess at it?

SELEUCUS.

Ah! he who *Cleopatra's* Love could quit,
 the Pow'r of Love for ever must forswear :
 could he love, whom should he love but her ?
 is this new Love is but a Love of State —
 that he for our Return too much may wait.

DEMETRIUS.

I long to know to whom he does submit,
As much as he that I'll consent to it.

[Exit

The SCENE, NICANOR's Palace.

Enter NICANOR, STRATONICE, ARETUS
and IRENE.

IRENE.

Sir, that *Demetrius* may your Pardon win,
That he made *Tryphon* court her for his Queen,
He bad me tell you, ev'ry way he'll try
To make that Love, which he gave Life to, die,
And hopes himself this Night to let you know
He has perform'd what he has promis'd you.

NICANOR.

I at this Promise so much Joy admit,
As nought can heighten, but his doing it.

STRATONICE.

Whate'er *Demetrius* hopes, yet, Sir, I fear,
Tryphon will not decline his Love for her.

NICANOR.

Demetrius' Pow'r, with him you know, is great

STRATONICE.

The Pow'r of Beauty, Sir, is greater yet;
And tho' th' Usurper were more fierce and strong,
A Family like ours he durst not wrong.

NICANOR

A TRAGEDY.

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NICANOR.

Who dares in Royal Blood his Hands imbrue,
What is it, after, which he dares not do?
Or can he think his leaving her a Crime,
Since 'tis what we so much desire of him.

STRATONICE.

Tho' 'tis what we most wish, yet, Sir, you know,
Since none of us will tell him that 'tis so,
It will as a Wrong on us to him appear;
And therefore to perform it he will fear:
For tho' *Antiochus's* Blood he spilt,
Yet for a Crown he did contract that Guilt;
And by the Wicked nothing can be known
Of too high Price, when 'tis to buy a Throne.
They will do all, that they in one may sit;
But suffer all, rather than hazard it.

NICANOR.

Yet since *Demetrius* takes of it the Care,
Of a good Event would not despair.

STRATONICE.

I fear th' Usurper will his Suit deny.

NICANOR.

Let's not afflict ourselves by Prophecy.

ARETUS.

The Wrath of Heav'n must needs that Man pursue,
Who tyrannizes Men and Beauty too.

- STRATONICE.

But tho' the Punishments from Heav'n we know
Are always just, yet they are often slow.

ARETUS.

Whene'er a Subject does usurp a State,
Any brave Hand has Right to act his Fate.
The Gods make ev'ry Man a Judge of him,
Who against ev'ry Man commits a Crime;
And Heav'n permitted him to act this last,
T' invite us to revenge all that is past.
What more to merit Death could *Tryphon* do,
Than to offend the Crown and Beauty too?

NICANOR.

He whom the Gods into the Throne do call,
Should therefore only by their Justice fall.

ARETUS.

Heav'n's Justice Monarchs only should dethrone;
But Tyrants they abandon to our own.
The Right they give us we too much abuse,
Hoping they'll act what we ourselves refuse:
The Pow'rs divine we injure, while we thus
Remit to them, what they have left to us.

NICANOR.

Yet he's to blame, who does to Death pursue
That Man, to whom the Name of King is due.

ARETUS.

But him with greater Justice we should blame,
Who as his Duc usurps that sacred Name;

Since

nce he our lawful Monarch's Blood has split,
 Whoe'er revenges not, contracts the Guilt.

NICANOR.

If *Tryphon* by a private Hand does fall,
 That Hand wrongs him as much as he wrong'd all:
 'n' Affronts which are on a whole Nation laid,
 That whole Nation ought to be repaid;
 Should not by a single Hand be done.

ARETUS.

What's due from all, is due from ev'ry one;
 And since the *Syrians* do decline to pay
 That righteous Debt, I, that am willing, may.

NICANOR.

Do you their Thoughts by Silence understand?

ARETUS.

Their Silence in this Case is their Command:
 Who is it at his Reign does not repine,
 That to gain Pow'r kill'd all the Royal Line?
 Such Usurpation ev'ry one does fright.

NICANOR.

Where none can claim, Possession is a Right.

ARETUS.

All have more Right, since he those Crimes has
 done

To *Tryphon's* Life, than he has to the Crown:
 Fair *Cleopatra's* Danger calls on us
 To free her, and revenge *Antiochus*.

'Twere

'Twere Sin, if longer we the Cries withstood
Of injur'd Beauty, and of guiltless Blood.

NICANOR.

Suspend this gen'rous Anger, till we know
What in her Cause *Demetrius* can do.

ARETUS.

But if *Demetrius*, Sir, should not prevail?

NICANOR.

I then will find a Way which shall not fail.

ARETUS.

May you not then discover it to me?

NICANOR.

Not till th' Event of this Design I see;
Then I engage, if he successless prove,
I'll free my Daughter from th' Usurper's Love.
Be pleas'd, Sir, to depend on what I say.

ARETUS.

What you command, 'tis fit I should obey.

[*They go out.*]

The SCENE, TRYPHON's Apartment.

Enter TRYPHON, DEMETRIUS, and SELEUCUS.

TRYPHON.

'Tho' many Proofs you gave that you're my Friend
Yet this last Proof does all the rest transcend;
For you in this have evidently shown
That you are more my Friend than you're your own

Never

Never was any Torment yet above
 That in which Friendship does contest with Love:
 But what you now have said has cur'd my Pain.

SELEUCUS.

When of your Fate you did to me complain,
 Told you from *Demetrius* you would find
 A Cure for all th' Afflictions of your Mind.

TRYPHON.

You did: I of his Friendship judg'd amiss.
 I fear'd 'twas not what now I find it is:
 But yet I cannot say that I am more
 His Friend since this, than I was heretofore:
 My Kindness for you to such Height was grown,
 As it could not admit Accession. —

[*Embracing Demetrius.*]

DEMETRIUS.

Ah, Sir! those Words which now were spoke
 By you,

O'erpay all I have done, or e'er can do:
 Yet I may say, and not presumptuous be,
 Some Reparation, Sir, was due to me,
 Since you could doubt I valu'd any thing
 Above the Blessing, Sir, to serve my King.

TRYPHON.

That Error to repair, I'll now employ
 Only your Help to place me in my Joy:
 By such fair Eyes my Heart has been surpriz'd,
 As I adore that Passion I despis'd:

[I,

I, who, till now, Love's Votaries did blame,
 Find him a God, I thought was but a Name:
 This Heart, which has been bred in War and Blood
 And all Death's Horrors dauntlessly withstood,
 Charm'd by Love's Magic, trembles with such Fear
 As I her Conquest dare not tell to her;
 Which shows, that in her bright triumphant Eyes
 A Fate, more to be fear'd than dying, lies:
 Your Help, my dear *Demetrius*, I must seek,
 To tell her what to her I dare not speak.

DEMETRIUS.

Whatever you command, I must obey;
 Yet pardon me, if I presume to say,
 How can she think you to her Eyes submit,
 If you yourself, Sir, will not tell her it?

TRYPHON.

Ah! in this Answer I your Fear perceive,
 That I'll repeat that Fault you did forgive;
 No, my first Love was but a Love of State,
 But this Love is as much my Choice as Fate;
 She with so strange a Fire my Breast does fill,
 As I to quench it want the Pow'r and Will.

DEMETRIUS.

Permit me then th' Employment to decline;
 For since her Beauties with such Lustre shine,
 They may wound me; for 'tis a likelier Thing
 She should subdue a Subject, than a King.

TRYPHON.

I know the Friendship which you have for me
against her Eyes your Antidote will be.

DEMETRIUS.

Yet Vassals, Sir, and Monarchs are alike,
Whene'er the Dart of Love or Death does strike.

TRYPHON.

Let not such Fear your sacred Friendship blot:

Why should you doubt it, when I doubt it not?

To confirm you, know you oft have seen

For whom I'd have you court to be my Queen;

And since to her bright Eyes you did not bow,

Why I ador'd them, you'll not do it now;

For, my *Demetrius*, 'tis her Beauties Right,

That who can love, must love her at first Sight;

For shall I think, if you th' Employment wave,

You have forgiv'n me, as you said you have.

DEMETRIUS.

Ah! then, Sir, 'tis unfit I struggle more;

Tell me that Beauty's Name which you adore,

And all her Charms, to serve you, I'll despise.

This, Sir, I vow. ———

TRYPHON.

Her Name is ——— *Stratonice*.

[*Demetrius starts and trembles.*]

Why at that Name tremble you thus, and start?

DEMETRIUS.

Oh! why am I condemn'd to act this Part?

Alas!

Alas ! how can I to that Beauty go,
 Whose Sister you by me have injur'd so?
 Who are to one another too so kind,
 As Friendship them does more than Nature bind
 They are alike concern'd in all they do,
 And who wrongs one does wrong the other too.

TRYPHON.

These Words have almost made my Joys complete
 For since their Friendship is so firm and great,
 I shall, presenting *Stratonice* my Crown,
 Repair what to her Sister I have done;
 Who, since the Wrong she did by you endure,
 'Tis just she should from you receive her Cure.
 By this a treble Gainer you will be;
 For you'll oblige yourself, and her, and me.

DEMETRIUS.

Oh! Sir, forgive me, if I let you know,
 That 'tis your Love, not Reason, argues so;
 For to their Friendship it will give an End,
 Should she wed him who has so wrong'd her Friend
 Honour would make her too the Throne descend
 To which she by her Sister's Fall must rise.
 That Family to visit I'm unfit,
 Having so much affronted one of it.

TRYPHON.

I wrong but one, while I my Love recal;
 But marrying th' other, I oblige them all:

at Family will with a Fault dispense;
 whose Reparation does exceed th' Offence:
 was Interest my first Address did move,
 that this Address is the Result of Love;
 whatever Fault true Love does make us do,
 must carry with th' Offence the Pardon too.
 In this obliging Embassy then go,
 and let me to my Friend my Mistress owe;
 at her Feet at once my Crown and Heart;
 my Joy depends on th' Acting of your Part.

[Demetrius offers to speak.

then strive no more, since what I ask you now
 what you owe my Friendship, and your Vow;
 While *Stratonice* you to my Throne invite,
 to *Cleopatra* my Excuse I'll write.

[Tryphon goes out. Demetrius
stands gazing after him.

Enter SELEUCUS.

SELEUCUS.

You in your Looks have so much Trouble shown,
 as I dare hardly venture you alone;
 so great and moving your Disorders be,
 as I partake in Grievs which I but see.

DEMETRIUS.

Alas! I have receiv'd so strange a Blow,
 as I endure more Grief than I can show.

SE-

SELEUCUS.

To my unequall'd Friendship be so just,
As to commit your Secret to my Trust;
To cure those Sorrows under which you bend,
Employ the Life and Service of your Friend.
Some fatal Grief does now your Soul surprize,
Or you are too in Love with *Stratonice*;
For I perceiv'd, when he pronounc'd her Name,
You trembled, and your Face was in a Flame.

DEMETRIUS.

Admire not at those Sorrows which I show,
Since you their Cause at once both ask and know
On me what sharper Curse could Fortune bring,
Than make my Rival be my Friend and King!

SELEUCUS.

Under the like Misfortune I did bow,
And suffer'd lately what you suffer now;
Since his Inconstancy my Pain has cur'd,
Be in my Fortune of your own assur'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Who thinks, does know her Beauty's Power
but ill,
That who once lov'd her will not love her still.

SELEUCUS.

Do not by that Belief your Grief inflame:
Of *Cleopatra's* Eyes I thought the same.
His Friendship sure as strong for you will be,
As his Inconstancy has been for me.

A TRAGEDY.

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DEMETRIUS.

Have you forgotten what he lately said,
 as a State Love he *Cleopatra* paid?
 o'er this Love what can the Conquest get,
 which makes State-interest resign to it?
 do not think he did your Fear remove
 his Inconstancy, but by his Love:
 Stars on us with diff'rent Influence shine;
 that wrought your Cure, makes me despair of
 mine.

SELEUCUS.

Part of your Secrets trusted to my Breast,
 serve you, I now beg to know the rest:
 told me *Stratonice* had conquer'd you;
 let me know if she does love you too.

DEMETRIUS.

Oh! if I were not in that happy State,
 should I thus exclaim against my Fate?

SELEUCUS.

I cannot see, since you are sure of her,
 why you the King should as a Rival fear;
 if she does You and Virtue so esteem,
 I'll value you more than she'll value him.

DEMETRIUS.

For Love to me and Virtue shine so clear,
 were a Sin his Rivalship to fear;
 'tis not that from whence my Sorrows rise;
 I, not dreaming he lov'd *Stratonice*,

OL. I.

O

Am.

Am by a fatal, yet a solemn Vow,
 Engag'd to court for him my Mistress now;
 Should I not do it, I myself forswear;
 And doing it, I wrong my Love and her.
 Never Misfortune did so cruel prove;
 I must betray my Friend, or else my Love;
Seleucus, 'tis a horrid Choice, when I,
 Rather than either chuse, would chuse to die.

SELEUCUS.

Your Case is hard, it cannot be deny'd;
 Yet *Stratonice's* Love is on your Side;
 I against Fortune justlier might repine,
 For that Fate you deplore I wish were mine.
 That *Cleopatra's* Love might be for me,
 I would consent he should my Rival be;
 But since the King your Passion never knew,
 And since his Friendship is so firm to you,
 Hide not from him the Pain that you are in;
 Friendship o'er Love the Victory may win.

DEMETRIUS.

Ah! if I told him I his Rival am,
 And that his Mistress does approve my Flame,
 Alas! a much more likely Way 'twill prove,
 To raise his Hate, than to suppress his Love:
 My Flame must therefore be conceal'd by you;
 Rivals in Love, and Friends, none ever knew.

SELEUCUS.

~~My Truth in such a Secret do not fear :~~

all me the Course that you resolve to steer,
 that I in it may useful be to you.

[Demetrius studies awhile.

DEMETRIUS.

I am resolv'd to do what I did vow ;
 or were I guilty of so mean a Thing,
 to be false both to my Friend and King,
 and should thereby my End in Love obtain,
 the Joy would scarce be equal to my Pain.
 Perhaps she will not be to me severe,

When sacred Friendship only made me err :
 't thinks it were Injustice to suspect,
 When that's the Cause, that she'll condemn th' Effect.

SELEUCUS.

While such an unexampled Act you do,
 we cannot blame so much as pity you!

DEMETRIUS.

To lose her, yet deserve her, is more fit,
 than to possess her, and not merit it.

[They go out.

The End of the Third ACT.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The SCENE, NIGANOR'S Palace.

STRATONICE, DEMETRIUS, *and* IRENE.

IRENE *to* Stratonicæ.

SUCH are the Sorrows he does now endure,
As, if you are not, Death will be his Cure.

STRATONICE.

Those Grievs, *Demetrius*, which in you I see
Contagious prove, and have infected me;
You are unkind, since you the Cause conceal
Of Sorrows whose Effect your Looks reveal.

DEMETRIUS.

Madam, I hop'd you rather would deplore
Those Grievs I bear, than load me thus with more;
Judge with what Malice Fate does me pursue,
Since I'm afraid to tell my Grief to you;
To you, who only have the Pow'r to cure
Those matchless Miseries which I endure.

STRATONICE.

Alas! what you have told me now, I find,
More than your Silence, is to me unkind;
For you lament, and in a high degree,
Those Grievs whose Cure, you say, depends on me.

What

That have I done, that you should use me so?

DEMETRIUS.

Ah, Madam! sure you my Transgression know,
 your Resentments could not be so high,
 by such cruel Words to make me die;
 which now I humbly beg your Leave to do,
 once twice, you say, I was unkind to you.
 For those Words, I never could have thought,
 that my Misfortune did transcend my Fault:
 must despair your Pardon now to win,
 Grief for needing it being judg'd my Sin.

STRATONICE.

You never my Resentments did provoke,
 but by your Silence, and what now you spoke.

DEMETRIUS.

Would to the Gods I never had; then I
 could but unhappy, and not guilty, die;
 I, alas! must by a fatal Oath,
 binding my Life, contract the Guilt of both:
 that is my Fate, whatever I shall do.

STRATONICE.

I fear, your Sorrows have distracted you.

DEMETRIUS.

Alas! Distraction, Madam, would appear
 Happiness, compar'd to what I bear;
 tho' the Joys I in your Love receive,
 transcend all those which Heav'n to me can give;

Yet I those charming Glories must forego,
And to myself the Sin thereof must owe.
STRATONICE.

Demetrius, I believ'd you had a Soul,
Which could th' Approaches of Despair control.
DEMETRIUS.

Condemn not, Madam, the Despair I show,
Since *Tryphon* is declar'd my Rival now.
STRATONICE.

Since this is the Misfortune you deplore,
I have more Cause to blame you than before;
For could you grieve at this, did you not fear
I would his Crown above your Love prefer?
By your first Fault you did but wrong my Love;
But this a Wrong does to my Virtue prove:
Alas! What two worse Actions cou'd you do,
Than thus to doubt my Love and Virtue too?
DEMETRIUS.

Ah, Madam! If you would have heard me
You would have found that I do neither doubt
For nothing can to either equal be,
But that Misfortune which has fall'n on me.
When I thus grieve, he does my Rival prove,
I fear his Cruelty, not doubt your Love;
But tho' his Fire for you I must lament,
Yet Fate on me a sharper Curse has sent;
For he not knowing I his Rival am,
Implies me to acquaint you with his Flame;

to court you for him I am hither sent,
and he his Rival makes his Confident.

STRATONICE.

He has more Cause to mourn for this than you.

DEMETRIUS.

Yet to a Trust Fidelity is due:

What Man who can be faithless to his Friend;

who 'tis in Love, deserves to lose his End.

Should I but one unworthy Action do,

should by it forfeit my Right in you;

and tho' you might to pardon me think fit,

not to myself I ne'er could pardon it.

STRATONICE.

Heav'n this strict Virtue does in you inspire,

which therefore I condemn not, but admire,

when with what you did promise him, comply;

but what you ask for him, I'll still deny:

thus you to Friendship's Duty just may prove,

and I as faithful to the Rights of Love.

DEMETRIUS.

Oh, Gods! What is *Demetrius's* Offence,

that you to him so strange a Fate dispense?

Your fiercest Anger could not plague him worse,

than thus to turn his Blessings to his Curse.

Your Love and Virtue, which should give Relief,

but more contribute to augment my Grief:

Yes, Madam, your Inconstancy and Hate

had been to me a less tormenting Fate;

Less Horror I had felt from Death's Assault,
 Caus'd by my Mistress' Justice, than my Fault;
 I'm as unfortunate, as you are fair.

STRATONICE.

Alas! What causes in you this Despair?
 Since I have let you know how you might be
 Just to your Vows, to *Tryphon*, and to me.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis more than all the World has Pow'r to do:
 I must be false to him, or false to you;
 For not believing he ador'd your Eyes,
 I swore a solemn Oath, I would despise
 His Conqueror's Charms to serve him. Thus you
 I must forsake you, or must perjur'd be;
 I know which of the two I ought to do:
 'Tis less to lose, than be unfit for you.
 Heav'n, which your Merits and my Faults has known
 Calls me to Death, you to the *Syrian Throne*;
 Death is to my ambitious Passion due,
 Which from the Throne can only hinder you.
 My Fate I therefore shall undaunted bear,
 Since 'tis my Ruin helps to raise you there.

STRATONICE.

Could I, of what you now propose, admit,
 I of that Throne should judge myself unfit;
Tryphon, to gain it, has acquir'd such Hate,
 As 'tis scarce strong enough to bear his Weight.

and to his Guilt if I should add my own,
 'twould be a certain Way to sink the Throne.

DEMETRIUS.

If with his Pow'r your Virtue you do mix,
 Madam, the Throne you would not sink, but fix;
 then what he offers you, vouchsafe to take,
 both for your own, and for your Country's sake.

STRATONICE.

My Country will deserve those Chains she's in,
 should she consent to break them by my Sin.

DEMETRIUS.

Your Country cannot charge you with a Crime,
 since, Madam, I resign you up to him.

STRATONICE.

Resign me up to him! Ah! you shall find,
 that I to *Tryphon* will not be resign'd.

Now you pretend to more than you can do;
 or you'd forsake me, and bestow me too:
 you may, if you think fit, your Love decline;
 but I, *Demetrius*, ne'er can alter mine.

DEMETRIUS.

Ah! the more Kindness you to me express,
 you still to it intitle me the less.

STRATONICE.

I see too clearly what you told me now,
 And mourn your Sin more than the losing you;
 yet I, by scorning *Tryphon*, will make known,
 value you more than the *Syrian* Throne.

If

If to your Guilt I so obliging prove,
 Ah! judge what I'd have been unto your Love.
 Farewel, you are the first the World e'er knew,
 Who lov'd his Mistress, and forsook her too.

[Stratonice and Irene go out
 Demetrius gazing after them]

DEMETRIUS.

Thus, when the Sun from us withdraws his Light,
 He leaves the World to Horror, and to Night.
 Why to the Throne did Heav'n let Tryphon climb,
 And then revenge on me my Truth to him?
 Prodigious is my Fate, my Death I find
 In Friendship's being true, and Beauty kind.
 Oh, Gods! To what must I hereafter trust,
 Since you destroy me but for being just?
 If you of Virtue only will admit,
 Why am I ruin'd for pursuing it?

[He goes out]

*The SCENE, The Garden of NICANOR'S
 Palace.*

CLEOPATRA and HERMIONE. Cleopatra hold-
 ing Tryphon's Letter in her Hand.

CLEOPATRA.

To court and gain my Leave his Queen to be,
 And after dare thus to abandon me!
 Th' Affront which he therein on me would lay,
 Can only by his Blood be wash'd away.

HER-

HERMIONE.

Why should his leaving you your Anger move,
 Since now you may accept *Aretus*' Love?
 That fatal Promise which eclips'd your Joy,
Tryphon's Inconstancy does now destroy.

CLEOPATRA.

I shou'd *Aretus*' Flame too much abuse,
 I gave him what *Tryphon* does refuse.

HERMIONE.

Sure, Madam, if you argue at this rate,
 To lose *Aretus* is your Choice, not Fate.

[Enter *Aretus*.]

ARETUS.

Madam, I bring before your Justice now
 One who has been so criminal to you,
 As he no longer could defer to come,
 And beg he may from you receive his Doom?
 He would have freed you from pronouncing it,
 But that he did believe it was unfit,
 Since against you he did commit the Crime,
 That any but yourself should sentence him.
 His Sorrow for his Sin must needs be high,
 Since he himself makes it his Suit to die.

CLEOPATRA.

Whoe'er, *Aretus*, has offended me,
 And then does grieve for it to such Degree,
 As proves it was not his Design, but Fate,
 Deserves my Pardon rather than my Hate.

And

And since by me he is exempt from Blame,
 You safely may acquaint me with his Name,
 And in what 'tis he did so guilty prove.

ARETUS.

I am th' Offender, and th' Offence is Love.
 By my Respects to you, I guilty am ;
 'Tis they, alas ! make me miscall my Flame,
 For those bless'd Fires which on your Altar shine,
 Are not more facted, or more pure than mine.
 Judge, Madam, of your Beauty's Influence,
 Which makes me call such Love as this, Offence.
 A Love which does produce so bright a Flame,
 As nothing can displease you, but the Name.

CLEOPATRA.

Aretus, I'm amaz'd at what you say !

ARETUS.

But yet my Vows to you I durst not pay,
 Till you to *Tryphon* gave that fatal Leave,
 Which shew'd you might a Lover's Vows receive.
 And since you did not his Address decline,
 It made me hope that you might pardon mine ;
 For he ne'er did what a brave Man shou'd do,
 Unless it were in daring to love you.
 I would not therefore make my Passion known,
 While he, by his, might place you on a Throne.
 And yet that Throne appear'd to you unfit,
 Since such a Tyrant once had sat in it ;

It now that he your Service has forsook,
 Come to beg those Chains which he hath broke,
 Would have begg'd I might revenge you too,
 That he has done it by forsaking you.

May'n could on him no greater Curse have sent
 For such a Sin, than such a Punishment.

CLEOPATRA.

Th' Affront's too great, which he has laid on me,
 I think his Choice his Punishment should be:
 Since you say your Love for me is strong,
 Love what you say by punishing this Wrong:
 The Tyrant's Guard will but in vain withstand
 Ripen'd Vengeance from a Lover's Hand.

ARETUS.

Of such a sharp Revenge you well might boast,
 Could you give me that Blessing he has lost;
 Will be much worse for him than to be dead,
 To see me have what he has forfeited.

CLEOPATRA.

Aretus, hold, while I myself persuade
 Not to resent what you so boldly said,
 And to obtain me, Love would have you do
 What your Country's Wrongs do call you to:
 You can against my just Commands contend,
 Though Glory be your Way, and Love your End.
 'Tis only I who a fit Judge can prove,
 What relates to my Revenge or Love:

'Tis

'Tis just you knew, since you my Love have sold
The bravest Price at which it can be bought.

[CLEOPATRA and HERMIONE go]

ARETUS.

O Love! O Friendship! and O fatal Vow
To which shall I pay my Obedience now?
My Friend has done that which he promis'd me,
And I from *Tryphon's* Rivalship am free;
By which my Vow and Friendship ties my Hand
From acting what my Mistress does command.
In Love for ever I must miss my End,
Or must be false both to my Oath and Friend.
Fortune to me too tyrannous does prove,
Opposing thus my Virtue to my Love;
And yet I merit what I suffer now,
Since I could make so criminal a Vow.

[DEMETRIUS comes]

Heav'n, my *Demetrius*, does you hither send,
That you the Torments, I am in, may end.
What I more wish than Life, or fear than Death,
Does now intirely hang upon your Breath:
For neither those, nor ought that I can name,
Should come in Balance with my Love or Fame.

DEMETRIUS.

If I can ease your Pains, you'll do me Wrong,
If you suspect they shall afflict you long.

all me what Service I must pay you now.

ARETUS.

You know, you made me give a hasty Vow,
that I th' Usurper's Life would not pursue.

DEMETRIUS.

Has he not done that which I promis'd you?
and from your Mistress does his Love recal.

ARETUS.

'Tis therefore by my Hands that he must fall.

DEMETRIUS.

Rage o'er your Reason has the Empire got;
you'll kill him when your Rival, and when not.

ARETUS.

From this Resolve nothing can me remove;
his Life does rival me, as did his Love:

For *Cleopatra* will not mine admit,

Will *Tryphon's* Death evince the Truth of it;

'Tis therefore by your Friendship that I now

beg you to free me from that guilty Vow.

DEMETRIUS.

That Hate which she for *Tryphon* doth express,

ought sure to make your Hatred for him cease;

since *Cleopatra Tryphon* does abhor,

only because he rivals you no more.

ARETUS.

I find some Reason in what now you say;

but I find greater her Command to obey;

Since

Since I'd have kill'd him while I did but fear,
 That from my Hopes he might have ravish'd her,
 How can I now th' Usurper's Death delay,
 Since to obtain her 'tis the certain Way?
 Heav'n, which my sacred Flame for her does know,
 And that same chiefly made me take that Vow,
 Pitying that on a Love so free from Guilt
 The Safety of a Tyrant should be built,
 Does, to repair that Sin it did contract,
 Engage me now by Love his Fate to act.
 'Twas fit, as Love made me the Sin commit,
 So it should free me from the Guilt of it:
 Since too by Friendship I to it was won,
 Let Friendship free me from't, as Love has done.

DEMETRIUS.

Sure such Discourse as this you'd not approve,
 Did you confer your Reason with your Love?

ARETUS.

Ah! this Reproach you cast upon me now,
 Would have been just when I did make the Vow
 A hated Name you for yourself will win,
 Making the Killing of a Tyrant Sin.
 Can you then more for an Usurper do,
 Than for your Friend, and for your Country too?

DEMETRIUS.

To what you ask I cannot condescend,
 In Kindness to my Country and my Friend.

ARE-

ARETUS.

Alas! you'll show that you abhor them both;
you will not absolve me from an Oath;
which your Friend the happiest Man may be,
and *Syria* will from Tyranny be free.

DEMETRIUS.

To grant what you desire would be so far
from ending Tyranny, 'twill raise a War.

ARETUS.

Though I consider War as no small Curse,
to be rul'd by an Usurper's worse:

DEMETRIUS.

All would; were *Tryphon* kill'd; fight for the
Throne;

's worse t' have many Tyrants, than but one.

ARETUS.

If by our Hands they saw this Tyrant fall,
would frighten Usurpation from them all.

DEMETRIUS.

The Pow'r so fully *Tryphon's* Friends engross,
they on us would soon revenge his Loss;
and *Syria* would such Ill by War endure,
the Disease seems easier than the Cure.

ARETUS.

Such as to fight for his Revenge would dare;
the People fit to be destroy'd by War.

DEMETRIUS.

But by the Pow'r they have so long enjoy'd,
They're likelier, to destroy, than be destroy'd.

ARETUS.

Ah! you yourself what now you said must blame,
Or must think Justice but an empty Name:
Who has the Right, has on his Side the Odds;
Else Chance does rule the World, and not the Gods.

DEMETRIUS.

The Right *Antiochus* had on his Side;
And yet, alas! by *Tryphon's* Sword he dy'd.

ARETUS.

You know that hap'less Monarch did not die,
By *Tryphon's* Force, but by his Treachery:
Those only then to bear his Yoke are fit,
Who can fear aught more than to suffer it.
Do not a Guilt so great as this pursue.

DEMETRIUS.

I have more Cause to be his Foe than you:
For he is fall'n in Love with *Stratonice*,
And me he did into a Vow surprize,
Before to me his Conqu'ers he did name,
That I would help and serve him in his Flame.
By which the Death of *Tryphon*, you may see,
Cannot more grateful prove to you, than me.
But my Concerns for *Syria* are above
Ev'n those I have for *Stratonice's* Love:

men do not blame me, if I hinder you
from doing what I think is Sin to do.

ARETUS.

The Justice of the Gods in this you see;
He punishes in you your Guilt to me:
You cross my Love, and bind me to my Oath;
Cyphon alike revenges me in both:
As Heav'n permits him thus to do you Wrong,
Because his Death you have delay'd so long.

DEMETRIUS.

That Wrong you mention, I with Patience take,
Since I'm convinc'd it is for *Syria's* sake.
Let me be taught to give your Passion Laws,
And bravely suffer for your Country's Cause.
Farewel, to sacred Virtue let us trust;
The Gods would not be Gods, were they not just.

[DEMETRIUS offers to go out.

[ARETUS draws his Sword.

ARETUS.

Demetrius, stay. — — — — —

DEMETRIUS.

——— Ha! what mean you now?

ARETUS.

Since you deny to free me from my Vow,
By which my Hopes of *Cleopatra* end,
And *Syria* must beneath a Tyrant bend;

Either of which too clearly you must see,
 Is worse a thousand times than Death to me;
 Thus I cast off that Friendship which does prove
 So fatal to my Country, and my Love.
 My Death must end the Grief of losing both,
 Or yours absolve me from my guilty Oath.

DEMETRIUS.

Put up your Sword; for when this Storm is past
 You'll hate yourself, for what you now have said
 Though to your Rage your Friendship you resign
 Yet you shall see nothing can alter mine.

ARETUS.

How dare you mention Friendship's sacred Name
 And yet oppose my Country, Love and Fame?
 By that enchanting Word you shall not now
 That Payment stop, which to these three I owe.
 Draw, or I'll kill thee. —————

DEMETRIUS.

—————Hear me but one Word.

ARETUS.

I will not hear thee, till thou draw'st thy Sword.

DEMETRIUS.

Then thus I draw it; but to Heav'n I vow,
 I'll sooner kill myself with it than you.

ARETUS.

Thy Guilt to me thy Courage has betray'd;
 It makes *Demetrius* now of Death afraid.

DEMETRIUS.

When thou reflect'st the King my Rival is,
 Now by my Oath I have lost *Stratonice*,
 And how thyself, on whom I did rely,
 From my Friend become my Enemy;
 May perhaps to thee a Truth appear,
 That Death is what I wish, not what I fear.
 That I have told thee now, I thus make good:

[*Opening his Doublet, and spreading his Arms.*

Quench thy Rage in my unguarded Blood;
 And in my Death no Grief I shall endure,
 That thy Rage, not Friendship, acts the Cure.

[*Aretus turns away.*

Why dost thou turn away? We are agreed;
 My Death is what thou seek'st, and what I need.

ARETUS.

Oh! my *Demetrius*, that which now you do
 Worse than not to free me from my Vow;
 For Friendship's sake, methinks, you should not give
 Wounds worse than Death; yet after let me live.

DEMETRIUS.

If this appears a Cruelty to thee,
 Then be not guilty of the like to me.

ARETUS.

But provok'd you to that high Degree
 To get that Death from you, you seek from me.

DEMETRIUS.

Such Wounds from you and Fate I now receive,
As I much rather Death would take than give.

ARETUS.

I hop'd for me your Friendship was so high,
As, when you found *Tryphon* or I must die,
You then to kill him your Consent would give,
Or let me the Denial not survive,
But now, alas ! both are refus'd by you.

DEMETRIUS.

Ah ! do not blame what Honour makes me do
You know how much *Tryphon* my Friend has been

ARETUS.

Call you him Friend, who's guilty of the Sin
Of tying you by Oath from *Stratonice* ?

DEMETRIUS.

He does not know that he my Rival is ;
But she, whom I acquainted with it now,
And how I was surpris'd into my Vow,
Does scorn his Passion, and condemn my Crime
In being false to her, and true to him ;
For thus she terms what my Oath binds me to,
By which I am under such Torments now,
As, if the Gods should but one Day deny
The Cure I need, the Grief will make me die :
So long your Aims at *Tryphon's* Death suspend
Tis but one Day, and begg'd too by your Friend

ARETUS.

So long I'll respite Justice for your sake ;
 but know, so long I shall be on the Rack.

DEMETRIUS.

Heav'n knows, which on us both such Ills has
 thrown,

That I lament your Suff'rings as my own.

[*They go out embracing.*]

The SCENE, TRYPHON'S Palace.

Enter TRYPHON and NICANOR.

TRYPHON.

Yes, in my first Address, my chiefest End
 Was by Alliance to make you my Friend ;
 And this Address to the like End does move,
 But with th' Addition of a deathless Love ;
 The Bond between us nothing can undo,
 When ty'd by Love, and by Alliance too.

NICANOR.

That Honour you to *Stratonice* design
 Deserves her best Acknowledgments and mine.

TRYPHON.

You then consent I place her in my Throne?

NICANOR.

Sir, it were fit you first obtain'd her own ;
 For as by Nature's Dictates she is led,
 Not without my Consent herself to wed ;

So 'twould in me unnatural appear,
Should I, without her Leave, dispose of her.

TRYPHON.

'Twould much advance the Union I pursue,
If I could tell her 'tis approv'd by you.

NICANOR.

Too much to me it like Injustice shows,
T' approve that Union till I know she does.

TRYPHON.

You'll make me doubt, your Scruples are so nice,
That you on it do set too low a Price.

NICANOR.

No, Sir; I do esteem it as I ought;
Call not my Duty to my Child a Fault.

TRYPHON.

I know whate'er you please she'll always do;
And therefore I'll alike ascribe to you
Those charming Joys I in her Love shall find,
As all my Torments, should she prove unkind.
To you, *Nicanor*, I this Ev'ning give,
T' engage her my Addresses to receive;
But if to be rejected be my Fate,
Know, I'll resent it at the highest Rate.

NICANOR.

I'll rather to a Punishment submit,
Than to the Guilt of what may merit it.

[*Tryphon and Nicanor go out several Ways.*]

The SCENE, NICANOR's Palace,

Enter CLEOPATRA and SELEUCUS.

SELEUCUS.

Tho' *Tryphon* does to me much Favour show,
et, Madam, the Respect to you I owe
Makes me abhor th' Affront he did to you,
and makes me offer to revenge it too.

All Men condemn that which he now hath done
More than they do his Usurpation;

Since it in Reason cannot be deny'd,
But that Inconstancy is worse than Pride.

Pride oft, in heighten'd Souls, itself does show;
Inconstancy rules only in the Low:

And since your Sex does your own Hand confine
From acting your Revenge, accept of mine.

CLEOPATRA.

That gen'rous Sense you of my Wrongs do show,
And the brave Offer which you make me now,

Join'd with that Friendship which I always see

You have both for *Nicanor* and for me,

Make me believe I should unjustly do,

If I in aught could hide my Grief from you:

Know then, my Wrongs to me so weighty seem,

As I am rack'd till I'm reveng'd on him;

And know that no Revenge can grateful be,

But one as vast as is the Injury.

SE-

S E L E U C U S.

Will you not judge, that our deposing him
Is a Revenge proportion'd to his Crime?

C L E O P A T R A.

Ah! talk not of deposing him; you know
That's less than what you to your Country owe:
For *Syria's* Wrongs and mine will you pursue
A less Revenge than is to either due?
And for those Sins which he has done before,
Will you restrain him but from doing more?

S E L E U C U S.

Tryphon will find, since he in Crimes was bred
That such Restraint is worse than to be dead.
To one depos'd what Sentence can you give
So cruel, as condemning him to live?
Some gen'rous Men, who did that Fate endure,
To shun the Shame, in Death have sought the Cure.

C L E O P A T R A.

A gen'rous Man, *Seleucus*, I will own,
Finds Death an Ease, when he has lost his Throne
But he whose Soul is low, and Crimes are high,
Thinks it the greatest Punishment to die;
And that Revenge has still the sharpest been,
Which is held such by him who did the Sin.
Ah! for my Wrongs there's no Revenge seems good
That is not written in th' Offender's Blood;
In all else you propose you lose your Breath,
And to oblige me you must act his Death.

SELEUCUS.

If nothing else your Anger can atone,
 Adam, depend upon't, it shall be done :
 't'is a Deed so daring and sublime,
 That to perform it will require some Time;
 Tho' I his Guards command, I dare not yet
 Trust them with Things so dangerous and great.

CLEOPATRA.

To dang'rous Acts the Brave should always run;
 Those must not be consulted of, but done.
 Tyrant's Pow'r still on his Life depends ;
 Who cuts it off, cuts off, with it, his Friends.
 That that you may this Deed the boldlier do,
 My Secrets I will now disclose to you.
 Arctus, who your Friendship does possess,
 And who is gallant even to Excess,
 Courts my Affection to a high Degree,
 And I must blushing say, is own'd by me :
 In my Revenge him I engag'd of late ;
 We shall join with you to act *Tryphon's* Fate ;
 Which by th' Usurper cannot be declin'd,
 When two such Men his Ruin have design'd.
 But some Disorders in your Looks I see.

SELEUCUS.

What ! Have you trusted any one but me ?
 I am perplex'd that you Revenge design,
 And yet make use of any Arm but mine.

CLEO.

TRYPHON :

CLEOPATRA.

Into new Griefs me my Revenge had thrown,
 If I had ow'd so great a Debt to one:
 I therefore chuse to share it betwixt two;
 Love does in him what Friendship does in you.

SELEUCUS.

Yes, to *Aretus*, Madam, I'll be just :
 He does deserve this Honour, and this Trust.
 We'll both consult which is the surest Way,
 In this great Work your Orders to obey.

CLEOPATRA.

This Favour no Addition can admit,
 But your Celerity in doing it ;
 Since while my just Revenge you both defer,
 I feel those Pains which *Tryphon* ought to bear.

[Cleopatra goes out.]

SELEUCUS *alone*.

O Prodigy of Fate ! I hither came
 T' acquaint fair *Cleopatra* with my Flame ;
 And scarce could doubt but I should happy prove,
 Since I thro' her Revenge did court her Love:
 But ere my Heart I at her Feet could lay,
 She tells me she has giv'n her own away ;
 Nay more, in her Revenge she'd have me join
 With him who most of all does merit mine.
 Never was any Lover's Fate so hard ;
 The Danger I must share, not the Reward.

A TRAGEDY.

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as it her Ignorance, or else her Art,
 us to accept my Hand, but not my Heart;
 retus hitherto has been my Friend;
 t Love now to that Name does give an End:
 nd to obtain her he shall quickly see
 e must not only *Tryphon* kill, but me.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

The

The FIFTH ACT.

The SCENE is NICANOR's Palace.

The SCENE opens.

TRYPHON, DEMETRIUS, STRATONICE, &
IRENE. Demetrius, *from behind Tryphon*
fixes his Eyes on Stratonice, folds his Arms
the one within the other, sighs, and goes
still gazing on her.

TRYPHON.

N*Icanor and Demetrius having been*
Imploy'd by me to court you for my Queen;
And having found by both, that my Address
Has not obtain'd the much desir'd Success;
I now am come, Madam, to wait on you,
To pay that Love which to your Beauty's due;
A Love, which 'twere Injustice to despise,
Since 'tis the pow'rful Influence of your Eyes.

STRATONICE.

That Love which now is offer'd me by you,
Is, Sir, to *Cleopatra* only due.
Th' Injustice then much greater would appear,
Should I usurp that which belongs to her:

A TRAGEDY.

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en do not, Sir, solicit me to do
Wrong to Nature, and to Justice too :
were Sin if such Desires were not deny'd.

TRYPHON.

Nature and Justice both are on my Side;
where Nature does most lib'rally bestow
the Charms of Beauty, there our Loves we owe
and I the Rules of Justice but pursue,
owing a Debt where Nature shows 'tis due.

STRATONICE.

Since your first Love you did to her afford,
Justice obliges you to keep your Word ;
and to my Sister, Sir, I am confin'd,
Nature's Law, to be both just and kind.
Thus, Sir, the Right is on my Side, you see;
Fancy does govern you, but Reason me.

TRYPHON.

Such cruel Words ought not from you to fall;
that you term Fancy, I must Duty call.
You I first had seen, then her ador'd,
you most justly I had been abhor'd,
at you being seen, I should myself abhor,
after, I your Sister could adore
our Justice into Question will be brought,
my Misfortune should be call'd my Fault.
Adam, it must be, sure, some other Thing
which makes you at this rate to use your King;

An

And from his proffer'd Throne thus to retire;
A Glory to which all but you aspire.

STRATONICE.

She does not merit to a Throne to clime,
Who does acquire that Glory by a Crime :
To be a Queen I would not wound my Fame.

TRYPHON.

Your only Crime is, that you flight my Flame
A Flame, which if by you condemn'd it be,
Shall ruin others as 'twill ruin me.
Madam, take heed of being thus unkind,
Lest you your Judge should in your Lover find.

STRATONICE.

Nothing can me to unjust Actions move.
Nor will I, Sir, be threaten'd into Love :
Ah ! if true Love e'er in your Heart had reign'd,
You wou'd have known mine cou'd not be constrain'd
Under Heav'n's Care Love above Life does stand :
Tyrants may Life, but cannot Love command.
Act what you said to me, 'twill easier prove
T' endure your Sentence, than endure your Love.

TRYPHON.

Mistake not what your Scorn forc'd me to say
For to your Beauties such Respect I pay;
I'd kill myself sooner than threaten you :
But with Revenge *Nicanor* I'll pursue.
He to my Love, when told him, was unkind;
And then I fear'd the Effects which now I find.

STRATONICE.

This Menace is beyond your first severe;
I threaten now what only I can fear;
Fear to Love was never yet the way:

TRYPHON.

Must not credit that which now you say;
Of Love's Theory so much you show;
I believe, the Practice too you know:

[Stratonice seems disorder'd.]

Is a Truth your Blushes now have shown;
Could you scorn my Passion and my Throne,
Not some other prepossess'd your Heart.
Find him out I'll use my Pow'r and Art;
Madam, then it will perhaps appear,
I can for him, as for *Nicanor*, fear.

Now certain you a Lover have;
And my Hopes I'll bury in one Grave;
Since you make me wretched, you shall know
I've the Pow'r to make you wretched too;
Tho' my Rival might escape my Hand,
Still your Father's Life's at my Command;
Which he shall lose, if by To-morrow Night
I value not that Love which now you slight.

STRATONICE.

Yes, Tyrant, thy Resentment more to move;
I'll confess to thee, I am in Love:
Yet to thee the Man shall ne'er be known,
Whom I scorn thy Passion, and thy Throne.

Act then thy Menaces, that thou mayst see,
 I too am more in Love with Death than thee;
 To those who feel such Cruelties as these
 Dying is not a Punishment, but Ease.

TRYPHON.

Know that To-morrow Night's the utmost Day
 Giv'n to *Nicanor's* Life, or to thy Hate.

STRATONICE.

To-morrow Night in both it shall appear,
 Who fears not Death, does not a Tyrant fear.

[*Exeunt several*]

The SCENE is the Garden of TRYPHON'S
 Palace.

Enter SELEUCUS, alone.

Oh! whither by my Passion am I led?
 My Love should die after my Hopes are dead;
 She has herself declar'd to me, that she
 Has giv'n to him that which is sought by me:
 Nor is *Aretus* guilty of the Crime;
 He does to me what I'd have done to him:
 Because in Love I cannot reach my End,
 Why should Revenge deprive me of my Friend?
 Great Gods! How can I prove so cold and tame
 As on a Rival to bestow that Name?
 And while *Aretus* does my Joys ingross,
 Talk myself into Patience for my Loss?

ce Friendship thus does plead for my Disgrace,
 venge, do thou ascend, and take the Place;
 ou more like Virtue dost to me appear,
 an Friendship can, in this Affront I bear;
 ce to the Brave nothing should be above
 venge in Wrongs, or Constancy in Love:
 erefore thy Death, proud Rival, I'll pursue;
 I must lose her, thou must lose her too.

[Tryphon comes in to him.]

TRYPHON.

Seleucus, now I feel a matchless Pain;
 y perfect Love meets with the like Disdain;
 wixt what her Beauty and her Scorn does do,
 once I hate her, and adore her too.
 n! when provok'd by what to me she said,
 enac'd her to take *Nicanor's* Head,
 bravely she the Threatning did despise,
 er Spirit I admire above her Eyes:
 us what I thought the speediest Way might be
 o conquer her, has the more conquer'd me;
 or to my Bondage I am now confin'd,
 oth by the Lustre of her Eyes and Mind:
 at that which does my highest Torment prove,
 she confest to me, she was in Love;
 and proudly said, 'twas past my Pow'r and Art
 o find him out to whom she gave her Heart.

SELEUCUS.

This, and the Scorn which you from her end
Should make you to your Reason owe your Cure.

TRYPHON.

To one in Love do not of Reason speak;
For Love is never strong, till Reason's weak.
My Passion is so powerful and so high,
As, if I miss enjoying her, I die;
But if by thy Assistance she be won,
Thou shalt, with her, divide my Heart and Crown.

SELEUCUS.

Wealth is a Thing I never did regard;
To have your Favour is the best Reward;
Which I'll deserve, since, Sir, to reach your End
I will expose my Mistress and my Friends;
Yes, Sir, to me alone, you now will know,
That both your Life and Mistress you shall owe.
Then summon all your Fortitude to hear
That which at once will wound your Heart and Ear.
Our Fortunes, Sir, with the like Malice move;
You love one Sister, I the other love;
You have a Rival who her Heart has won,
To me my Rival the like Wrong has done;
But that at which we justly should repine,
Your Friend's your Rival, and my Friend is mine.

Tr No,

TRYPHON.

What Friend of mine can dare affront me thus?

SELEUCUS.

That Name you give but to *Demetrius*.

TRYPHON.

Oh, Gods! What Horrors do my Soul invade!

Worn'd by my Mistress, by my Friend betray'd!

Is fatal Secret who disclos'd to thee?

SELEUCUS.

'Twas he himself that open'd it to me.

TRYPHON.

From me conceal it, and yet tell it you!

Can I believe *Demetrius* is untrue?

! do not take this Way to usurp his Place.

SELEUCUS.

He durst not tell you, he your Rival was;

Had you mark'd those Horrors he was in,

When him you press'd to court her for your Queen,

He could not have been doubtful of his Crime,

For Eyes had told you what I learn'd from him.

TRYPHON.

'Tis true, his Trouble's, as it were, above

What any Passion could produce but Love;

Error and thy Faithfulness I see.

! since *Demetrius* proves so false to me,

'Tis he too that doth my Life pursue.

SELEUCUS.

No, Sir; that Guilt is to *Aretus* due.

With me he *Cleopatra* does adore,
 Who does so much your leaving her abhor,
 That she has made my Rival promise her,
 Charm'd by Love's Pow'r, to be your Murderer.
 She try'd my Help in the Design to win;
 But, Sir, I did detest so base a Sin.

TRYPHON.

Thou art my Genius, and I owe to thee
 All that I am, and all I hope to be.
 Tho' *Cleopatra's* Guilt be rais'd so high,
 That, with *Aretus*, she deserves to die:
 Yet, if she'll marry thee, I'll pardon her;
 But I one Hour will not his Death defer.

SELEUCUS.

This Favour ties me, while I live, to you;
 But, Sir, in your own Case, what will you do?

TRYPHON.

In that, *Seleucus*, I am doubtful yet;
 For on each Side the Difficulty's great:
 I look with Horror on *Demetrius' Guilt*,
 Yet tremble to pluck down what I have built:
 Friendship and Love so in my Bosom strive,
 As I yet know not, which shall there survive.
 I now am under an unheard-of Fate;
 My Friend, and Mistress, I both love and hate.
 Ah! would *Aretus* all my Blood had spilt,
 That against either I might shun the Guilt:

this sad Streight I'd be advis'd by thee.

SELEUCUS.

The Resolution easy seems to me ;

to your Love if you can give an End,

ought to pardon, and make bless'd your Friend ;

if your Being to your Love you tye,

then there's no Doubt, *Demetrius*, Sir, must die.

TRYPHON.

But if my Love, while guiltless, was deny'd,

oubt, when in her Lover's Blood 'tis dy'd,

at Cruelty may more her Hatred move.

SELEUCUS.

Yet 'tis a Cruelty produc'd by Love.

then by your Pow'r you make her be your Wife,

and when your Mercy spares her Father's Life ;

with those, join'd with the charming Name of Queen,

over her Hate the Victory may win :

if, when she's your Wife, her Hate endures,

the Trouble, Sir, will be more hers than yours.

TRYPHON.

But since, when but to fright her, I did say,

that I *Nicanor's* Life would take away,

she told me, to her Death she too wou'd fly ;

far, if I should make her Lover die,

she in Despair to her own Death would run.

SELEUCUS.

Killing one's self is sooner said than done :

But if to him that Proof of Love she'd give,
Think not she'll marry you while he does live

TRYPHON.

Ha! what thou say'st admits of no Reply,
And does on Love bestow the Victory:
Those Words have torn *Demetrius* from my Mind,
And for his Death the Orders they have sign'd.
He and *Aretus* instantly shall die:
Prepare the Guards with Speed, and Secrecy:
Thy Care of me has made me judge it fit,
To thee this Execution to commit.

[*They go out several*

The SCENE of NICANOR's Palace
NICANOR, ARETUS, DEMETRIUS,
PATRA and STRATONICE both weeping

STRATONICE.

Yes, Sir; I scorn'd his Love and Anger too,
Till he with speedy Death did threaten you.
My Constancy he then did more than fright;
Yet I conceal'd my Terrors from his Sight:
But, Sir, my Eyes, as soon as he was gone,
Wept, as my Heart, while he was here, had done
For if To-morrow Night I'm not his Wife,
He has declar'd he'll take away your Life.

NICANOR.

I'll rather to his Rage submit my Head,
Than yield that you should such a Tyrant wed

I sooner die, than I'll that Union see;
 such Hate I have for him, such Love for thee,

ARETUS to Cleopatra.

From your fair Eyes those Tears you ought to wipe:
 his Crime, for Heav'n's Revenge, makes *Tryphon*
 ripe;

so ripe, that through his Guards alone I'll go,
 to pay that Death which to his Guilt we owe;
 the Danger does less than the Duty seem;
 I'll dry your Tears, or strive to merit them.

DEMETRIUS to Stratonice.

I thought by Love he would your Heart have won,
 and therefore I did yield to be undone;
 but since to this vile Way he hath Recourse,
 'Tis just to end such Tyranny by Force:
 I'll now, with much less Grief, his Death pursue,
 than I resign'd to him my Claim to you.

ARETUS.

Since we to kill the Tyrant are agreed,
 see the Gods his Ruin have decreed.

NICANOR.

Tho' that is just which is design'd by you,
 yet just Things we should do as wise Men do.
Seleucus, who th' Usurper's Guards commands,
 When this new Tyranny he understands,
 To join with us, I hope, may soon be won.

CLEOPATRA.

I dare assure you, 'tis already done.

N I-

NICANOR.

Already done! By whom?

CLEOPATRA.

——— 'Tis done by me:

His Hate to *Tryphon*, and his Tyranny,
Is such, as I am sure, in this Design,
He will with you, when you desire it, join.

ARETUS.

Whoever does to Virtue but pretend,
To what we have resolv'd must be a Friend.

Enter IRENE hastily.

IRENE.

I on your Privacies would not intrude,
Did not my Duty force me to be rude.
Some of the Servants from the Garden call,
To tell you, many Soldiers scale the Wall:
Arm'd for a Fight they ev'ry one appear,
And all of them do *Tryphon's* Liv'ry wear.

[*Hermione running in.*]

HERMIONE.

Seleucus is into your Palace come,
And does with *Tryphon's* Guards fill ev'ry Room.

NICANOR.

What may this mean?

HERMIONE.

—— My Eyes are much mistook,
If Rage and Horror dwell not in his Look.

A TRAGEDY.

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SELEUCUS.

Yield up your Swords; in vain you'll fight, or fly.

ARETUS.

Betray'd! Then let us, acting our Revenges, die.

[*Seleucus forces opens the Doors; he runs in with several of the Guards. Nicanor, Aretus, and Demetrius, draw their Swords; but ere they can make use of them, are oppress'd by Numbers, and are disarm'd. Seleucus beckons to the Guards to retire.*

While they are going out, SELEUCUS says:

Secure the Palace, Guards; if you admit

Any t' escape, your Lives shall pay for it.

These Orders read, will let you understand,

[*He gives the Orders to Nicanor.*

That what I do is by my King's Command:

You are my Pris'ners all; *Aretus*, you

Must bear the Fate which to your Sin is due;

For you the Murder of the King did plot.

ARETUS.

I merit Death, because I kill'd him not.

SELEUCUS.

Demetrius too the like hard Fate must prove;

He does not only rival *Tryphon's* Love,

But knew *Aretus* did his Death intend,

And yet conceal'd it, to preserve his Friend.

DE-

DEMETRIUS.

Perfidious Man! the Tyrant could not be
Told that he was my Rival, but by thee.

SELEUCUS.

Madam, the King, in hope that you'll receive
His Love, does yet *Nicanor's* Life reprieve.

NICANOR.

Since these two gen'rous Friends are doom'd to die
Sparing of me is but his Cruelty.

STRATONICE.

Who would the Loss of so much Worth survive
Or by a Tyrant's Mercy, who would live?
Death is, than either, welcomer to me.

SELEUCUS to Cleopatra.

Here prostrate, Madam, at your Feet you see
One who long since has paid to you his Heart,
And who by Love is forc'd to act this Part;
For when I came to tell you of the Fire
Which your bright Eyes did in my Soul inspire;
And, that it might more acceptable be,
Did offer to revenge your Injury;
You, ere I cou'd make you my great Request,
Told me, *Aretus* reign'd within your Breast:
Ah! when I found that he was Monarch there,
I did, compell'd by Love, and by Despair,
Discover all to *Tryphon*; with Design,
Helping his Love, to make him further mine.

This,

is, Madam, you may look on as my Sin;
 what you think my Guilt, I glory in:
 what more fully could my Passion prove,
 than sacrificing of my Friends to Love?

ARETUS.

Since Love makes no Man cruel or unjust,
 what which thou call'st thy Love, is but thy Lust.

CLEOPATRA.

Seleucus, I have listen'd unto you,
 once with Horror, and with Pity too;
 horror, that you this Falshood could commit;
 ay, that Love seduc'd you into it:
 ah! to my Love; what Wrong could be so high,
 as thinking 'twould be won by Treachery?

no, no, tho' my Affection for you were
 such as for me, you wou'd have yours appear,
 yet Honour, which of all Things most I rate,
 Would, by this Falshood, turn that Love to Hate;
 and could I be obtain'd by what you do,
 that Crime would soon work the like Change in you.
 ah! do not think that Love can e'er be built
 on such a false Foundation as your Guilt.

SELEUCUS.

In my sad Case, what could I else have done?
 to me you're lost, or this way must be won.

CLEOPATRA.

This Way be won! Oh, Gods! let me not see
 that you can have so low a Thought of me;

For

For then, I'll rather my own Death pursue,
 Than owe the saving of our Lives to you:
 I wou'd have had you to my Love pretend
 By Ways which were proportion'd to the End;
 And would have had you, tho' your Hopes were
 cross'd,

Yet to have merited what you have lost.
 More Grief in such Revenge I might then find,
 Than in this mean one you have now design'd:
 For where true Honour in a Soul does reign,
 To be ungrateful is the foulest Stain;
 And she must in her Breast feel more Remorse,
 That is o'ercome by Merit, than by Force.

SELEUCUS.

Merit would have but play'd a hopeless Part,
 When he by Inclination had your Heart.
 Madam, it wou'd have much increas'd my Woe
 To have deserv'd you, and have lost you too.

CLEOPATRA.

And yet both these had been an easier Fate,
 Than not to merit me, and merit Hate:
 Ah! when you thought that he my Heart had won
 By that which you call Inclination,
 You then should by Desert, and not Despair,
 Have cast him thence, and fix'd *Seleucus* there.
 This might perhaps have been perform'd by you,
 Had you reveng'd my Wrongs and *Syria's* too;

and this, perhaps, tho' late, may yet be done.

SELEUCUS. Consider: should I not be so?

Ah, Madam! I to your Revenge will run,
you to me will now a Promise give,
that when 'tis acted, you'll my Love receive.

CLEOPATRA. A sin to blacken

Ah! run not thus into another Fault:

Love would not be what 'tis, could it be bought.

ARETUS. But who to sell my Honour?

Why, Madam, should he now rewarded be
for doing that from which he hinders me?

May not so high a Price for our Reprieve.

CLEOPATRA. And to this I have sworn.

My Love, *Aretus*, is my own to give.

ARETUS. Since 'twas your Love I sought to do this.

Yet to your Love give him not a Pretence

that which cannot wash off his Offence.

CLEOPATRA.

Death would to me, *Seleucus*, happier prove,

than if I made a Bargain for my Love.

SELEUCUS. The sacred Bonds of Love

Madam, I beg that it your Gift might be.

CLEOPATRA. I can no longer doubt

Doing your Duty, you should trust to me.

STRATONICE. In your Love I have

Alas! why should you her Unkindness dread,

When so much Merit on your Side shall plead?

NICANOR.

Consider ; should you run your fatal way,
The present Times, and Times to come, will say,
Because *Seleucus* in his Love had fail'd,
He, on his Country, Tyranny intail'd :
A Sin so black, 'twere better to submit
To slighted Love, than bear the Guilt of it.

CLEOPATRA.

But tho' to sell my Love I do abhor,
Yet on my Knees your Virtue I implore,

[*She offers to kneel, and he hinders her*
To free your Country, and remove our Fears,
And to those Pray'rs, behold, I add these Tears.

[*She kneels*
Since 'twas your Love forc'd you to do these Wrongs,
This Reparation to your Love belongs.

[*Seleucus muses awhile, gazing on Cleopatra*

SELEUCUS.

Love still with a restless Pow'r appears,
When Beauty pleads the Cause, and speaks in Tears
The fiercest Storms which over Souls have Pow'r,
Cannot but be suppress'd by such a Show'r :
I can no longer my hard Temper keep ;
'Tis less to lose you, than thus make you weep :
In you, and in my Services, I'll trust ;
They shall be great ; and you, I know, are just.
Thus Clouds awhile may the Sun's Light confine ;
But when they vanish, it does brighter shine.

A TRAGEDY.

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SELEUCUS *to Aretus.*

Now, brave *Aretus*, we'll together prove
Who has the highest Title to her Love.

ARETUS.

When of most Merit you can truly boast,
When I deserve she should to me be lost.

DEMETRIUS *to Stratonice.*

Madam, your Wrongs call me with them to go:
Does the Duty I to *Syria* owe.

SELEUCUS.

Then, against *Tryphon*, let us all declare;
The Guards which I have brought, my Creatures are,
And I e'en long till I his Blood have spilt,
The Victim due both to my Love and Guilt.
We must, this Moment, kill him by Surprise:
Our Safety now in Expedition lies.

[*Nicanor, Demetrius, Aretus, and
Seleucus, go out.*

CLEOPATRA.

Sure, 'tis the Gods that thus their Hearts incline.

STRATONICE.

And may the Gods smile too on their Design.

CLEOPATRA.

You both must to the Tyrant's Palace go,
[*to Hermione and Irene.*

And let us, hourly, all that passes know.

[*Cleopatra, Stratonice, Hermione,
and Irene go out.*

The SCENE, TRYPHON'S Palace.

TRYPHON *alone.*

Demetrius knows ere now, that 'tis a Thing
Too bold, to be a Rival to a King;
And in his Ruin *Stratonice* shall see,
Nothing is dearer than her Love to me;
Nor dare *Nicanor* my Address detest,
When by such Proof he finds I'm not in Jest.
Aretus still so proud a Heart did show,
As I long ow'd him what I pay him now:
My faithful Freed-man *Arcas* I have sent,
Sooner to learn of my Revenge th' Event.

[*Arcas runs in hastily, and affrighted.*]

ARCAS.

Sir, you are lost. ———

TRYPHON.

—— What makes thee so afraid?

ARCAS.

Oh! Sir, you by *Seleucus* are betray'd.

TRYPHON.

This News my Soul does with Amazement fill

ARCAS.

He's join'd with those whom he was sent to kill
(My Haste hath almost robb'd me of my Breath)
And, Sir, with them your Guards conspire your
Death:

the People too, call for your Head aloud,
and to those Traitors in whole Troops they croud.

TRYPHON.

Arcas, Who told this fatal News to thee?

ARCAS.

Sir, what I tell you, I myself did see;
and thro' the Streets they march'd at such a rate,
as they must now be near the Palace-gate;
Which is abandon'd, Sir, by all the Guards,
trib'd by *Seleucus*' Arts, or his Rewards:
If you would fly, you should not lose your Time.

TRYPHON.

Death's but a Punishment, but Flight a Crime:
I rather lose my Life, than they shall see
that aught which they can do, can frighten me.
The Name of King by no base Act I'll blot,
For dying lose the Fame my Life has got.

ARCAS.

Were but these Words, Sir, to the *Syrians* known,
they yet would grant that you deserve the Throne:
To me they seem so generous and high,
that fighting by your Side I mean to die.

TRYPHON.

Dost thou then think I will with Traitors fight?

ARCAS.

Sir, you disdain to save yourself by Flight.

TRYPHON.

But who like me a Kingdom did command,
Should scorn to die by any Subject's Hand:
No, no, he merits not to fill a Throne,
Who, when Fate calls, dares not employ his own
'Twould be the Traitors Glory, as their Guilt,
If they could say, that they my Blood had spilt.
Go, watch their Coming in the outward Room,
And when they enter, say aloud, They come,
Mean while, for such a Death I will prepare,
As shall deserve thy Kindness, and thy Care.

[Arcas stays weeping, and fixes his Eyes on Tryphon]
Will Arcas then my last Request deny?

ARCAS.

Sir, I but beg that I with you may die.

TRYPHON.

They will surprize me by this fond Delay.

ARCAS.

Since you will have it so, I must obey.

[Arcas goes]

TRYPHON.

This Turn I owe to Cleopatra's Eyes:
Yet, since I am depriv'd of Stratonice,
My Death, which they united do conspire,
Is not my Fear, but that which I desire.

[Tryphon goes to an elevated Place like
Throne, seats himself in it, then draws
Ponyard, and viewing it, saith,

Hand is yet of this bright Sceptre sure,
 Which, for my Suff'rings, is a certain Cure:
 Thus arm'd, I will my Enemies out-brave,
 And, spight of Fate, deserve a glorious Grave.
 O, *Stratonice*! if thou my Heart could'st see,
 Thou'd'st find I only grieve at losing thee;
 Whose Charms are in thine Eyes.—

[*Arcas cries within.*

ARCAS.

—They come, they come.

[*Tryphon rises, lifting up his Hand
 with the Ponyard in it.*

TRYPHON.

Then I no longer will defer my Doom,

[*Nicanor, Demetrius, Aretus, Seleucus, rush in
 with their Swords drawn, followed by the
 Guards: All make a Stand, seeing Tryphon
 in that Posture.*

No' of my Death your Treacheries may boast,
 The Triumph yet of your Revenge is lost.
 Since Heav'n designs this my last Hour shall be,
 Thus I myself act what the Gods decree;

[*Stabs himself.*

Woe'st that my Fate within my own Pow'r lies,
 And that in Death I can my Foes despise.
 Be content, since my last Breath can boast,
 That I your Plot of murd'ring me have cross'd.

[*Tryphon dies.*

NICANOR.

The Tyrant with himself has been at Strife
To make his Death as guilty as his Life.

DEMETRIUS.

'Twas just this Execution he should do,
That as he wrong'd us, he may right us too.

ARETUS.

Yet I must grieve at that which all rejoice;
Death should have been his Punishment, not Choice.

SELEUCUS.

His Thirst of human Blood so great was grown
As he, rather than spare it, spilt his own.

[*One of the Guards leads in Arcas bound*]

GUARD.

Arcas confesses, 'twas he cry'd, They come.

ARCAS.

I do expect, but do not fear your Doom.

DEMETRIUS.

Let him in Safety to his Country go.

ARETUS.

For our Revenge this Object is too low.

SELEUCUS.

See how he shakes: Guard, let him be unbound.

NICANOR.

We should prize Faithfulness, where-e'er to
found,

[*The Guard unbind Arcas*]

ARCAS.

To show I merit what I now enjoy,
The Freedom you bestow I thus employ.

[*Arcas runs to Tryphon, takes the
bloody Ponyard which lay by him,
and with it stabs himself.*

That Death you thought I fear'd, I run to meet ;
And die content, since at --- my --- Master's --- Feet.

[*He falls dead at Tryphon's Feet.*

NICANOR.

Arcas deserv'd, who could so bravely do,
A better Fate, and better Master too.

ARETUS.

Tryphon deserv'd his Gratitude to have :
Him he did free, and all the rest enslave.

SELEUCUS.

Arcas I wrong'd, thinking he shook for Fear.

Enter CLEOPATRA, STRATONICE, HER-
MIONE, and IRENE.

CLEOPATRA.

The News of *Tryphon's* Death hath brought us
here :

We heard, that he by his own Hand did die.

SELEUCUS.

See where he now, pale as his Guilt, does lie.

[*They all go towards the dead Body.*

CLEOPATRA.

This Sight at once my Joy and Grief does raise.

STRATONICE.

'Tis an ignoble Triumph thus to gaze.
Sir, let his Body be from hence convey'd :
He by his Death for all his Crimes has paid.

SELEUCUS.

Since by the Justice done by *Tryphon's* Hand,
The Throne of *Syria* does now empty stand ;
And since the Tyrant, to confirm his Sway,
The Royal Line at once did make away ;
Princes, 'twere fit we instantly agreed,
Who is the worthiest Person to succeed ;
And, since his Merit only can pretend,
I judge *Nicanor* should the Throne ascend.

DEMETRIUS.

Seleucus, you my Motion but prevent.

ARETUS.

I to what both propose with Joy consent :
To you alone the *Syrian* Crown is due.

NICANOR.

Excuse me, Sir ; it does belong to you.

[*Nicanor kneels to Aretus*]

Admire not that myself I prostrate thus,
Since now I kneel before *Antiochus* ;

[*They all start, and seem amazed*]

Preserv'd by Heav'n from *Tryphon's* bloody Pow'r,
To all the Blessings of this glorious Hour.

You

our Father, Sir, who found he did design
 [Aretus takes Nicanor up.]
 to usurp the Crown, and kill the Royal Line,
 sent you that Night by a safe Hand to me,
 hoping that I, pent up in Privacy,
 or when the King revok'd the General's Place,
 in Retirement mourn'd out my Disgrace)
 might best protect you from the Tyrant's Rage :
 this noble Trust did all my Grievs assuage.

DEMETRIUS.

'Twas a high Proof that he your Virtue knew,
 since, whilst he wrong'd you, he did trust you too.

NICANOR.

Out of my House, but still within my Care,
 you by the Gods, till now, protected were :
 Under the Name of *Zeno's* Son you went,
 the Prince, by whom you first to me were sent ;
 Who, when your Father and the King was kill'd,
 overcome by Grief, his Life to Death did yield.
 In reading this short Letter, Sir, you'll know,
 why what you are till now I durst not show.

[He gives Aretus a Letter : Aretus reads.]

ANTIOCHUS to NICANOR.

SINCE Heav'n this Ruin throws on us,
 I trust you with Antiochus :
 Let him by you with Care be bred,
 But till you see the Tyrant dead,

(Oh!

(*Oh! I conjure you grant me this*)
Let not himself know who he is :
Th' Affront my Father cast on you, forgive,
And let me still in your Remembrance live.

ANTIOCHUS

[*Aretus gives the Letter to Demetrius and Seleucus*]

SELEUCUS.

If 'tis the Prince's Hand, the Hand I know.

—— It is his Writing. ——

DEMETRIUS.

—— His Subscription too.

NICANOR.

My Testimony were enough alone,
 Since I thereby do lose the *Syrian* Throne,
 To which by all your Votes you would me bring.

SELEUCUS.

We all acknowledge, that you are our King.

ARETUS.

Tho' a lost Crown the Gods to me restore,
 Two Things there are, which yet I value more:
 Oh! would to Heav'n, *Seleucus*, that I knew
 How to be just both to my Love and you.

SELEUCUS.

Under such Loads of Guilt myself I find,
 That I, tho' forc'd by Love, your Death design'd,
 As I the greatest Suff'rings ought to bear,
 And therefore yield t' endure the Loss of her.

hopeless Love to the best End I bring;
 leaving by it my Mistress and my King;
 less'd if the Sin caus'd by my Love and Fate,
 by this Atonement I can expiate.

ARETUS.

This gen'rous Act which now you for me do,
 does both oblige me, and amaze me too,

[Embracing him.]

To Cleopatra.

Now, Madam, I dare humbly beg of you
 to take that Heart which to your Eyes is due;
 They make me know that 'tis a greater Thing,
 to be a Captive, than to be their King;
 A King, who does as his chief Glory own
 the Pow'r of laying at your Feet a Crown.
 In taking it, you'll raise his Joys above
 All Things, except your Beauty, and his Love.
 Nicanor, who to me does Empire give,
 hope will yield that you shou'd let me live;
 Which I shall not, till I your Pleasure know.

NICANOR.

That Duty, Sir, she to her King does owe.

CLEOPATRA.

That Love for which so gen'rously you sue,
 give not to your Title, but to you.

ARETUS.

Tho' from your Father I receive a Throne,
 Yet now you give me more than he has done:

Amidst

'Amidst these Joys which Heav'n on me does send,
I dare not be unmindful of my Friend :

Demetrius, Sir, adores fair *Stratonice*.

N I C A N O R.

Sir, I with Joy consent that she be his.

D E M E T R I U S *to Stratonice*.

Madam, so guilty I have been to you,
That I scarce dare for your Forgiveness sue;
Mercy itself but rarely does bestow,
At the same time, Rewards and Pardons too.

S T R A T O N I C E *to Demetrius*.

Since what you did, Honour did lead you to,
Love shall forgive what Honour made you do;
And since your Guilt I thus have took away,
'Tis fit that I *Nicanor* should obey.

D E M E T R I U S.

None by Excess of Joy can Death receive,
Since after this, which you have done, I live.

A R E T U S *to Nicanor*.

Sir, I have now but one Request to make;
'Tis, that the Gen'ral's Place you now will take;
This is the lowest Reparation due
For that Affront the King did cast on you.

N I C A N O R.

Since I have liv'd to place you in the Throne,
The only Duty made me live, is done :
Besides, a solemn Oath I once did swear,
That I would never public Office bear.

Think

A TRAGEDY.

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end, think how *Seleucus*, Sir, oblig'd may be:
you have already done too much for me.

ARETUS.

Then for *Seleucus* I that Place design,
to which all *Tryphon's* Forfeitures I join;
is just, since all our Lives to you we owe,
that you should have the Pow'r to guard them too.

SELEUCUS.

These Gifts, not for their Greatness, I esteem;
but that the Evidence of Trust they seem.

ARETUS to Nicanor.

Is there then nothing in my Pow'r to do,
which, Sir, may show my Gratitude to you?

NICANOR.

You've giv'n me all the Honour I desir'd.

ARETUS.

You for yourself a nobler have acquir'd:
the Way in which me to the Throne you bring,
greater than to be yourself a King.

Now let us to the Gods Oblations pay,
for all the Blessings of this glorious Day:
to them a double Debt from me is due;

such for my Crown I owe them, more for you.

[*Taking Cleopatra by the Hand.*

[*The Curtain falls.*

EPILOGUE.

Think

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E P I L O G U E

YOUR Dealing, we confess, is very fair;
You paid your Money ere you saw our Ware:
And if you should dislike it now 'tis seen,
I pray how would you get it back again?
Since never yet at Law an Action lay
For Money paid to see a cry'd-down Play.
Then whatso'er it be, dispraise it not;
But do as some when they a Clap have got:
Commend the Wench, that more to her may go:
Thus, if they jeer you, you may jeer them too:
New Plays, like Wives, are subject to the Curse
Of being took for Better, or for Worse.

PERSONS.

THE

HISTORY

OF
HENRY

THE

FIFTH

As it was ACTED

At His Highness the DUKE
of YORK's Theatre.

PERSONS.

HENRY the Fifth.
Duke of BEDFORD.
Duke of EXETER.
Earl of WARWICK.
OWEN TUDOR.
Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
The DAUPHIN.
Duke of BURGUNDY.
CONSTABLE of France.
Bishop of ARRAS.
Earl of CHAROLOYS.
Count de CHASTEL.
Count de BLAMOUNT.
Monsieur COLEMORE.

WOMEN.

QUEEN of France.
Princess CATHARINE.
Princess ANNE of Burgundy.
Countess of LA MARR.
A French LADY.



HENR

H E N R Y

T H E F I F T H.

The F I R S T A C T.

Enter King HENRY the Fifth, the Duke of
EXETER, the Duke of BEDFORD, and
OWEN TUDOR, with Attendants.

K I N G.

T H I S is the Day in which our Valour must
Prove to the *French*, our Claim to *France*
is just :

For 'twill no other Way be understood,

Must be writ in Characters of Blood.

Injuries they us to Battle call :

Denying us our Part, they forfeit all.

As fit in Number they should us exceed ;

At Odds the *French* against the *English* need :

At Odds, which both obliges them and me,

Drags them to Fight, and us to Victory.

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Exe-

EXETER.

Heav'n left us purposely but few for Fight,
To shew the World, by your Success, your Right

BEDFORD.

They seem t' acknowledge Heav'n is not their
Friend,
Since on their boasted Numbers they depend;
Which, when their Cause is reckon'd, we should
prize,
As Heav'n accounts them, for a Sacrifice.

Enter Earl of WARWICK.

EXETER.

The Earl of *Warwick* in his Looks does bring
Some News of high Importance to the King.

WARWICK.

Arm! arm! great Sir; the Foe is in our View
And has a Herald sent to challenge you.

KING.

Tell him, I in this Field possess all *France*,
From which I'll ne'er retire, but may advance.
In vain they threaten War, or promise Peace;
They boast their Numbers, which we wish not less.
They are enow both to destroy and save;
But were they more, they here might find a Grave.
Take care the Herald so rewarded be,
That he may know his Message pleases me.

Under their Standards, as I order'd you,
Are all my Troops fix'd in the Form I drew.

WARWICK.

They are, and, like one Face, all Looks agree,
Resolving and foretelling Victory.

KING.

Whoe'er a Room to other Thoughts affords,
Injures our Quarrel, and mistakes our Swords.

WARWICK.

How short a Time, and narrow Space of Ground,
Shall 'twixt your Conquest, and your being crown'd!

KING.

To make both shorter, I will strait advance,
And by two Titles wear the Crown of France.
Uncle, to your Command with Speed repair;
The Right-wing, Brother, does expect your Care:
Both to the Field of Battle lead the Way,
Whilst but a Moment I with Tudor stay.

[*Exeunt Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.*]

Oh, my best Friend! thy Sadness I must blame:

[*Tudor appears.*]

Can'st thou now think on any thing but Fame?

TUDOR.

When I reflect how many Dangers still
You must attempt, how many more you will——

KING.

Reflect on Dangers, which most Glory win!

TUDOR.

Excuse me, if my Duty makes me sin:

Since I no other Way can grateful prove,

I'll rather shew my Fear, than hide my Love.

KING.

That I to thee may Proofs of mine dispense,

I now stay here, tho' Glory calls me hence:

When Fame, when Life, when Empire are at stake

All Thoughts of those for thee I can forsake.

Banish thy Grief by thinking on that Praise,

Which shall thy Name so high in Battle raise,

That all my future Favours, Men may say,

Are not what I bestow, but what I pay.

TUDOR.

What you have said and done, brings me Relief

This Day I will deserve your Love or Grief.

KING.

Speak not of Grief, but think on that Applause

Which Heav'n doth still allow the juster Cause.

TUDOR.

Why should he be by too much Courage lost,

Of whom alone this World has Cause to boast?

[Exit

Enter

Enter DAUPHIN, and DE CHASTEL.

DAUPHIN.

Let me despise what I can ne'er obtain;
I live retir'd, since I'm deny'd to reign.
My Mother, having got the Regency,
Does either hate, or is afraid of me;
That I perceive, by my Retirement here,
To hunt her Malice, and suppress her Fear,
I shall (if I to *Paris* now return)
Her Hatred feel, or, which is worse, her Scorn.

DE CHASTEL.

But shall our *Dauphin*, the undoubted Heir,
Lazely peaceful in an active War,
Let his Enemy the Throne ascend?

DAUPHIN.

He who my Wrongs revenges, is my Friend.
De *Chastel*, you have often heard me plead,
That in this War I might the Army lead.
That she'll not bestow,
And any other Trust I think too low,
A Prince whose Soul, as well as Birth, is great,
Who in Glory cannot shine, should set.
From Courts I am condemn'd to Villages,
From noble Toils of War, to ignoble Ease;
Where, undisturb'd, I'll for her Hatred grieve,
And Honour makes me rather chuse to live
With Men not worth the Governing,
Than be at Court, and there not be a King.

DE CHASTEL.

Tho' I confess, her Usage, Sir, has been
Such as not fits a Mother, or a Queen;
Yet, Sir, consider, whilst from her you fly,
You more exalt the Duke of *Burgandy*.

DAUPHIN.

That fatal Name my Fury doth advance;
'Twas he who murder'd Royal *Orleans*;
And tho' the Queen recover my Esteem,
No Palace can have Space for me and him.

DE CHASTEL.

Return the sooner to revenge that Blood.
No Man has well his Int'rest understood,
Who to enjoy it scrupled at the Way:
He who builds high, must low Foundations lay.
I by the Queen for your Return am sent;
Her harsh Behaviour she does now repent:
By kind Submissions you may rule her Heart,
And what's deny'd by Kindness, gain by Art.
With small Compliance you'll suppress her Rage,
When Nature's Judge, and Duty Advocate.
Your Absence, Sir, has cast your Party down
Few follow those on whom the Prince does frown.

DAUPHIN.

Thou in all Storms hast been my constant Friend,
Till on thy Wisdom and thy Care depend.
'Tis just I should to thy Advice submit;
For he who makes my Fate, should govern it.

DE CHASTEL.

With this glad News I will out-ride the Post,
 And ere you come to Court, I'll clear the Coast.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the QUEEN of France, Princess CATHA-
 RINE, Princess ANNE of Burgundy, Duke of
 BURGUNDY, and their Train.

QUEEN.

This is the Day *Alanson* sent us Word,
 That would our Fate determine by the Sword;
 Which he has hasten'd, hearing by his Spies,
 That the Plague had so impair'd our Enemies,
 That more Delay would make our Princes dream,
 They should not come to kill, but bury them;
 And France would be oblig'd for her Defence,
 Not to their Swords, but to that Pestilence.

BURGUNDY.

Since from th' eternal Pow'r that Rod is sent,
 Why from his Hand take we the Punishment?
 And this insulting, Madam, makes me fear
 Our Ruin, rather than our Triumph, near:
 Those *English* Swords on which he sets no Price,
 Have cut down our *Fleur-de-Lys's* twice;
 And to King *Edward's* Piety we owe
 The Miracle, that now again they grow.

QUEEN.

France justly might the *English* Valour dread,
 Ere it again by that great Monarch led:

We fear him less that now that Crown does wear;
His Wildness, not his Courage, brings him here.

BURGUNDY.

Whilst his prodigious Father was alive,
Some youthful Signs of Wildness he did give;
But when he early on his Throne was plac'd,
A Kingly Soul his Royal Title grac'd:
And then whatever misbecoming Thing
Liv'd in the Prince, was bury'd in the King:
Nought should in us low Thoughts of him persuade
Who does himself subdue, and *France* invade.

Enter a French LADY.

The Count of *Blamont* from the Camp with News
Does wait without, and for Admittance sues.

QUEEN.

Blamont so soon return'd! let him appear.

Enter BLAMOUNT.

Ill News is swifter than the Wings of Fear.
His Looks to me a sad Account have giv'n.
Where is *Alançon*? —

BLAMOUNT.

— Madam, he's in Heav'n:

That Glory cannot be to him deny'd,
Who for his Country liv'd, and for it dy'd.

QUEEN.

The brave *Alançon* dead! by what Mischance

BLAMOUNT.

By the most signal that e'er fell on *France*.

QUEEN

QUEEN.
Without Disguise the naked Truth declare,
fore my Grief be turn'd into Despair.

BLAMOUNT.
Last Night both Camps so near each other lay,
we not more for Triumph long'd than Day!
The mighty *Martel* led not braver Men,
then he at *Tours* subdu'd the *Saracen*,
and with the Blood wash'd *France*; then did resort
to the unhappy Fields of *Agencourt*;
There many then with joyful Shouts did greet
the rising Sun, who ne'er should see him set:
while both Armies on each other gaz'd;
th at th' intended Slaughter seem'd amaz'd.

QUEEN.
Could those who oft have bloody Battles won,
and long amaz'd at Ill which must be done?

BLAMOUNT.
War's chearful Music now fills ev'ry Ear,
thilft Death more gaudy did than Life appear.
various Ensigns did unfold such Pride,
at all seem'd Bridegrooms there, and Death the
Bride:

the noble Order in each Squadron seen;
the many Warriors of a haughty Mien;
the prouder Horses chafing to be rid,
who breath'd the Combat, as the Riders did;

Made all confess, that War gave Death a Grace,
And has its Charms, as well as Beauty has.
After a little Pause, they both advance,
One to preserve, th' other to conquer *France*,
Those who did proudly think the Foe would yield
Saw him drawn up with Order in the Field,
And by a King advanc'd, whose Hand and Head
All the Defects supply'd of those he led.

QUEEN.

How! did young *Henry* dare to meet you thus
We heard Diseases had consum'd his Men.

BLAMOUNT.

The Courages of all the *English* dead,
Were, to those few then living, newly fled:
So thin, so harass'd, all his Squadrons were,
As we did pity them we us'd to fear;
For it is equally as strange to say,
That they durst fight, as that they won the Day
But Fame can want no Theme, when she does fill
Of *English* Swords led by an *English* King:
Nor was he only in the Battle known
By his bright Armour, which like Lightning shone
But did with nobler Marks his Valour grace,
Still being seen where foremost Danger was.
Alanson, who observ'd this wond'rous King
Courage to his, and Fear to ours did bring;
Made Fighting single with him his high Aim,
And in a Battle to a Duel came.

QUEEN

QUEEN.

By an Attempt so noble and sublime,
 I show'd as much as I believ'd of him.

BLAMOUNT.

Both Nations, at a Sight so great and rare,
 Their bloody Swords suspended in the Air;
 And by a general Silence made it known,
 They in their Leaders Fate would see their own:
 But tho' *Alanson* did stupendous Things,
 A Subject's Sword could not resist a King's:
 Angels are Guardians of that sacred Name,

BURGUNDY.

Yet by his Death he got a deathless Fame.

BLAMOUNT.

That Loss invaded all to that Degree,
 As we more fought for Death than Victory;
 For many Worthies waited on his Fall,
 The Constable of *France*, the Admiral,
 The Duke of *Brabant*, and the Duke of *Bar*,
 Promiscuous killing now disgrac'd the War;
 So glutted was the thirsty Victor's Sword,
 That now the spacious World cannot afford,
 After so many Heroes drown'd in Gore,
 Unless of *English*, one brave Worthy more.

QUEEN.

That Nation still too highly you esteem.

BURGUNDY.

Ourselves we best excuse in praising them.

BLA-

BLAMOUNT.

Now only Horror, Death, Confusion, reign
 And covers *Agencourt's* unhappy Plains ;
 Here Corpses lie, where Squadrons lately stood ;
 Standards and Ensigns there lie roll'd in Blood ;
 Here Woods of Lances o'er the Fields are spread,
 And dying Men lie groaning o'er the Dead.

QUEEN.

If Truth consents to what you now relate,
 From this black Day *France* may her Ruin date.

BLAMOUNT.

This is not all the Destiny of *France* ;
 The Dukes of *Bourbon*, and of *Orleans*,
 The Lords of *Domcourt*, *Humiere*, *Hamcourt*,
Roy, *Fauconbridge*, *Noel*, and *Beaufiqualt*,
 And many more of signal Worth and Race,
 The Conqueror's triumphal Chariot grace.
 But *Bondile*, who this Day first turn'd his Back,
 In hopes to wash away a Stain so black,
 Assaulted with a loud and furious Cry
 Th' unguarded Baggage of the Enemy.
 The King suppos'd new Troops had took the Field
 And order'd strait all Pris'ners to be kill'd :
 What *Bondile* thus at first and last did do,
 Made *Henry* happy, and yet cruel too :
 But 'twas a Cruelty ourselves did cause,
 And which his Judgment took from Safety's Law

shameful was our Fate; the Prisoners there
surpass'd in Number those who Victors were.

QUEEN.
Cou'd nothing less than this, Heav'n's Wrath abate?
made us Agents to our own dire Fate.

BURGUNDY.
The Destinies were never so severe;
the Fault, as well as Loss, they make us bear;
led by so strange a Ruin make us know,
his Empire to one Field her Fall may owe.
ere those renown'd Commanders now alive,
they might the Fortune of lost *France* revive,
led by their Swords restore her dying Fame.

BLAMOUNT.
All those are living, which I last did name;
the King did rather hazard a gain'd Field,
than suffer Chiefs so noble to be kill'd;
but with half his Army did advance,
and in one Day to act the Fate of *France*,
leaving the rest to guard them where they stood.

BURGUNDY.
his Valour sheds, his Mercy spares our Blood.

BLAMOUNT.
young *Tudor*, Madam, much renown'd, you
know,
whom all *France* her Gratitude does owe;
he, when all did Danger's Face decline,
it, to serve the Princess *Catharine*:

He,

He, 'gainst my Will, this hated Life did save,
 And when he heard those Orders Henry gave,
 Fearing their Rigour might extend to me,
 Above my Hope, or Will, did set me free:
 He told me, as we parted, that he knew,
 I had the Honour to belong to you.

[*Bowing to Princess Catharine*

QUEEN. How well as I shall

'Tis Heav'n has stricken us; and when we know
 That Hand, who dares want Patience for the Blow,
 My Lord, 'tis needful I resolve with Speed
 Who shall the faithful Constable succeed.

BURGUNDY.

And Counsel needful is, how far 'tis fit,
 After Defeat, to struggle or submit.

QUEEN.

Assemble straight; Heav'n does Occasion give
 Of mourning, yet allows no Time to grieve.

[*Exeunt Queen, Burgundy, Blamont, &c.*

Princess ANNE.

Madam, methought, when Tudor's Name
 Heard,

A new Vermilion in your Face appear'd;
 That Word did raise a Trouble there, as great
 As you discover'd, hearing our Defeat;
 Tho' these are Signs that Love does for him
 Yet to our Friendship there is so much due,

at from my Height of Faith I'll not descend;
rather blame my Eyes, than doubt my Friend;
I think I saw not that which I did see,
rather than fear you hide yourself from me.

Princess CATHARINE.

Ah, how this soft Concernment shews you just!
what can be too precious for your Trust?
I must confess, I blush'd when he was nam'd;
it was Scorn, not Love, my Face inflam'd;
not any but a King, and crown'd with Bays,
sum'd so high as me his Thoughts to raise.

Secret now shall be to you reveal'd,
which only thro' your Absence was conceal'd:
tho' so much Grief I did your Absence mourn,
when to your Father's Court you did return,
at the same Day I to St. German went,
give, in that Retreat, my Sorrows Vent:

Storm o'er-took us as we thither past;
made the rising Flood to swell so fast,
that of the Bridge it did the Mass'ry get;
Arch was borne away, and we with it.

Princess ANNE.

Madam, I heard, that ev'n that sad Mischance
frighten you, less than it frighten'd France.

Princess CATHARINE.

Tudor, whom Fortune led that Way, descry'd,
at many more with vain Compassion spy'd:

They

They at the Horror of my Danger wept most
 He from the Bridge into the River leap'd,
 And stemm'd the raging Current, till he bore
 My breathless Body to the neighb'ring Shore:
 Him to the Court this timely Service brought,
 In whom so many Charms concurring wrought,
 As I can scarce without some Blushes own,
 That I did grieve he sat not on a Throne;
 For to a Princess, who like me would do,
 He who a Throne does want, wants all Things too.

Princess ANNE.

Ah, Madam! Love, if it be strong and true,
 Levels the Pow'ful down to those that sue;
 And, when by Inclination we are steer'd,
 Only what that does speak, is fully heard.

Princess CATHARINE.

Tudor soon chang'd his chearful Brow at Court
 To unfrequented Groves he did resort;
 Whilst others did rejoice, he sighing mourn'd,
 And all his Freedom into Bondage turn'd:
 This new Distemper to a Habit grew,
 His Mirth was ever feign'd, his Sorrows true:
 The Cause of this when I desir'd to know,
 He made no Answer, but did sigh and bow;
 By no Reply he would his Silence break.

Princess ANNE.

In such a Silence he did more than speak.

Princess CATHARINE.

Ah! so he did; but yet I must confess,
 knew not Love could speak, yet hold its Peace.
 urg'd to be inform'd; he sigh'd, and then
 look'd often on me, and look'd down again:
 then said, You force me, Madam, to a Stright,
 to disobey you, or deserve your Hate:
 one of these Evils does engage me now;
 hence the first, Speaking the last will do:
 I implore you will not think it fit
 to force me unto Speech, then punish it.

Princess ANNE.

Against your Justice, Madam, 'twas a Crime
 to punish what you did constrain from him.

Princess CATHARINE.

Then he his Passion for me did declare,
 with Words and Gestures which so mournful were,
 that I did, by my Experience, prove,
 that Pity was no way to bring in Love:
 hundred Things he said; but I was so
 contented with myself, and with him too;
 that, that his Words I had constrain'd from him;
 then, that he could be guilty of that Crime;
 I forgot ev'n all he did relate;
 these few Words, which I shall ne'er forget:
 Love, of a wondrous Birth, cannot expire,
 Which strangely in the Water first took Fire."

Princess ANNE.

None, Madam, but a Lover will believe,
That Flames in Water can their Birth receive.

Princess CATHARINE.

'Tis true; but those bold Words which then
spoke,

Did soon my Indignation so provoke,
That never any Crime can raise it higher:
I bid him instantly from Court retire.

'Twould grieve your Patience, if I should declare
All that he said, his Trespas to repair:
Let it suffice, that after that black Night,
I never did admit him to my Sight;
Nor will I tell you how he sought Relief,
And vainly since hath almost dy'd with Grief.

Princess ANNE.

Did you not give him then some Sighs by fits,
And wish his sickly Mind a little Health?

Princess CATHARINE.

Ah! that 't had been Injustice to deny.

Princess ANNE.

Sure that was Love ———

Princess CATHARINE.

——— Oh! no, 'twas Charity.

Love is a Flame which nothing can controul:
As Souls to Bodies are, Love's to the Soul;
A Pow'r which does all other Pow'rs o'er-turn,
And cannot be conceal'd when it does burn.

ad that been Love, which is mistook by you, O
 udor had seen, and I had felt it too, and I
 at term it what you please, it cannot be, My
 Whilst I have Pow'r to rule it, Love in me: Having

Princess ANNE.

Love to his Height oft by Degrees does rise;
 sometimes it storms a Bosom by Surprize,
 Love moves not ever in one constant Road;
 It like a Child he acts, then like a God;
 And by your easy ruling him, you may
 mistake his Pow'r, for what is but his Play.

Princess CATHARINE.

I doubt you'd have me think I am in Love.

Princess ANNE.

I rather would my Fear of it remove.

Princess CATHARINE.

No, tho' I were, so much I owe my Fame,
 that to my Birth I would resign my Flame.

Princess ANNE.

May I, with Safety, build on what you say?

Princess CATHARINE.

If my own Heart deceive me not, you may.

Princess ANNE.

Then I will tell you something which, perhaps,
 you are cur'd, will hinder your Relapse.

When dreadful Henry to this War was bent,
 the Royal Bedford to my Father sent

Offers of Pow'r and Treasure, with Design
 To make him in this last Invasion join
 My Father to his *Burgundy* retir'd,
 Having rejected what the Duke desir'd;
 But said, Since here unjustly we retain
Anjou, rich *Normandy*, and *Aquitaine*,
 He would, if rendring these might Peace advance
 Persuade in *England*, and prevail in *France*.

Princess CATHARINE.

We then have done th' injurious *Henry* Wrong
 Do all these Provinces to him belong?

Princess ANNE.

France can no other Title there pretend,
 But what, Force having got, Arms must defend.

Princess CATHARINE.

My Grief for our Defeat shall then grow less;
 Since we want Justice, we should want Success.

Princess ANNE.

But since to me your Secrets you declare,
 'Tis equal you in mine should have a Share.
 Ah, Madam! do not wonder, if my Heart,
 Which was intirely yours when we did part,
 Is from that high and bless'd Condition flown:
 I, blushing, say, 'tis now no more my own.
 The Duke of *Bedford*, by the noblest Force,
 That e'er subdu'd a Heart into Remorse,
 Did with such joint Success act his Design,
 That I took his, and then resign'd him mine.

Princess

Princess CATHARINE.

Dear Princess, I shall now admire no more
What you have mention'd of Love's Art and Pow'r;
Nor that so high in that Discourse you went,
Since you but spoke your own Experiment.

Princess ANNE.

If, Madam, you had present been to see
The Softness of those Charms which conquer'd me
You'd wonder more that long I held the Field
Than that at last I willingly did yield.

Princess CATHARINE.

The *English* Archers may victorious grow,
Where Love begins the Conquest with his Bow.

Princess ANNE.

After we had this sacred Friendship made,
He told me, tho' his Brother would invade
His Kingdom, to regain what was his Due,
That the chief Conquest he design'd, was you:
He told me too, tho' *England* still affords
Beauties resistless as the *English* Swords;
That none of them prevail'd, tho' ne'er so bright,
Like your victorious Picture at first Sight.
When he implor'd, that when to you I came,
I should prepare you to receive his Flame;
That Flame which all Things else must needs out-do,
And be by him cherish'd, and inspir'd by you.
This, Madam, was the Cause why I have press'd
To find, if e'er your Heart were pre-possess'd.

Let *France*, by you, be freed from her Distress:
This happy Union will procure her Peace.

Princess CATHARINE.

If me he lov'd, her Blood he then would spare
Love's gentle Voice is never heard in War.

Princess ANNE.

Yet, like a King, to you he does pretend;
Glory he makes his Way, and Love his End.

Princess CATHARINE.

Where Blood does cry, can I a Lover hear?

Princess ANNE.

When Glory pleads, what then can stop your Love?

Enter a LADY.

Madam, the Council is assembled now;
And ere it sits, the Queen would speak with you.

Princess CATHARINE.

I come: Too long by Love we have been stay'd
I will consider all that you have said.

Princess ANNE.

Madam, be pleas'd to think upon it so,
That *France* to you may her Redemption owe.

Exeunt

Should prepare you to receive his Grace;

Things which all things else must needs out-do,

By him cherish'd, and inspir'd by you.

Madam, was the Cause why I have press'd

And if your Heart were possess'd,

The SECOND ACT.

Enter the KING, Duke of EXETER, Duke of
BEDFORD, Earl of WARWICK, and TUDOR.

KING.

MY Lord of *Warwick*, you may give to all
The *French* of Note the Rites of Funeral;
is a Debt which to the Dead we pay,
rewarding Courage ev'n in those we slay.

WARWICK.

It shall be done.——

KING.

— Brother, it will be fit
the Pris'ners you to stronger Guards commit;
they shall a Court within our Army see,
and in it nothing want but Liberty.

BEDFORD.

They shall be safe, yet have some Freedom too.

KING.

Uncle, the great Request I make to you,
to preserve our wounded Men with Care,
is by their Courage we victorious are.

EXETER.

They shall be serv'd with all they can desire:
we must that Valour serve which you admire.

[*Exeunt* Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.

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TUDOR.

TUDOR.

Tho' this great Day, th' expecting World may
 Your Title both to *France* and Victory ;
 And tho' no Conqueror alive, or dead,
 With nobler Wreaths did ever crown his Head ;
 Yet pardon me, if I presume to say,
 I see a Sadness misbecomes this Day ;
 This Day, in which your Friends and Foes confesse
 Nothing can make you greater, nothing less.
 So fix'd are Fortune's Wheels, they cannot turn :
 Then, Sir, permit only the *French* to mourn ;
 The Loss of *York* and *Suffolk*, tho' too great,
 Should not outweigh your Enemies Defeat :
 If, Sir, your Wars cost not some Lives like these,
 You would not Conquests make, but Miracles,
 Who in his Prince's Service finds a Grave,
 Rather our Envy than our Grief should have ;
 And fighting in your Sight, who for you dies,
 Is blest'd enough without such Obsequies.
 If to their Death such envy'd Grief you give,
 You'll make us then repent that we do live :
 Sir, for the Livings sake your Grief decline,
 And let your Looks clear as your Glories shine.

KING.

So great a Loss as is above Relief,
 Ev'n on this Day might justify my Grief :
 He who of Friendship knows the sacred Ties,
 Will value more his Friends than Victories ;

H E N R Y V.

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But that just Sorrow, which thou would'st remove,
Is not a Tribute paid to Death, but Love:

If Fame, or Pow'r, only in me did sway,
I could not have been seen in Clouds To-day:

'Tis Love's fierce Fire which does my Heart devour;
Less to be quench'd, than Heats of Fame or Pow'r.

TUDOR.

She must do more than Woman e'er could do,
Resisting such a King and Conqueror too:

You, tho' her Eyes should brightest Beams emit,
May safe in Shades under your Laurels sit.

KING.

My Laurels might a safe Refreshment prove
To any other Heat but that of Love:
Their sacred Force 'gainst Thunder only lies,
Not against Lightning shot from conqu'ring Eyes;
Whose Pow'r, like that of Lightning, I have felt;
My Breast they wound not, yet my Heart they melt.

TUDOR.

May I not know who does my King subdue?

KING.

Saying I love, I need not tell thee who:
Who of the Planets speaks of brightest Beams,
Need not say after, 'tis the Sun he means.

TUDOR.

The Sun by all is mention'd at one rate;
But Fancy alters Beauty's Estimate:

Were

Were it not Fancy which that Value gave;
All Lovers then would but one Mistress have.

KING.

Such Adoration Fancy cannot raise;
As to this Beauty Sight and Reason pays;
For he whose Heart Love can to Ashes turn,
Must feel her Eyes alone have Right to burn:
But that this Ignorance thou mayst decline,
Know I adore the Princess *Catharine*:
Love's Rebels by her Eyes are kept in Awe;
She reigns in *France*, spite of the *Salique Law*.

TUDOR.

Will not Love's Heat make Glory's Flame expire?

KING.

No, *Tudor*; it will rather raise it higher:
For none should aim at this exalted State,
Who makes not Glory first his Advocate.
This was the Cause, when *Charles*, her Father, sent
Embassadors, my Conquest to prevent,
And this bright Beauty offer'd for my Bride,
But with her, as her Dowry, *France* deny'd;
I shunn'd the Match, knowing her Beauties were
No Price for Peace, but the Reward of War:
My Vows and Passion she might justly scorn,
Did I not crown her Queen where she was born
And raise her boundless Beauties to supply
What a rude Law does to her Sex deny.

TUDOR

TUDOR.

Perhaps your Flame had with more Lustre shone,
 Had you for it declin'd the *Gallic* Throne;
 For Love of her to quit in *France* your Right,
 Is more than 'tis to conquer it in Fight;
 Nor can you hope her Passion's Flame to raise,
 When with her Country's Blood you stain your Bays.

KING.

Dear *Tudor*, I perceive, because thou art
 A Subject, thou mistak'st a Monarch's Heart.
 Those who from Royal Veins derive their Blood,
 Find only in a Throne what's great and good:
 Pure Nature in her would much rather see
 Her Son than Brother rule this Monarchy.

TUDOR.

A Love like this was never known before;
 The Father you'll depose, the Child adore.
 Your Love will be in Proofs of Hatred shown;
 You on her Country's Ruins build her Throne.
 This strange Design, Sir, does my Wonder raise.

KING.

A Love like mine moves not in common Ways:
 Such unexampled Things I'll strive to do,
 That when I reach to what I now pursue,
 When Men name one who lov'd to a Degree
 Ne'er known before, they'll say he lov'd like me.
 Prepare thyself to go within an Hour
 To the *French* Court as my Ambassador;

And

And let them know; if they resign up *France*,
 (Mine both by Conquest and Inheritance)
 They shun such Force as cannot be withstood;
 They shew their Justice, and they spare their Blood.
 Success now asks but what I ask'd before.

TUDOR.

He that at first ask'd all, can ask no more.
 Much is not in the Proffer I shall make.

KING.

Yes; it is much to ask what I can take,
 And to accept from them that Crown which I
 Have giv'n me from the Hand of Victory.
Tudor, in this they cannot but confess,
 I make my Mercy hinder my Success.

TUDOR.

It might be then convenient that I try'd
 T' obtain with *France* the Princess for your Bride.
 Since you as well for her, as *France*, contend,
 Without her, you'll not reach your noblest End.

KING.

She justly, *Tudor*, might my Passion hate,
 If Love's high Int'rest I should mix with State.
 If I this great Concern by Treaty move,
 'Twill be below her Beauty, and my Love.
 That Blessing must in nobler Ways be sought:
 Tho' Heav'n may be bestow'd, 'tis never bought.
 But that which chiefly makes me send thee now,
 Is, that my Friend should let my Princess know,

Flames are such as martyr'd Saints sustain;
The Glory of them takes away the Pain.

[Exit.]

TUDOR.

Was ever such a Curse impos'd by Fate?
His Favour wounds much deeper than his Hate.
Must unworthy, or else wretched prove,
Be false to Honour, or else false to Love.
To which of both shall I Precedence give?
He kill'd by this, by that unfit to live.
He stay: Why should not I, ev'n I alone,
Give Love and Honour to a Height unknown?
For his sake, my Passion I forego,
That great Act I pay him all I owe:
Who for his King against his Love does act,
Owes Debts much greater than he can contract.
For are these all th' Advantages will flow
From that great Action I intend to do:
I her Right, above my Love prefer,
That, by losing, I shall merit her.
And to obtain, not merit her, will prove
Less than to lose her, and deserve her Love.
Is worthy of my Flame, and of her Eyes,
To make Love be to Love a Sacrifice.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter QUEEN, *Duke of BURGUNDY*, the
CONSTABLE, *Earl of CHAROLOYS*, and
Count DE CHASTEL.

QUEEN.

The fatal Cause why we assemble now
We by the worst of sad Experience know.
Heav'n does, at once, on this our Empire show'r
All the fierce Marks of Anger, and of Pow'r.
The King, my Lord, whose Head, and Heart, and
Hand,
Should be employ'd our Ruin to withstand,
Under his old Disease still worser grows;
Yields to his Pain, as *France* does to his Foes:
Yet is he not unhappy in that State
Which makes him not to feel the Wounds of Fate.
The *Dauphin*, whose green Years make him unfit
In such a Storm at Empire's Head to sit;
Yet for that great and dang'rous Place does press;
And, missing it, forsakes us in Distress.
As these two Miseries assault us here,
So th' *English* late Success fills all with Fear,
Yet *France*, surviving such destructive Blows,
Ev'n in her Ruin still her Greatness shows.
By your wise Help she hopes yet to be freed;
And on your Breasts she leans her weary Head.
Shall we again by Battle try our Fate,
Or with the *English* King capitulate?

CONSTABLE.

Our Shoulders but attend far heavier Weight,
In the Field we shun to try our Fate:

For doubtless, Madam, he less Virtue shows,

Who yields to, than who falls by Fortune's Blows.

Rome, tho' she lost four Fields to Hannibal,

Her Valour rais'd, ev'n in her Fortune's Fall.

Her steady Virtue did all Storms suppress,

And made her Empress of the Universe:

I would not doubt but we at length should find

Roman Fate, had we a *Roman Mind*.

DE CHASTEL.

Those who too hastily with Victors treat,

Make them too proud, who were before too great.

Such Condescension would to Fear dispose

Our Subjects Hearts, and elevate your Foes.

Let not Posterity have Cause to say,

That you lost *France*, and lost her in one Day.

CONSTABLE.

The Chance of Arms are still alternative;

Fortune one Day does take, next Day does give:

And all the *English* Fame will be o'erthrown,

Where of twenty Fields can win but one.

All Thoughts of Treaties, Madam, then despise,

Which but excuses Fear whilst we seem wise.

BURGUNDY.

Madam, what the great *Constable* does say,

comes that Place you rais'd him to this Day:

He,

He, who the Head of all your Armies is,
 Safe Counsels should obey, but not advise.
 If to my Judgment you will please to trust,
 Chuse not what great appears, but what is just.
 Madam, it is alone by Arms you reign
 O'er *Anjou, Normandy, and Aquitaine*.
 Those three, the noblest Provinces of *France*,
 Are th' *English* King's confess'd Inheritance.
 Whatever of Prescription Gown-men write,
 Yet Length of Time changes not Wrong to Right.
 Why should you not, ere Things are desp'rate grown
 By giving what is his, preserve your own?
 Keeping those Countries will at last be found
 A Gangrene; the Corrupt will eat the Sound.

Earl of CHAROLOYS.

Justice is more than but an empty Word:
 Therefore, whilst that assists the *English* Sword,
 Success will always to their Side resort;
 And ev'ry Field will be an *Agencourt*.

BURGUNDY.

Can Counsels prosperous be, or Armies strong,
 Both aiming to perpetuate a Wrong?
 If after this fair Offer he pursue
 The War, our Swords will act what his does now
 If he accepts it, (as no doubt he must)
 You will be safe, as soon as you are just.
 Pursue the Acts of Justice; those alone
 Have Pow'r to save, and to exalt a Throne.

Enter BLAMOUNT.

Young *Tudor* is arriv'd, and craves to be
With Speed admitted to your Majesty.
By those few Words which have between us pass'd,
find his Message does require some Haste.

QUEEN.

Know you what 'tis which does him hither bring?

BLAMOUNT.

Some Overtures of Peace from th' *English* King.

[*Blamount whispers in the Queen's Ear.*]

QUEEN.

Yes, I consent: and give her Notice, I

expect she should receive him civilly.

[*Exit Blamount.*]

My Lords, I find your Judgments various are;

Two are for Treaty, th' other two for War.

Each Reasons you for both Opinions give,

That I, with Reason, either may receive.

That *Tudor* being come, does surely bring

Something important from the *English* King.

As fit our Resolution we defer,

Until his Bus'ness in his Message hear. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Princess CATHARINE, and BLAMOUNT.

BLAMOUNT.

Madam, what I have said, the Queen will own.

Princess CATHARINE.

What! that with *Tudor* I shou'd speak alone?

BLAMOUNT.

He for that Honour, Madam, now does stay.

Princess CATHARINE.

Since by the Queen commanded, I obey.

[*Exit* Blamount]

Enter TUDOR.

TUDOR.

Tho', Madam, this high Honour does excell

What Deeds can merit, or what Words can tell

It shall no Cause of new Presumption be;

I'll not repeat what you condemn'd in me.

I then presum'd to tell you of a Fire

Your Eyes did in a Subject's Heart inspire;

But, Madam, now th' Assurance which I bring,

Is, that your Beauties have subdu'd a King;

A King renown'd by all the Voice of Fame;

The least he has of Monarch is the Name:

He only Love and Glory does pursue;

Which makes him conquer *France*, and yield to you

And by the unhappy't of his Subjects says,

He at your Feet his Heart and Laurel lays.

Judge what his Virtues are, and what my Fate,

Which makes his Rival turn his Advocate.

Princess CATHARINE.

Tudor, what first you spoke, made me not fear

That Rival was a Word I e'er should hear;

For you in that repeat the past Offence,

Which made me lately banish you from hence.

, by his Worth, your King claims my Esteem,
Why grieve you, that you plead to gain it him?

TUDOR.

Ah, Madam! may I not your Pardon crave
For Grieving, when I part from all I have?

Father, when he sees his only Son

Condemn'd to Death for what he cou'd not shun,

Tho' to the Right of Justice he submit)

May well be pardon'd if he mourns for it.

My double Dictates, Madam, I am led;

My Loss makes me lament, my Justice plead.

But all my Sorrows soon will lose their Name,

If you raise him for whom I ruin'd am;

A Prince who only does, as his just Due,

Deserve to love you, and be lov'd by you.

Princess CATHARINE.

Has yet the Queen aught of this Bus'ness known?

TUDOR.

I had but Leave to wait on you alone.

Those common Paths of Kings, mine will not tread,

To see by Picture, and by Proxy wed:

I'll make his Court at an unusual Rate;

This is a Love of Liking, not of State:

And says, he does not for a Mistress sue

In France; but humbly begs yourself of you.

Princess CATHARINE.

I but by Picture did to him appear.

TUDOR.

Yes, he hath seen you in my Character.
 'Tis far above the labour'd Art of Man,
 To draw a Mistress as a Lover can :
 Your Picture took his Sight ; but you will find
 My Words alone did captivate his Mind.
 Tho' you may think the Pencil's Pow'r is great,
 It aims to paint a Fire, but not a Heat ;
 Much less a Heat which does from Love arise,
 And which is kindled by his Mistress' Eyes.
 The Pencil to my Words resign'd the Place ;
 Those drew your Soul, that painted but your Face.
 Madam, 'twas I who told him how your Mind
 With greater Lustre than your Beauty shin'd ;
 That from the Charms of your Discourse and Shape
 Men could no more than from your Eyes escape
 And I may justly, Madam, be afraid
 He saw, in me, you acted all I said ;
 And to revenge that which you call'd a Crime,
 I on this Embassy am sent by him.

Princess CATHARINE.

Tudor, into a new Relapse you fall :
 You seem'd to mourn at your Love's Funeral ;
 And I, on that Assurance, pardon'd you.

TUDOR.

I told you what was then, not what is now :

Other Words have wander'd in my Talk,
 The Ghost then of my murder'd Love did walk;
 And like a Ghost to none it shall appear,
 But before you, who are the Murderer.

Princess CATHARINE.

If you'll to my Esteem yourself restore,
 Let me, by it, be visited no more.

TUDOR.

Madam, I'll strive t' obey you from this Hour;
 But since the Dead have o'er their Ghosts no Pow'r,
 Mine again the Trespas should commit,
 My last Request is, that you'll pardon it;
 And to so sad a Love some Sorrow give,
 Which troubles you when dead, as when alive;
 But for my King I must my Suit renew,
 And beg to know what I must say from you:
 To accept his Passion you incline,
 You'll make his Happiness your own and mine.
 Will you deny what for myself I move,
 Let me, against myself, successful prove.

Princess CATHARINE.

You may acquaint the King, all you have said,
 And in my Thoughts a fit Impression made:
 That I (as all who have but heard his Name)
 Believe his Merit has acquir'd his Fame;
 So I with Passion wish that he had chose
 To raise his Glory on remoter Foes.

I never more can his Address receive,
Till from the Queen he has procur'd me Leave.

TUDOR.

Why do you, Madam, Words so cruel speak
Make him not for you to another seek ;
Since, in that Way, should he successful prove,
'Twill rather shew you can obey than love.
Only to you let him his Blessings own.

Princess CATHARINE.

I have declar'd my Resolution.

TUDOR.

To what then must the wretched *Tudor* trust?

Princess CATHARINE.

To find his Cure in what he grants is just.

TUDOR.

How can that heal him, which does make
Wound?

Yet, to obey you, Madam, he is bound ;
But if hereafter you should chance to hear
Some dying Sighs, which may offend your Ear,
Forc'd from him by the fiercest Grief's Assault,
Be pleas'd to pity, not condemn the Fault.

[*Exit Tudor*]

Princess CATHARINE.

Oh ! Why is Love call'd Nature's highest Law
When Title, Man's Invention, does it awe ?
But 'tis the Strength which Reason does impart,
That makes my Blood give Rules thus to my Heart.

Nature Reason on us did bestow,
Love, Nature's Dictate, 'twould not overthrow.
But Reason is a bright resistless Fire,
Which Heav'n, not Nature, does in us inspire.
It is not Nature's Child, but Nature's King,
And o'er Love's Height does us to Glory bring.
Our Bodies are below, and Souls above,
So much shou'd Reason be preferr'd to Love :
Since Glory is the Soul's most proper Sphere,
It does but wander, when it moves not there.
This makes that King, who courts me, *France*
subdue ;
And makes me fly what else I would pursue.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second ACT.

The THIRD ACT.

Enter King HENRY, TUDOR.

TUDOR.

WHAT I have said, shews all that I have done
 The Daughter by the Mother must be won
 Those, Sir, who serving Heav'n, to Heav'n pretend
 By others Mediation reach that End.

KING.

That Obligation, *Tudor*, I'll decline;
 She shall be all her own, that must be mine:
 'Tis for her Glory she herself should give
 The greatest Gift that I can e'er receive.
 If from her Will I differ, can she hate
 My being for her Int'rest obstinate?

[*Tudor offers to speak*

Go: what I told thee, *Tudor*, must be done:
 He ne'er meets Honour, who does Danger shun.

TUDOR.

A Subject must not with his King contend.

KING.

My Subject! Thou art more; thou art my Friend
 Make haste; for I will only stay behind,
 Till I have Orders for the Treaty sign'd.

[*Exeunt several ways**Enter*

ter Duke of BURGUNDY, and CHAROLOYS.

BURGUNDY.

No, Son, the Treaty must not so proceed,
 If of my Help the Queen should have no need :
 At envy'd Pow'r, which makes me useful here,
 The Effect, not of her Love, but Fear.
 In dispose of *France* and *England's* Fate,
 Whilst Things continue in their present State.
 The greatest Skill that I would wish from Heav'n,
 In a War to keep the Scale so ev'n,
 Neither Party ever may prevail,
 By his Help whose Hand does hold the Scale.
 Whilst these two mighty Kingdoms disagree,
 I keep in Safety my own *Burgundy*.

CHAROLOYS.

Have you forgot that Vow, Sir, which you made
 With *English* King, when *France* he did invade?
 That Vow is to your Honour still a Debt.

BURGUNDY.

A Statesman all but Int'rest may forget,
 And only ought in his own Strength to trust :
 Not a Statesman's Virtue to be just.

CHAROLOYS.

Those Words which lately you in Council said,
 Have on my Breast a deep Impression made.
 I urg'd, that Acts of Justice are alone
 That can preserve or must exalt a Throne.

Is

Is your own Counsel by yourself despis'd?

BURGUNDY.

I then for others, not myself, advis'd.
Reason should still appoint us what to do.

CHAROLOYS.

You'll find that Reason has Religion too;
Which is by Interchange of Justice shown,
Doing to all what to yourself is done.

BLAMOUNT.

You measure Reason with a crooked Line.

CHAROLOYS.

High Reason to Religion does incline.

BURGUNDY.

I, Son, Reason of Cloisters, not of State:
pow'r seldom is religious to that Height.
Religion too, not Reason is, but Faith.

CHAROLOYS.

I fear, Sir, if such dang'rous Ways you chuse
Instead of ruling both, you both will lose.

BURGUNDY.

A harder Game than this I twice have play'd,
And tho' by Fortune I was still betray'd,
Yet still to greater Pow'r I reach'd at length;
Antæus like, by falling, I got Strength.
Besides *de Chastel*, by much Art and Pain,
Has brought the Dauphin back to Court again;
Who offers, if I'll urge the Queen for War,
We equally, betwixt us two, shall share

all Armies, and all Governments in *France*,
and he'll forget the Death of *Orleans*.

CHAROLOYS.

O, Sir! from such an offer'd Friendship fly;
That only Int'rest ties, it will untie;
And, I presume, tho' you restor'd him *France*,
I'll ne'er forget the Death of *Orleans*.
With Heav'n sooner may forgive it you.

BURGUNDY.

Alas! young Man, if you but truly knew
That pow'rful Charms on sweet Revenge do wait,
You wou'd have acted what you think you hate.

CHAROLOYS.

Beware, Sir, I beseech you, then in time,
lest his Revenge may seem as sweet to him.

BURGUNDY.

These tender Thoughts are graceful in a Son!
Have your Int'rest, you, your Duty shown.
I hear their Offers, tho' I them refuse:
When all is offer'd, I the best will chuse.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DAUPHIN, DE CHASTEL.

DE CHASTEL.

Sir, I believe, you now no longer fear,
That on vain Hopes I begg'd your Presence here:
The Queen, while you retir'd, had, by her Arts,
Robb'd you of your future Subjects Hearts,

That

That 'twas your Presence only could restore
 Them to that Duty which they owe to Pow'r.
 Sir, Fortune too begins to pay her Debts;
 For the *Burgundian* with your Servant treats;
 And such an Ear to my Discourse he lent,
 As makes me more than hope a good Event:
 And, as a Proof, he lik'd what I did speak,
 He vow'd he wou'd the *English* Treaty break.
 Nor is this all: The Countess of *la Marr*,
 (To whom your Sister grows particular)
 I have intirely wrought to favour you:
 She told me, and th' Intelligence is new,
 That *Blamount*, from the Queen, has gain'd fr
 Leave,

You Sister shall a single Audience give
 To one whom *Henry* sent with Privacy.

DAUPHIN.

His Love for her will fatal be to me,
 Unless th' Effects of it I soon prevent.

DE CHASTEL.

I therefore have obtain'd *la Marr's* Consent,
 That you, conceal'd, shall in that Room remain
 Where she this Messenger will entertain.
 By that Concealment you may clearly know
 The Roots of their Designs, and how they grow.

DAUPHIN.

Heav'n, for my Mother's Faults, makes me amend
 In sending me a Friend who gets me Friends:

ear'd my Sister's Pride, my Mother's Hate,
 the *English* King's great Love, and greater Fate,
 help'd by the subtle Head of *Burgundy*,
 might by a fatal Marriage ruin me;
 at this Permission thou for me hast got,
 may teach me both to know and break the Plot.
 When does this Love-embassador appear?

DE CHASTEL.

They ev'ry Moment, Sir, expect him here.

DAUPHIN.

Then it is fit I instantly repair
 to that Concealment promis'd by *la Marr*.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter QUEEN, and Great CONSTABLE.

QUEEN.

Yes, I have seen the Dauphin; but methought,
 how he has humbler Gestures with him brought,
 shaping his Looks to what he gently said,
 that old Resentments clearly he betray'd.
 yet, perhaps, those Charms which Courts attend,
 may to some Mildness his fierce Nature bend.
 will apply all that is taught by Art,
 to wiser Nature, to reclaim his Heart.
 is fit you know, ere you begin to treat,
 the King of *England*'s Passion is so great
 for my unmarried Daughter, that I hear
 he'll quit all he does claim to marry her.

That

That this is true the Duke does undertake;
And you great Use may of that Passion make.

CONSTABLE.

Madam! 'tis strange; for she was then as fair,
When offer'd to him to prevent a War.

QUEEN.

He that by Rules can judge a Lover's Heart,
Has brought into the World an unknown Art:
But, having heard me, you must now be gone;
Should the Duke know we two had been alone,
(You having both ta'en solemn Leave of me)
It might in him create a Jealousy..

[Exit

Enter Princess CATHARINE, and King
HENRY incognito.

KING.

Madam, when first my King from *Tudor* heard
That you your Person to the Queen refer'd,
He sent me hither humbly to desire
You'd to your Eyes be just, and to his Fire;
And would believe this Right to both is due,
That he his Fate should only learn from you.
He'll but from you receive his Destiny,
Whether you'll make him live, or have him die.

Princess CATHARINE.

That Answer, which by *Tudor* you have known
Is, Sir, my final Resolution.

Noth

Nothing can e'er persuade me to forsake
Solves which Duty and my Reason make.

KING.

Let him not be a double Sacrifice ;
To kill'd him with your Words, and with your Eyes:
If 'a meant that Beauty, Nature's greatest Force,
That exceeding Pow'r, should have Remorse :
Your Power, and it, the World should so enjoy,
Which both might overcome, but not destroy.

Princess CATHARINE.

He who in Fight has all the *French* o'erthrown,
Cannot be kill'd by Words spoke but by one.

KING.

Yet he who has in *France* a conqu'ring Pow'r,
With Joy does own you as his Conqueror ;
And that you may not doubt that this is true,
I in Person come to tell it you !

[*The King takes off his Disguise.*

As Love's Heretic, till you I saw,
That which *Tudor* said, and Art did draw :
Now like an Heretic I treated am
Love, who has condemn'd me to the Flame.
Your Picture to resist I wanted Skill,
To oppose th' Original I want the Will :
Believe what of myself is told by me.

Princess CATHARINE.

The King of *England* ! sure it cannot be !

KING.

KING. Madam ! by doubting add not to this Pain,
You cannot but know him in whom you reign

Princess CATHARINE.

Since he 'twixt *France* and all her Safety stands,
How dares he trust his Person in her Hands ?

KING.

He who adores you, and dares tell you so,
What is there after, which he dares not do ?

Princess CATHARINE.

To what a Streight, Sir, have you brought me,
I must be false to *France*, or false to you.

[The Dauphin discovers himself]

DAUPHIN.

I will enlarge you, tho' you wicked grow,
In calling that a Streight which was not so ;
For she who doubts, if Evil she should act,
Does, in that very Doubt, a Guilt contract.
No Wonder now that *France* is fal'n so low,
The Daughter of it treating thus our Foe.

Princess CATHARINE.

Brother, I nothing of his Coming knew ;
His being here surpriz'd me more than you.

DAUPHIN.

Sister, when he reveal'd himself, your Eyes
Shew'd greater Signs of Liking, than Surprize ;
And, to convince me clearly of your Crime,
You doubted if you should discover him.

KING

KING.

I shall want Patience to attend this Storm.

Princess CATHARINE.

The only Fault you should in me reform,

that I doubted whether I should do

as it became the Sister, Sir, of you :

as to the King, Heav'n will this Truth aver,

ne'er would have reveal'd his being here.

My Father's Virtue to the World is known,

Who to my Falshood would not owe his Throne.

Acts of Treachery he does not hate,

What he now suffers, he deserves from Fate.

Since by fair War *France* now assaulted is,

let her sink lower, or by Virtue rise.

To abject Deeds I'll never condescend,

nor make the Means unworthy of the End.

KING.

Virtue to higher Pitch did never rise ;

has a Lustre which outshines her Eyes.

Adam, in saying what you pleas'd to say,

you broke that Silence my Respects did pay :

and now, Sir, something I shall let you see,

to make you grant you injur'd her and me.

DAUPHIN.

Have you a Passport then for coming here ?

KING.

This is my Passport to go ev'ry-where.

[*Pointing to his Sword.*

X

Who-

Whoe'er a Passport such as this can show,
 Will find all Places safe, or make 'em so.
 And, Sir, it is by this that you must swear,
 Not to reveal what you discover'd here :
 This must be sworn, and sworn without a Pause.

DAUPHIN.

You should subdue me, ere you give me Law
 Yet I will swear ; but 'tis, that to this Chance
 I owe the Pow'r to pay my Debts to *France* ;
 Debts, which so weighty were, as I did bow
 More under them, than *France* does under you
 Those Debts, which by a cruel Mother's Sway,
 Till now, I to my Birth could never pay.
 Fortune ! and Sister ! here I pardon you
 For all you did, and all that you would do !
 Since thro' her Blindness, and your Treachery,
 Myself I single in Condition see,
 To make our *France* such a Revenge receive,
 As all her Swords in Battle could not give.
 I only grieve, one false to *France* and me,
 Should of that Justice th' only Witness be :
 But yet, that Cause of Grief should disappear,
 Since seeing of your Death will punish her.

KING.

Oh ! could I justly think myself so bless'd,
 That what relates to me could touch her Breast,
 Tho' I should perish in this present Strife,
 My Death would be more happy than my Life ;

But since no Service I have paid her yet,
 Can make me hope a Happiness so great,
 I'll strive to merit that which you but fear,
 By now revenging what you said to her —
 But yet, we should not fight, she being by.

DAUPHIN.

That is the Reason why you here must die.

[Draws his Sword.]

KING.

Then, Madam, you'll forgive me, if I now
[King draws.]

Defend that Life which does belong to you —

Princess CATHARINE.

Oh, Heav'n's ! whom shall I call ? Perhaps I may,
 Saving my Brother's Life, the King's betray.

[Exit, and enters again with La Marr.]

You broke your Trust. Think on the King's high
 Worth.

LA MARR.

Blamount's without, and stays to lead him forth.

[King closes with him, and disarms him.]

Princess CATHARINE.

Go, open strait the Garden Gallery ;
 Keep for the King's Escape the Passage free —
 First for my Brother in the Lobby stay —

LA MARR.

When he is gone, I'll shut it with this Key.

[Exit La Marr.]

Princess

Princess CATHARINE.

My Brother is disarm'd! What shall I do?

KING.

Your Life, young Prince, is at my Mercy now

Princess CATHARINE.

Sir, for my Brother's Life let me implore;
Nature speaks now, as Honour did before.

KING.

I to your Pleasure ever will submit—
'Tis to your Blood you owe my sparing it—
Your Life I give you at the Princess' Word,
And, for her sake, I here restore your Sword:
But, Sir, remember, y' are oblig'd by me
No more t' invade your Sister's Privacy,
Nor practise to obstruct that Passion's Way,
Which is a Debt so due as I must pay.
These not observing, my Revenge shall prove
As strong to you, as she shall find my Love;
But if, in both, your Courtesy be shown,
What here has past, shall vanish as unknown.

DAUPHIN.

Your Fortune, Sir, is great o'er *France* and me
Great is your Promise too of Secrecy;
But if I can myself with Silence please,
You may thank that, and not your Menaces.

[Exit Dauphin]

Princess

Princess CATHARINE.

I'll follow him, t'observe which way he takes,
 Whilst, for the King, she th' other Passage makes.
 Sir, you shall stay awhile: I'll strait return. [*Exit.*

KING.

Oh, Heav'ns! why have I giv'n her Cause to
 mourn?

Blamont, whose Conduct did me hither bring,
 Will surely with a Friend, and with a King,
 His Promise keep; which was to see me out:
 I cannot his unblemish'd Honour doubt.

But I will stay to speak with her, tho' all
 The World were to be bury'd in my Fall.

Enter Princess.

Madam, can you the Cause in me forgive,
 Which gave you Terrors here, and made you grieve?
 When you he injures not, much more than me,
 Your Presence will his Sanctuary be.

Princess CATHARINE.

I will forgive you, Sir, all Terrors here,
 If by your quick Return you'll end my Fear:
 To all your longer Stay Alarms will give;
 My Brother's Nature is vindictive:
 Fear, from his Revenge, all that is ill,
 Here, where he wants no Pow'r to act his Will.

KING.

A greater Ruin, Madam, I foresee,
 Than he, tho' in this Place, can cast on me;

If I from hence should to my Camp remove,
Before I know how you receive my Love.

Princess CATHARINE.

The first Day, Sir, you'll think it were unfit
I should do more than only know of it;
Nor have you any Reason to despair,
When for your Safety I express my Care.

KING.

Virtue may make you be my Safety's Friend;
But to what's dearer to me, I pretend:
My Safety lies not in my going hence,
But in that Blessing you may here dispense:
I would not Safety without that enjoy;
And with it, nought my Safety can destroy.

Princess CATHARINE.

I will say any thing you'll have me say,
Rather than keep you here in Ruin's way;
But yet, that what I speak may not appear
To be the Dictates only of my Fear,
If you were gone, I'll to myself confess,
Such Virtue and Respect you did express,
That what I thought an Age had not the Pow'r
To act in me, you acted in one Hour.
Now, Sir, you should retire, and give a Maid
The Ease to blush alone for what she said.

KING.

Madam, I go; but go so charm'd from hence
Both by your Eyes, and virtuous Influence,

That 'tis impossible for me to know
 To which I most of Adoration owe ;
 But if the humblest Duty, highest Fire,
 Which Man e'er shew'd, or Love did e'er inspire,
 Can be Oblations fitting to be paid,
 You'll ne'er need blush for what you now have said.

Enter LA MARR.

LA MARR.

Sir, *Blamount* stays for you. This is your Way.

Princess CATHARINE.

She is your Guide ; take heed, Sir, of Delay.

[Exeunt La Marr, King.]

Who can or Love or Reason's Pow'r express ?

One oft does more than th' other, often less.

Reason makes me a Subject's Passion fly ;

Love o'er a King gains such a Victory,

As makes him venture Life, and, what is far

More great, his growing Glories of the War,

That he his Passion only might relate,

And from my Lips might hear his doubtful Fate.

Sure, to return some Love for Love so great,

Is not to give a Gift, but pay a Debt.

[Exit.]

Enter DAUPHIN, *and* DE CHASTEL.

DAUPHIN.

Oh, Friend ! if I had kill'd him in that Fight,

My Glory I had rais'd to such a Height,

That, maugre all my Mother's Arts and Hate,
 I had restor'd, and I had rul'd the State :
 All their Successes had with him been dead ;
 For he's his Army's Soul, as well as Head.
 Why did my Stars so fair a Hope afford,
 (Leaving, O *France!* thy Fortune to my Sword)
 Yet not to kill, or perish by my Foe ;
 But both my Life and Sword I to him owe ?

DE CHASTEL.

Your Mind, Sir, is too great to feel Despair
 For one ill Chance in Duel, or in War.

DAUPHIN.

To be o'ercome would be the greatest Curse,
 If to outlive that Fate were not a worse :
 The first, perhaps, was Fortune's Fault alone ;
 But, Friend, the last too clearly is my own.

DE CHASTEL.

If of that Stain your Heart has such a Sense,
 Let's wash it off in 's Blood, ere he go hence.

DAUPHIN.

Should the first Act of Life which he did give,
 Meanly the Giver of his Life deprive ?
 Because blind Fortune guilty is to me,
 Shall I, to my own self, more guilty be ?
 No, my *de Chastel*, tho' he be my Foe,
 Yet he hath still most gen'rously been so ;
 And by no Acts of mine he e'er shall die,
 Unless by such as rais'd him up so high.

D E C H A S T E L.

Let me then, single, your Revenge pursue.

D A U P H I N.

Who to a Crime consents, does act it too.

If it were fit, the Act itself I'd do :

And what's unfit shall not be done by you.

D E C H A S T E L.

I hope, Sir, then the Treaty I begun,

Will put you in so high a Posture soon,

That the Disgrace, which hardly one now sees,

Shall in the Eyes of Crowds of Witnesses

Be so wash'd off, as shall your Sorrow cure.

D A U P H I N.

Thy Hope's uncertain, my Disgrace is sure ;

But what of Good is meant for me by Fate

Thou ought'st to hasten, or 'twill come too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter WARWICK and TUDOR disguis'd.

W A R W I C K.

Blamount desir'd us to expect him here.

T U D O R.

The King did never shew us how to fear ;

Now we should tremble now at *Blamount's* Stay.

W A R W I C K.

Would Love had led the King a safer way :

Kings, in whose Chances Nations fall or rise,

Are too much in private Gallantries ;

The

The Odds against them checks their Luck and Skill

TUDOR.

'Tis true, but Love's great Gamesters reckon
(Whilst boldly they the Stake that's fairest chuse)
What they may win, and not what they may lose

Enter BLAMOUNT.

BLAMOUNT.

The King hath sent for you : I'll bring you straight
Where he is safe out of the Reach of Fate :
You must to Horse. I'll tell you what has past.

TUDOR.

You free us from a Pain too great to last.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Princess CATHARINE, and Princess ANNE

Princess CATHARINE.

My Fear did then my Reason overthrow;
I could scarce think, much less know what to do

Princess ANNE.

Why did you not, by positive Commands,
Restrain at least the King of *England's* Hands?

Princess CATHARINE.

Should I so much my Brother's Safety prize,
As to procure it by mean Remedies?

Ah ! since 'twas only Love brought *Henry* here,
Should I have made his Love his Murderer ?

The *Dauphin* to the King injurious was :

Heav'n would not let those Wrongs unpunish'd pass

Princess

Princess ANNE.

His Wrongs, more than your own, your Anger
move.

Princess CATHARINE.

That's what I owe my Virtue, not his Love,

Princess ANNE.

I doubt, the *Dauphin* some rash Thing will do.

Princess CATHARINE.

La Marr was to attend our Interview;

Who did, corrupted by *de Chastel*, bring

the *Dauphin* to observe me with the King.

from the Terror of their Fight did fly,

and met her, who, to save her Treachery,

Having a full Command of all the Keys)

dispos'd their Passage forth by sev'ral Ways.

Blamont, with all the Friends that he could get,

have engag'd to second his Retreat:

hope my Care in that will happy prove.

Princess ANNE.

Where there is so much Care, there is some Love.

Princess CATHARINE.

I know not whether it be Love or no,

but such great Things he did both say and do,

that I, dear Friend, insensibly am led

to think that may be true which now you said.

Who can, when such a Victor will advance,

resist that Virtue which does conquer *France*?

Princess

Princess ANNE.

The Proof he lately gave you of his Flame,
 Madam, is such as is above a Name:
 All trodden Ways in Love he does despise,
 As Things below his Passion, and your Eyes.

Princess CATHARINE.

Condemn not then my being in some Pain,
 Till I Assurance of his Safety gain;
 Which Blessing that I may the sooner know,
 This Proof of Friendship mine does beg of you,
 That we dividedly ourselves concern,
 Which of us first the welcome News shall learn.

Princess ANNE.

I'll still obey whatever you command,
 And what I hear, you strait shall understand.

Princess CATHARINE.

May Heav'n so guide the King, that I may hear
 He is beyond the Prospect of my Fear.

[Exeunt]

The FOURTH ACT.

The Curtain being drawn up, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, Earl of CHAROLOYS, and the Bishop of ARRAS, are seen sitting at one side of a Table, attended by the French Officers of State: On the other Side are seated the Duke of EXETER, Duke of BEDFORD, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and the Earl of WARWICK, attended by the English.

BURGUNDY.

SINCE all, my Lords, is done by us and you,
Which is, as previous to a Treaty, due;
Delays in the Affair should be abhorr'd;
Those impious are, when Peace may be restor'd:
Therefore, my Lords, 'twere fit you would express
In what Conditions you will grant a Peace.

EXETER.

Those who our Right and Strength well understand,

Need not be told, that we all *France* demand.

CONSTABLE.

You would by mere Demand a Question make;
No Treaty gives all that Success can take.

This

This high Resolve does more become the Field :
 'Tis nobler all to lose, than all to yield.

BEDFORD.

And you'll confess it is more nobly done,
 By Arms than Treaty to regain a Throne;
 But yet my Brother thought a Treaty good,
 That his *French* Subjects might preserve their Blood.

ARCHBISHOP.

That King proves well the Justice of his Claim
 Who, for his Subjects sakes, is deaf to Fame.

CHAROLOYS.

Had we no Plea but what Prescription gives,
 There were enough, whilst any *Frenchman* lives.

WARWICK.

In pleading so, my Lords, yourselves you wrong
 That can no Title be but to the Strong;
 For what can a protective Aid afford
 Against the clearest Right, and sharpest Sword.

Bishop of ARRAS.

From what Pretence soe'er a Claim you draw
France knows no Right above her *Salique* Law
 A Law which is both rational and old :
 It never was by Time or Force controul'd.

EXETER.

You but imperfectly your Story know,
 Or speaking thus, you hope that we do so :
 That Law (if made) was pass'd on *Sala's* Banks
 And was not made for *France*, but for the *French*.

German People, who in Camps were bred,
and therefore still renounc'd a Female Head.

BEDFORD.

A Law, which only from arm'd Tumults rose,
and which Heav'n's Law, and Nature's, does oppose.
My Lord of *Canterbury*, 'tis in you
to speak how *France* we challenge as our Due.

ARCHBISHOP.

Philip the Fourth, as your own Stories tell,
and *Lewis*, *Philip*, *Charles*, and *Isabel*;
Edward the Second did his Daughter wed;
his Sons did all to the *French* Crown succeed;
Who no Sons leaving, *Philip*, th' Uncle's Son,
did from the Father's Daughter take the Crown;
and kept it during injur'd *Edward's* Life,
to whom 'twas due, in Justice, by his Wife.
That *Edward* dead, *Edward* the Third, his Son,
did, in his Mother's Right, demand his Crown.
Bressy and *Poictiers* to the World declare
how Heav'n esteem'd his Sword in that just War.
Death, Nature's Conqueror, did him subdue,
and his great Son, the greater of the two.
Soon after, Civil Wars our Isle destroy'd;
Our Swords against ourselves were long employ'd;
Whilst sick with Civil War, Pride's worst Disease,
We bled in *France*, and lost three Provinces:
But now, when those intestine Wars are done,
We come here to receive, or take our own.

BED-

BEDFORD.

You boast your *Salique* Law so just and old;
 That it by Time or Force was ne'er controll'd;
 But tell, I pray, what Part of it decreed,
 That *Martel* should King *Childerick* succeed?
 Or how it could, if not by wrested Shift,
 Make *Capet* Successor to *Lew's* the Fifth,
 When *Charles* of *Lorraine* should have fill'd the Place
 The first Heir Male left of your Royal Race!

EXETER.

'Tis true, the States of *France*, by their Decree
 Did call King *Capet* to the Monarchy.
 Who wisely then did royal Int'rest save,
 Making them think, that what they paid, they gain'd
 For so to his just Right they join'd their Pow'r,
 By which he vanquish'd his Competitor.
 Thus, when by Arms the *Salique* Law was try'd
 Heav'n judg'd the Title to the Female Side;
 For the chief Right which *Capet* had to plead,
 Was, that he did King *Lewis'* Sister wed.

ARCHBISHOP.

From this great *Capet*, who that Law repeal'd
 All your succeeding Kings their Crowns have held
 By which, my Lords, we think we clearly show,
 If then his Claim was good, ours now is so.

WARWICK.

Or if you grant the States by their Decree
 Can give to whom they will this Monarchy,

you their Pow'r so highly will advance,
 we need but conquer to have Right to *France*!

BURGUNDY.

Since you, my Lords, so pry into our Right,
 how comes your Red Rose now to rule your White?
 come not what *France* to that Duke *Charles* hath
 done,

When a *Lancastrian* Head does wear your Crown.

That by both Sides may equally be said,

that neither, as his proper Right, can plead;

if your Roses Heav'n should e'er unite,

then you may challenge *France* with better Right.

One of the present Line we will admit;

the House of *Tork* can only plead for it.

EXETER.

All of that House allow my Nephew's Right,

and, under him, they for this Empire fight:

He should them to *England's* Throne advance,

they shall possess, with it, the Throne of *France*:

to them, as Subjects, he is serv'd and fear'd.

BURGUNDY.

When they are Kings again, they shall be heard.

Lords, that all this vain Discourse may cease,

let say you, if, to advance you to a Peace,

we give your King the Princess *Catharine*,

and with her, such vast Treasure we assign,

may for ever all your Title buy

Anjou, Aquitaine, and Normandy?

COL. I.

Y

BED.

BEDFORD.

How came such abject Offers in your Thought
One ought not to be sold, nor t'other bought.

BURGUNDY.

Then know, my Lords, the War you must pursue
The Sword must end what Treaty could not do.

[*He rises, and the rest after him*]

EXETER.

'Tis to the Sword we must have our Recourse
Where Right's deny'd, 'tis Justice to use Force.

BEDFORD.

Pepin and Capet such sharp Swords did draw
As twice repeal'd this Pagan *Salique* Law.

My Brother then may charge it as your Crime,
If he presume to do it the third time.

His Sword you'll quickly feel as sharp as theirs,
Since Force must plead the Right of Female Heir.

[*Salutes the English Lords*]

My Lords, farewell! we cannot here agree:

But they'll begin th' ensuing War at Sea.

Their Fleet's prepar'd; and, by this Morning

Our Navy too does call me to the Coast.

[*Exit*]

Enter the QUEEN, and Countess of LA MARR.

LA MARR.

So far this Treaty has already gone,
That the *Burgundian* did assure your Son,

The *English* Treaty never should succeed ;
 Which with the *Dauphin's* Passion so agreed,
 As he has offer'd him to share all *France*,
 And to forget the Death of *Orleans*.
 This, Madam, but too clearly lets you see,
 They mean to force you from the Regency ;
 Which the false Duke soon after will enjoy :
 First he'll divide, and then your House destroy.

QUEEN.

This Service, my *La Marr*, is far above
 All Presents I can make you, but my Love.
 I thought *De Chastel* had so fierce a Mind,
 As he to Love could never have inclin'd :

But in that Thought I find I injure you :
 This Conquest only to your Eyes is due.

LA MARR.

Madam, 'twas only Love which could have press'd
 This fatal Secret from *De Chastel's* Breast ;
 Nor would I e'er to him have faithless been,
 But to save *France*, and to preserve my Queen.

QUEEN.

Thy Queen half lost, thy Friendship does restore ;
 And yet thy Friendship must oblige me more——

Enter BURGUNDY and CONSTABLE.

That haughty *Burgundy* shall shortly mourn——

[*The Queen casts her Eyes on Burgundy.*

Kind Cousin ! you have made a quick Return——

BURGUNDY.

The Dukes of *Bedford* and of *Exeter*,
 Join'd with their talking Bishop, did appear
 So much averſe to all that we could ſpeak,
 As we in Duty did the Treaty break;
 Duty to you. We offer'd all you ſent;
 But only *France* can give their Pride Content.

QUEEN.

Since theſe bold Foes take Pleaſure to make War
 (Proud that they dare do worſe than others dare,
 And prouder with Succeſs) let us provide
 T' advance our Merit, and debaſe their Pride.

BURGUNDY.

Madam, in this juſt Cauſe I ſhall afford
 Th' Aſſiſtance of my Counſel, and my Sword.

QUEEN.

It is on thoſe my chief Dependence lies;
 For you, my Lord, both pow'rful are and wiſe.
 Prepare for Action, and let Treaties ceaſe:
 The Wiſe may loſe by War, Fools loſe by Peace

BURGUNDY.

The better to obey what you deſire,
 Excuse me, Madam, if I now retire.

[Exit]

QUEEN.

He being gone, my Lord, I'll let you know,
 What *France* and I do to this Lady owe.
 The Duke has broke the *English* Treaty now,
 That to the Dauphin he may keep his Vow.

A

and false *De Chastel* made 'em both agree
 Out of my Hands to force the Regency;
 and then between themselves they are to share
 the high Employments both of Peace and War.

C O N S T A B L E.

This Duke does all my Faculties amaze;
 yet still he lov'd to walk in crooked Ways.

Q U E E N.

They all shall sink, and their own Ruin find
 Within that Depth which they for me design'd.
 My Secretary *Perrot* understands
 the Art of counterfeiting Seals and Hands:
 I'll make him strait write to the *English* King,
 as from the Duke, proposing ev'ry thing
 Which false *De Chastel* offer'd from my Son;
 yet when all promis'd by the King is done,
 tho' less than what my Son did e'er propose,
 him he'll forsake, and with the *English* close.
La Marr shall entertain *De Chastel* so,
 as of the Duke he may suspicious grow.

L A M A R R.

Some Doubts, which seem perplex'd, I will unfold;
 I say, He with the King does Treaty hold.

Q U E E N.

Which can no other Way be brought to Light,
 but by those Letters ta'en, which he may write:
 these Letters shall, tho' forg'd, authentic seem,
 and must be intercepted too by him.

LA MARR.

This will between them raise a Jealousy.

CONSTABLE.

And when that Seed is sown, 'twill never die
The Dauphin's Soul I never understood,
If he revenge not this Affront with Blood.

QUEEN.

My Lord, withdraw, and write with instant O

[Exit Constable]

The Letter for *Du Perrot* : You, *La Marr*,
Shall sooth *De Chastel* with your former Art,
And subtly play yourself in all your Part.

[Exit La Marr]

Great Troubles to a Throne the Way prepare,
And greater Troubles must preserve us there :
Yet the Ambitious envy those who reign ;
They know the Pomp of Crowns, but not the P

[Exit]

The Princess CATHARINE meeting the Princess

ANNE.

Princess CATHARINE.

Madam, what News? —

Princess ANNE.

—— The worst that I could bring :
They have dissolv'd the Treaty with the King.
Peace is quite fled, which did before but hide
Her chearful Face. The Sword must all decide

Thou forward Hope, War's Voice has call'd thee back !

Princess CATHARINE.

I ne'er could think Suspense was such a Rack.

Princess ANNE.

Suspense in any thing a Pain does prove ;

but turns a Torment, when 'tis mix'd with Love.

Enter LA MARR in Haste.

LA MARR.

Madam, I doubt the Queen and Duke have heard

Of that Disguise in which the King appear'd ;

The busy Whisp'ers run from Place to Place,

And Fear, or News, is seen in ev'ry Face :

Small Parties meet, then to a Throng they grow,

As Clouds unite, before a Storm does blow.

Enter BLAMOUNT.

BLAMOUNT.

Madam, I left the Dauphin with the Queen ;

They have this Morning in a Tempest been :

Their Meeting was both violent and short :

Your Brother instantly will leave the Court :

He said he would no longer vainly strive,

but boldly take what some deny to give.

Safely the Duke th' Event of this attends,

and his Apartment fills with Guards and Friends.

Enter Earl of CHAROLOYS.

Earl of CHAROLOYS.

Madam, just now I from the Dauphin came :

His Friends are kindled with his Anger's Flame.

He is to sudden Execution bent,
 To Deeds so swift, as he'll too late repent.
 He puts on Wings for what he will pursue,
 And says, my Father does usurp his Due:
 And fierce *De Chastel* too (which all admire)
 Against his Nature strives to quench this Fire.

Enter a French Lady.

LADY.

Madam, you are expected by the Queen.

Princess CATHARINE.

This Storm will fall as soon as it is seen:
 My Lord, I'll strive to make the Queen apply
 To this Distemper a quick Remedy.

CHAROLOYS.

I'll still near my suspicious Father stay.
 Too much Suspicion does itself betray.

Princess ANNE.

Brother, I'll follow. Madam, we in vain
 In Storms of Love of other Storms complain.
 Love's Queen did rise from the tempestuous Sea,
 Which shews, that Love in Storms must ever be

[*Exeunt*]

Enter TUDOR.

TUDOR.

By what the King related, I may see
 The Princess is for ever lost to me:
 'Tis evident she has her Love resign'd
 To his great Title, and his greater Mind.

Why

Why should I thus, what she has done, deplore?
 She did but that which I had done before :
 But, Fate, thou art unjust in making me
 To quit the Love, yet keep the Jealousy ;
 Which is of Love's fair Tree the foulest Fruit,
 A Branch whose Nourishment offends the Root.
 Shall Jealousy a Pow'r o'er Judgment gain,
 Tho' it does only in the Fancy reign?
 With Knowledge thou art inconsistent still,
 The Mind's foul Monster, whom fair Truth does kill.
 Thy Tyranny subverts ev'n Nature's Laws ;
 For oft thou hast Effects without a Cause ;
 And, which thy Strength, or Weakness, does detect,
 Thou often hast a Cause without Effect.
 In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss ;
 Seest what is not, or seest not that which is.
 Whilst thou dost live, Sicknes does thee pursue ;
 And he who cures thee, needs must kill thee too.

Enter KING.

KING.

Tudor, you must not think my Friendship rude,
 Tho' it pursue you to your Solitude :
 Some fatal Sorrow has your Heart oppress'd ;
 Divide it, and send half into my Breast.

TUDOR.

What is it can invade me in Excess,
 But Joy, whilst I your Favour, Sir, possess?

KING.

KING.

If my warm Favour has your Blessing made,
Why leave you then that Sun, to seek this Shade

TUDOR.

Sir, from your Bounties I retire, to show,
I would prevent th' Increase of what I owe.
I study here to pay my former Score,
And I avoid the making of it more.

KING.

Tudor, I no such Answer will admit ;
I must be paid with Truth, and not with Wit :
The Truth of Friendship has forsook the Earth ;
Thou dost dissemble thy accustom'd Mirth :
A sudden Sigh does thy vain Smiles detect ;
Nature betrays more Art, than I suspect.

TUDOR.

Let me not, Sir, be for that Shape despis'd,
In which I am, ev'n to myself, disguis'd.

KING.

Friendship above all Ties does bind the Heart,
And Faith in Friendship is the noblest Part :
'Tis ill, unask'd, not to have told your Pain ;
But worse, when ask'd, if you Excuses feign.
Farewel, frail Man ; our Friendship here must end
You wrong your Honour, when you wrong a Friend

[*King offers to go out*]

TUDOR

TUDOR.

Stay, Sir, and to your Virtue I'll unfold —
The saddest Story that was ever told.

KING.

Why with thy King should there such Trifling be?
With Friendship too, which sacred is as he?

TUDOR.

My Grief is yet close Pris'ner in my Breast:
Whilst there confin'd, 'twill only me molest;
But may disquiet you, when got from Home:
Complaints, when past Relief, grow troublesome.

KING.

That Grief does far all other Grievs transcend,
Which greater grows, when trusted to a Friend:
Friendship in noble Hearts would never reign,
If Friendship's Duty should be Friendship's Pain.
For Ease of Sorrow, Friends from Heav'n were sent.
Tudor, dispatch, and try th' Experiment.

TUDOR.

Why should you press me, Sir? it will not out —

KING.

Those fear their Cure, who their Physicians doubt.

TUDOR.

Force me not, Sir, to tell you what can be
No Ease to you, and yet a Rack to me.

KING.

Tell it, I say. —

TUDOR.

TUDOR.

— I'll tell it tho' I die —
I am in Love.

KING.

— In Love ! and so am I.
Is this the strangest Story e'er was known ?

TUDOR.

Pray Heav'n you think not so, ere it be done.

KING.

Proceed. —

TUDOR.

— She, Sir, who does my Heart subdue,
Is by my Friend ador'd with Passion too :
And, which is worse, his Passion he did tell
To me, ere mine I durst to him reveal.
And, worser yet, that Friend does me employ
T' assist his Love, whilst I mine own destroy.
I lose my Mistress, if I condescend
To this; not doing it, I lose my Friend :
But, which is worst of all, I'll not deny
He does deserve her so much more than I,
That should she, for my sake, make him despair,
She must be more unjust than she is fair ;

And whilst she does admit of my Address,
The Wrong I do destroys my Happiness.

KING.

KING.

'Tis difficult! What hast thou fix'd upon?

TUDOR.

What I thought just, I have already done.

KING.

Why then is so much Time in Sorrow spent?
For what is justly done, canst thou repent?

TUDOR.

In what I did, such Justice I have shown,
That I would do't again, were it undone;
But, Sir, I cannot yet that Grief remove,
Which springs from Friendship's Contests with my
Love:

As, after Storms, the Sea does troubled shew,
Tho' the fierce Winds, which mov'd it, cease to
blow.

KING.

No Wonder Grief's wild Sea so high is wrought,
Since in your Breast Friendship and Love have fought:
But tell me now thy Friend's and Mistress' Name,
For whom yourself you nobly overcame.

He who you think deserves much more than you,
must conclude deserves my Friendship too.

TUDOR.

Oh, Sir! in that your Pardon I implore:
Too much is said; force me to say no more.

KING.

KING.

Tudor, that Man must high in Merit be,
For whom you'll do more than you'll trust with me

[*Tudor kneels*]

TUDOR.

Forgive me, Sir, if more I dare not say:
Let me in Silence mourn my Life away.

KING.

Rise; but no more I thee my Friend will call
For he's no Friend, if not a Friend in all.
In Part thou shew'st me what I Whole would see
A half Friend's worse than a whole Enemy.
Thy Silence by a stricter Way I'll break:
By thy Allegiance, I command thee, speak.

TUDOR.

Oh! do not think my Soul is sunk so low,
That aught can act what Friendship could not do

KING.

Thy Want of it this Passion from me draws
Excuse th' Effects, of which thou art the Cause.
No longer, *Tudor*, at this Rate contend

[*Embraces him*]
With him who is thy King, and, more, thy Friend

TUDOR.

The charming Name of Friend will make me speak
When ev'n my King could not my Silence break
You are that Friend whose Name I would conceal
Who is the Mistress, then, I need not tell:

he too did this Revealment, Sir, constrain;
What but my Pain could have disclos'd my Pain?

KING.

Oh! why so late dost thou this Truth avow?

TUDOR.

I fear, too early I have told it now.

KING.

Thus to have us'd thy Friendship, breeds a Pain,
Which nothing can transcend, but her Disdain.

TUDOR.

But had I told it sooner, Sir, to you,
Could you have then done more than you can now?
Since all I ask, for what you make me say,
Is but your Pardon that I durst obey.

KING.

My Ignorance alone has made me do,
What Love itself could not have forc'd me to.

TUDOR.

Tho', Sir, the Charms of Lovers Hopes are sweet,
Yet mine I freely prostrate at your Feet.

KING.

My Rival thus in Love thou shunn'st to be;
Yet thus in Honour dost out-rival me:

I to no Monarch e'er that Glory gave;

Much less my Subject shall that Glory have:

If, Tudor, you would now suppress your Flame,

To shew your Friendship, or exalt your Fame,

That

That Act on neither Score I will allow;
 For I'm in both as much concern'd as you.
 So greatly, *Tudor*, thou hast done for me,
 As nought can pay it, but the same for thee.

TUDOR.

I cannot, Sir, imagine your Design.

KING.

To be your Advocate, as you were mine,
 And give you leave your Passion to pursue;
 And, which is more, I do command you too.

TUDOR.

Forgive me, if this Offer I refuse.

KING.

Resolve to take it, or thy King to lose.

TUDOR.

Then I'll embrace it, and dispute no more;
 And give me leave a Pardon to implore
 From all the better World, who Lovers are,
 From all who shall be so, and all that were,
 That I against them did so guilty prove,
 As to consider aught in Love, but Love.

KING.

Tudor, this Gallantry obliges more,
 Than all thy Pleading for me did before:
 But if I ever can attend again
 That Sov'reign Beauty which does o'er us reign;
 I'll give her then such Characters of thee,
 As shall out-speak what thou hast said of me.

We then will be each other's Advocate,
and from her Sentence each receive his Fate.

TUDOR.

Tho' this is more than I could hope, yet still
that which revives my Hopes, my Hopes does kill;
or when, describing me, you please to add
all that you think is likely to persuade,
in that a surer Way will rather prove
to shew your Virtue, than advance my Love.

KING.

Fear not, you may succeed; tho', drawing you,
shall but copy what for me you drew.
For those will find, who justly balance Things,
only Subjects taught, but you teach Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Fourth ACT.

The FIFTH ACT.

*Enter the KING, the Duke of EXETER,
Duke of BEDFORD, and TUDOR.*

KING.

OUR good Successes come together still,
And as the good concur, so do the ill:
I have observ'd it, Uncle; have not you?

EXETER.

'Tis, Sir, as worthy Notice as 'tis true.

KING.

This seems, methinks, t' accuse their Ignorance
Who attribute our great Events to Chance:
For tho' it may, when slowly one Event
Follows another, look like Accident;
Yet when together many swiftly join,
It shews a Pow'r which rules us by Design:
Whilst we succeed at Land, to Heav'n we owe
The Triumph of a naval Overthrow.
Brother, your Tongue may claim the Right alone
To tell what Heav'n by your brave Hand has done.

BEDFORD.

But little Fame, where many Conqu'rors were
Could justly fall to any single Share.

Wh

When we had fall'd your Fleet in Sight of *France*,
 from the *Seine's* Mouth, the *French* did strait advance:
 Their Number pleas'd us, whom it meant to fright;
 We joy'd at any thing that made them fight.
 But whilst to gain the Wind both Navies ply'd,
 both to the Southward a third Fleet descry'd,
 Whose Course, by Bearing, to our Fleet was bent;
 We thought, to them, they fear'd, to us 'twas sent.
 When drawing near us, 'twas perceiv'd by all,
 their Flags display'd the Arms of *Portugal*:
 That prosp'rous King, your Kinsman and your Friend,
 his Royal Navy to your Aid did send,
 fearing the *French* had rigg'd a num'rous Fleet.

KING.

This shews his Friendship, like his Virtue, great:
 I am oblig'd, and more I could not be,
 than by a Debt, great as your Victory.

BEDFORD.

The valiant *Bourbon*, Admiral of *France*,
 sunk not at this, but swiftlier did advance.
 That Shout with which we did their Navy greet,
 affrighted Shore did echo to their Fleet:
 the first Shock, some Ships we sunk and burn'd;
 that Order soon was to a Chaos turn'd.
 Portuguese still like the *English* fought,
 trying our Valour, or else by it taught:
 thousand Deeds were worthy in that Fight,
 What not, Sir, of your Hands, yet of your Sight.

But what the *French* perform'd worthy your Praise
 Serv'd but the more your Glory, Sir, to raise;
 For your resistless Genius there did reign,
 And made us gather Laurels on the Main;
 As prosp'rous Stars, tho' absent to the Sense,
 Bless those they shine for by their Influence.
 Five hundred Ships were sunk or taken there,
 Whose Flags seem Wreaths for you, the Conqueror

KING.

This high Success at Sea, which Heav'n has sent
 Has made me Master of that Element.
 When Monarchs have at Land a Battle lost,
 It may, to raise new Troops, some Treasure cost;
 But to repair lost Fleets is not so cheap;
 Woods are a Crop which Men but once can reap
 That Prince, whose Flags are bow'd to on the Shore
 Of all Kings Shores keeps in his Hand the Key
 No King can him, he may all Kings invade,
 And on his Will depends their Peace and Trade
 Trade, which does Kings and Subjects Wealth increase
 Trade, which more necessary is than Peace.

EXETER.

If the World's Trade may to our Land be brought
 Tho' purchas'd by a War, 'tis cheaply bought.

TUDOR.

He who an Island rules, and not the Sea,
 Is not a King, and may a Pris'ner be.

BEDFORD.

In this victorious Fleet, your Parliament
 have such Supplies of Men and Treasure sent,
 that *France* will now in humble Posture seek
 the Treaty which her former Pride did break.

KING.

Those loyal Limbs will not their Head forsake ;
 My Glory they their own kind Int'rest make :
 Their Love does with their Duty nobly strive,
 and giving thus, unask'd, they doubly give—
 Oh, *Tudor* ! tho' my Sword at Land and Sea
 does conquer others, Love does conquer me :
 Whilst under his resistless Pow'r I groan,
 He cannot make me joyful with a Crown.

TUDOR.

May still the Greatness of your Fame increase,
 and, for your Quiet, may your Love grow less.

Enter WARWICK.

WARWICK.

From the *French* Court, Count *Blamount*, Sir,
 is sent,

and newly is alighted at your Tent.

KING.

Admit him ; but he soon may hasten home,
 from the false *Burgundian* he is come ;

[*Exit Warwick.*]

Prince worthy of nothing but of Hate,
 late in Promise, in Performance late.

He cheaply rates my Honour with his own,
 And meanly thinks that I would sell a Crown;
 In wronging his high Birth he injures me,
 And gives my Sword a Right to *Burgundy*.

Enter WARWICK, BLAMOUNT, CHARLOTT
disguis'd.

BLAMOUNT.

If a surprizing Wonder may be News,
 Such as does Joy and Horror too infuse,
 I bring it, Sir; for he, whose Head and Sword
 Made War and Peace the Creatures of his Word
 The great *Burgundian*, who in *France* did reign
 Is, by Appointment of the Dauphin, slain.

KING.

Heav'n's Hand is sure, tho' it the Stroke defer

BLAMOUNT.

The Face of *France* does full of Change appear

KING.

This Murder sudden was: But what late Crime
 Could urge the Dauphin thus to murder him?

BLAMOUNT.

The Duke (who said, Treaties would ne'er advance
 That Peace with you, which was desir'd by *France*
 Did therefore for the Dauphin's Friendship sue;
Lyons appointed was for Interview:
 To which the Duke did instantly repair,
 There to resolve how to contrive the War.

The Dauphin met at the appointed Time;
 But, whilst the Duke humbly saluted him,
De Chastel, unprovok'd by Deed or Word,
 In the Duke's Heart did sheath his guilty Sword;
 And then the Dauphin publicly did own,
 That this strange Act by his Command was done;
 And said, it was a Justice due to *France*,
 Because the Duke had murder'd *Orleans*.

KING.

Through what false Opticks do Mens Passions
 look?

In this wild Justice he out-sinn'd the Duke.

BLAMOUNT.

De Chastel talk'd (tho' few did credit it)

Of Letters taken, which the Duke had writ:

Th' Express confess'd, that they to you weremeant;

In which he offer'd, (if you would consent

To what he there, Sir, did propose to you)

He would unthrone the King and Dauphin too.

KING.

I by the Duke have been so coarsly us'd,

That what he had propos'd, I had refus'd.

Will not the Son revenge the Father's Fall?

[*Charoloys pulls off his Disguise.*

CHAROLOYS.

Yes, Sir, and does for your Assistance call:

The Blood of Sov'reign Princes, basely spilt,

Calls loud to Monarchs to revenge the Guilt.

My Reason, not my Passion, makes me fly
 From a false Friend to a brave Enemy.
 If you'll revenge high Blood, ignobly shed,
 The Crown of *France* I'll settle on your Head;
 And when you wed the Princess *Catharine*,
 The States shall then entail it on your Line:
 Of those, most are my Friends, and my Allies,
 And they are all so noble, and so wise,
 That with one Voice they will aloud disdain
 The proud Injustice of a Murd'rer's Reign.

KING.

Your Father's Faults I'll cast into his Grave,
 And will revenge that Blood I could not save.
 And since you are so generous and just,
 That, without Treaty, you my Honour trust;
 You shall, Sir, on a King's unblemish'd Word,
 Enjoy my Friendship, and engage my Sword.

CHAROLOYS.

Where Faith is wanting, this would satisfy;
 On which, as on Truth's Pillar, I rely.

KING.

Th' Example of your Worth will make a Friend
 But what, Sir, does the Dauphin now intend?

CHAROLOYS.

This fatal Murder, Sir, he did design
 Just when the Queen, the Princess *Catharine*,
 My Sister *Anne*, and I, (t' avoid the Heat
 And Noise of *Paris*) did to *Meaux* retreat.

Some Troops, to seize on us, he hither sent:
 One of their Leaders (as to *Meaux* they went,
 Being my private Friend) did, by a Post,
 Tell me; unless we fled, we all were lost;
 And that we should not then towards *Paris* fly;
 For on that Road some other Troops did lie
 To intercept us, if we thither fled.

KING.

This Root of Mischief soon will shoot and spread.

CHAROLOYS.

At this I found the Queen's Amazement great;
 For being now cut off from her Retreat,
 Her Wisdom could not teach her what to do;
 I then propos'd, we all should fly to you,
 As the securest Way to 'scape his Rage,
 And so your Virtue by our Trust engage;
 Virtue so known, as would her Fears controul.

KING.

Trust is the strongest Bond upon the Soul:
 That sacred Tie has Virtue oft begot;
 It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

CHAROLOYS.

I said she might, to break her Son's Design,
 Give you for Bride the Princess *Catharine*,
 And urge th' Estates t' entail the Crown on you:
 This to your Right, that to your Love is due.
 This done, what cou'd resist your Arms and mine?
 As she consider'd how she shou'd incline,

Clermount

Clermoun came in disguis'd, in whose known Ca
Her Wealth and Jewels lay, who did declare,
Her Treasure was surpriz'd by some, who said,
That they the Dauphin in that Act obey'd;
Who would imploy that Wealth, vilely procur'd,
So as that *France* shou'd have her Peace assur'd.

KING.

The Dauphin, in his Rage or Want, has done
What was below him, as a Prince or Son.

CHAROLOYS.

Tho' she this Wrong and Loss did calm
bear,

Yet the high Dictates of Revenge and Fear
Made her resolve immediately to do
What I with Reason first advis'd her to.
And now at *Troyes* the Queen and Princess are,
To which the Dauphin will transport the War;
A Garison of mine secures that Town,
And since 'tis mine, you know it is your own.

KING.

'Tis chiefly to your Favour I must owe
My being blest'd in Love and Conquest too.

CHAROLOYS.

'Twere fit, Sir, that you sent some Troops o
Horse,
The Garison of *Trayes* to reinforce,

KING.

KING.

I'll lead them, Sir, myself: All that are mine
 In *France*, are but the Guards of *Catharine*;
 My Duty else she might in Question bring.

CHAROLOYS.

'Tis spoken like a Lover, and a King.
Blamount I'll send before, that she may know
 What Honour to her you intend to do.

[Exit *Blamount*.]

When you to *Troyes* are come, it shall appear
 I will perform more than I promis'd here.

KING.

You may augment my Debt as you think fit;
 But nothing can increase my Sense of it,
 Unless your Favour, Sir, I could incline
 To make my Brother's Joys keep Time with mine:
 His Love to Princess *Anne* wants your Consent.

CHAROLOYS.

She made me in their Loves her Confident:
 And in your Brother I shall think her bless'd.

KING.

This, Sir, unites our Bloods and Interest.

BEDFORD.

This Grant, great Prince, my Happiness secures.

KING.

It makes my Happiness as much as yours.
 Now, *Tudor*, if your prosp'rous Stars design
 That we shall both see beauteous *Catharine*,

I will perform all that I promis'd thee;
 And when thy Story she has heard from me,
 (In which, by all her Truth, I'll do thee Right)
 We then our Supplications will unite,
 That she (our Judge) will only him prefer,
 Whom she believes is least unworthy her;
 Without regarding, in the Cause we bring,
 That thou my Subject art, and I thy King.

TUDOR.

In Virtue, Sir, so much you me outshine,
 That you all other Motives may decline.

KING.

Brother, 'tis fit, the Duke, with you, and I,
 Should on the Princess wait immediately.
Tudor's Brigade the Princess' Guard shall be,
 And with the Army you must follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter QUEEN, *Princess* CATHARINE, *Princess*
 ANNE, and *Countess* LA MARR.

QUEEN.

Our Sins make us defenceless, and we fly
 For our Protection to our Enemy.
 Thy Laws, Oh Heav'n! have I offended so,
 That thou hast made my Son my greatest Foe?
 Into the World I have the Monster brought,
 And now no Suff'rings can transcend that Fault.

Princess

Princess CATHARINE.

Madam, you make, whilst thus you bear his Crime,
Our Grief more just for you, than yours for him.

LA MARR.

If he should hear you grieve in this Excess,
The Triumph of his Malice would increase.

Princess ANNE.

My Duty has th' Assault of Grief withstood ;
For since his Fury shed my Father's Blood,
That wasted Time, which you employ to grieve,
I, to design'd Revenge, more justly give :
Let all your Sorrow in such Thoughts expire.

QUEEN.

Grief is the Fuel, and Revenge the Fire.

Princess ANNE.

Think then on all the Crimes which he has done,
And let those Thoughts cancel the Name of Son.

QUEEN.

Since fal'n so low from what is great or good,
I hate his Crimes more than I love his Blood.

Enter BLAMOUNT.

BLAMOUNT.

Madam, my Duty has provok'd my Speed :
The King and Duke most strictly are agreed,
And both, this Night, will wait upon you here.

QUEEN.

This happy News suppresses all my Fear,

And

And makes me hope, assisted by their Fate,
That I shall live to punish what I hate.

BLAMOUNT.

Those Troops now on their March, he does design
As Guards to attend the Princess *Carhartine*;
And therefore would not send, but leads them hence
That his Respect and Love may both appear.

QUEEN.

We were, when to this Monarch we did trust,
Kind to ourselves, and to his Virtue just.
Blamount, for this Reception, straight prepare
All that can Joy and our Respect declare.
Daughter, you must awhile retire with me:
I have some Words which need your Privacy.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter CONSTABLE, and Bishop of ARRAS.

ARRAS.

Our Ecclesiastic States are all agreed,
This Day the Dauphin, for his bloody Deed,
Will summon'd be, to answer what was done.

CONSTABLE.

I have the Peers to that Conclusion won;
And those who represent the Commons too,
Will now not slowly yield to what we do.
I'll lose my Judgment, if he dares appear.

ARRAS.

He loses his, and Life, in coming here:

his Murder has incens'd them to the Height.

CONSTABLE.

All hate a Prince who violates his Faith:

These Peoples Tempers do Occasion give

To obey those Orders we did now receive.

And already, that the most incline

The King should marry Princess *Catharine*,

And on their Issue would the Crown entail.

ARRAS.

The Dauphin's Crime will make that King prevail.

CONSTABLE.

Rather than bow beneath a Murd'rer's Pow'r,

Let's to the Throne advance our Conqueror:

The Queen and Duke expect it at your Hands.

ARRAS.

I never durst obey unjust Commands.

CONSTABLE.

Do you then think that those Commands are such?

ARRAS.

If you think so, my Lord, you wrong me much:

My Judgment by a better Guide was led,

When I our Annals and Records had read;

For then I doubted, that since *Charles the Fair*,

Our Kings, insensibly, Usurpers were.

The Crown (if Truth did dictate what I read)

Belong'd to the victorious *Edward's* Head;

Which no Prescription from his Line should take:

I'll therefore to this Change no Scruple make;

But

But if the Dauphin were the rightful Heir,
 You might of my Obedience then despair;
 For Reason's Maxim I must ever own,
 No King can make a Forfeit of his Crown:
 Much less can I admit, the States Decree
 Has Pow'r to give away his Monarchy.

CONSTABLE.

My Justice shall, now I am taught by you,
 Perform what I resolv'd Revenge should do:
 My Lord, let's go where all our Friends are met,
 And jointly pay to Heav'n this double Debt.

Enter KING, *Princess* CATHARINE, TUDOR

KING.

Madam, I have injurious been to him,
 As far as Ignorance could make a Crime:
 I did employ him in my Suit to you,
 But knew not then, that he ador'd you too:
 But I declare, (which some Amends may be)
 That he at least, in all Things, equals me,
 Unless in Title; but 'tis greater far
 A Crown to merit, than a Crown to wear.
 Can Title in that Balance e'er prevail,
 Where Love is Merit, and you hold the Scale?
 I wave whatever may your Favour move,
 Except the Title of the highest Love.

Speak for thyself, if I have less'n'd thee.

TUDOR.

Only my Silence, Sir, should plead for me.

KING.

Thy Love, when I employ'd thee, was unknown:
 minded no Man's Sorrows but mine own;
 Nor where so many Shafts were shot in me,
 Could think, any before had wounded thee.

TUDOR.

All, Sir, that in my Cause is said by you,
 at once is for me, and against me too:
 Howe'er, I'll rather speak, than quite despair,
 since she is just, and you my Rival are.

et, Sir, this Diff'rence to my Case is due,
 You speak for me, but I resign for you.

Princess CATHARINE.

He who resigns his Love, tho' for his King,
 does, as he is a Lover, a low Thing;
 but as a Subject, a high Crime does do,
 being at once, Subject and Rebel too;
 or whilst to Regal Pow'r he does submit,
 he casts off Love, a greater Pow'r than it.

TUDOR.

I fear you now are glad of a Pretence
 to punish what you cannot recompense:
 Could you think Love's Pow'r I do not know,
 because my Love all others does outgo?

If I by that seem guilty in your Eye,
 Oh! happy Guilt, which raises Love so high!
 For I but shew in what I now have done,
 That I your Int'rest prize above my own.

Princess CATHARINE.

But justly I admire how you can prove
 So true to Friendship, and so false to Love;
 Since in Effect they both are but the same,
 Only the Sex gives them a diff'rent Name.

TUDOR.

You Friendship tax, for being too sublime;
 And make its Duty, ev'n to Love, a Crime.

Princess CATHARINE.

Your King does give you a brave Rival's Leave
 But you seem loath that Licence to receive:
 Of these, which for my Wonder is more fit?
 The Leave he gave, or your not using it?

TUDOR.

The Giver may such Gifts as these esteem;
 I can, but by refusing, merit them:
 And, Madam, since 'tis evident that you
 Can never pay what to us both is due,
 Why will you call that Act in me a Crime,
 By which we both may Justice do to him?
 Nor blame me, that my Friendship's Debt I paid
 By thus resigning what I never had:

et me my Death without Reproaches crave.

Princess CATHARINE.

At once you my Disdain and Pardon have.

TUDOR.

But why should you disdain that which to you
Obedience shews, to him my Duty too?

Princess CATHARINE.

It is a Duty he will not receive.

TUDOR.

But you, to love you, have deny'd me Leave.

Princess CATHARINE.

He who makes Love at a true Lover's Height,
Does ne'er ask Leave, but takes it as his Right.

TUDOR.

Have you design'd, in what you'd have me do,
To make me lose my King and Mistress too?

In losing of the last I'm so accurs'd,
As you in Pity let me keep the first.

Princess CATHARINE.

I'd have you, Sir, in that which I intend,
Express that you did merit such a Friend:

Would have had you, too, to let him see,
That you were not unworthy to love me;

But, making such an ill Retreat, you seem
No more to merit bravely me or him.

What greater Thing, or meaner, could you do,
Than dare at once to love, and quit me too?

I would have had you like yourself appear,
 And not with Friendship's Name disguise your Fear
 Nor tell him he to your Respect does owe
 That which alone my Justice does bestow.
 I would have had you nobly fall by it,
 And not thus meanly, uncompell'd, submit.

TUDOR.

Madam, with you no longer I'll contend;
 Since in the Way we differ, not the End.
 Sir, tho' she thinks my Condemnation fit,
 Yet, without Sighs, I to her Doom submit:
 For one Joy's Loss another Joy secures;
 What loses me her Favour, merits yours.

KING.

Whilst, *Tudor*, you for me your Claim deny
 I gain the Field, and you the Victory:
 Yours is the nobler, mine the happier Share;
 I'm the Oblig'd, but you th' Obliger are.
 In leaving me, as worthy of your Friend,
 You to the utmost Rate my Worth commend;
 Whilst with that Value I to him am brought,
 You shew a Friendship worthy to be sought.
 Be but my Friend, as you to him have been,
 Letting out Love to keep your Friendship in,
 And make forsaken Love contented seem;
 Then I'll your Friendship, Sir, like Love esteem.

Enter QUEEN, CHAROLOYS, *Duke* of BED-
FORD, and *Princess* ANNE.

QUEEN.

I'm come to tell you, Sir, that we have sign'd
All that can *France* to your Protection bind.

The States have judg'd to Banishment my Son;
And, as we promis'd, have entail'd the Crown.

CHAROLOYS.

And, Sir, in all their Names, one from each State,
Attending both your Thrones, shall supplicate,
That they in public their Decree may give,
Which only from their Justice you receive.

QUEEN.

That public Form, Sir, may a little wait,
Till we our Nuptial Rites shall celebrate :
My Thoughts are fully to my Daughter known.

KING.

But for herself, would I might know her own.

Princess CATHARINE.

I of your Love shall too unworthy be,
When I deny, that it has conquer'd me.

KING.

He who the Glory has to conquer you,
Does, without War, more than the World subdue.

BEDFORD.

Heav'n meant not you alone should happy be :
Hold, Sir, what it has reserv'd for me,

Confirm'd by her, and by her Brother too.

CHAROLOYS.

The Gift is perfect, when allow'd by you.

KING.

I can but add the ceremonial Part;

You had the Substance, when you had the Heart

Princess ANNE.

I cannot add to what I gave before,
Unless in saying, I could give no more.

QUEEN.

Crowds of impatient Subjects wait within,
To see the Nuptials of the King and Queen;
The sacred Prelate in the Temple stays,
And longs to mingle Myrtle with your Bays.
It were offensive to admit Delay——
She, Sir, will follow, when I lead the Way.

[*Exit*]

Enter the DAUPHIN.

DAUPHIN.

Revenge and Pride my Reason have betray'd,
And both have rul'd, what both should have obey'd;
This Duke did with his Life his Sins resign,
Which, in his Blood, are written down for mine;
Revenge! of all thy Charms, Oh! let me find
But one, t' appease the Tempest of my Mind:
Let none to the Success of Mischief trust;
I'll rather be unhappy, than unjust.

En

Enter DE CHASTEL hastily.

DE CHASTEL.

You cannot your new Levies now employ
To storm, or to besiege the Queen in *Troye*.

Sir, to prevent our Courage, and her Fear,

The King of *England* is in Person there.

The Bride's prepar'd, the King and Duke agreed;

The trembling States have treach'rously decreed,

During your Father's Life, the King shall be

Admitted to a boundless Regency:

And, after his Decease, their Law declares,

The Crown shall fall to *Henry*, and his Heirs.

The Queen (to whom they vast Revenues give)

Will, quitting Pow'r, rich and obscurely live.

DAUPHIN.

Can her Revenge alone incline her to

What Right and Nature could not make her do?

DE CHASTEL.

Spend not that Time in blaming what she does,

Which Fortune for a fair Retreat allows.

The Duke of *Exeter*, with all his Horse,

Directly to your Camp now bends his Course:

Th' Alarm of such a growing Force so near,

Gave your new Troops a good Excuse for Fear:

Overtake your Time before it runs too far.

Sir, 'tis a granted Principle in War,

That Chiefs not strong enough t' engage in Fight,

Should still retire before the Foe's in Sight.

Of all War's Tasks, the hardest is Retreat,
Where Fear does our worst Foe, Disorder, meet.
Retire, Sir, lest Men say, we proudly staid
Too long for those of whom we were afraid.

DAUPHIN.

Must the first Act which I design'd to do,
Be foil'd, and ere it is attempted too?

DE CHASTEL.

Let not one Look of Fortune cast you down;
She were not Fortune, if she still did frown:
Such as do bravely bear her Scorns a-while,
Are those on whom, at last, she most will smile.

DAUPHIN.

Raise then the Camp! Fortune, that leads the way
Of Time's whole Progress, can give us a Day.

[Exeunt

The Curtain falls.

*Two HERALDS appear opposite to each other in
the Balconies near the Stage.*

1st HERALD.

Herald! What Summons have you to proclaim?
Whom would you summon now, and in whose
Name?

2^d HERALD.

All that are *English*, and all *French*, appear.

1st HERALD.

I am to summon those great Nations here.

2d HERALD.

And I must summon them to come before
Henry the Fifth, both King and Conqueror.
All that are *English*, and all *French*, appear!

1st HERALD.

Behold your King and Queen! behold! and hear!
You, Prelates of the Church, are summon'd all,
And ev'ry Member Ecclesiastical.

2d HERALD.

And ev'ry Noble too, and Commoner.

1st HERALD.

He that is *French* or *English*, and not here,
In Person, or in public Deputy,
Shall, tho' alive, in Law not living be.

2d HERALD.

Henry the Fifth is now to take the Crown
Of *France*, not as if giv'n him, but his own.

1st HERALD.

That Crown shall still descend to all his Line,
As Heirs, or not as Heirs, of *Catharine*.

2d HERALD.

He that is *French*, or *English*, now attend!

1st HERALD.

Or else he is no Liegeman, and no Friend.

[The Curtain is drawn up.]

The

The Curtain being lifted up, there appears the
 KING, *Princess* CATHARINE, *QUEEN* M
 THER, *Princess* ANNE, CHAROLOYS, *and*
all the English, and the French Nobility, and
Officers of State, and others, according
their Places.

BURGUNDY.

The Deputies, sent by the Three Estates,
 Wait for Admittance at your Palace-gates.

KING.

My Lord, with all the public Forms of Care,
 Let all my Officers their Way prepare.

[All the Officers, design'd for that Pur-
pose, then orderly go out.]

If aught this Day my Blessings could abate,
 'Tis that they are ill-husbanded by Fate;
 For, Madam, I am now too happy grown,
 By gaining, in one Day, you and a Throne.
 The first Felicity I found so vast,
 As takes away my Relish of the last.

Enter the distinct Trains of the Deputies from the
Three Estates, the King's Officers, and, last of
all, the Three Deputies, the Bishop of Arras for
the Ecclesiastics, the CONSTABLE for the
Peers, and Monsieur COLEMORE for the People.

Bishop of ARRAS.

Great King, th' Estates of France have sent us Three
 To pay their Duties in this just Decree ;

Fixing

Fixing the Crown on you, and on that Line,
 Which Heav'n, in Favour, shall to both design.
 Who knows what Wonders such a Line may do,
 As is from Beauties drawn, and Conquerois too?
 In which, Heav'n all those Princes will unite,
 Who to this Empire have, or claim, a Right.
 We by the Dauphin's bloody Deed did see,
 That he but falsely claim'd what he would be:
 For we admir'd, one born to fill his Throne,
 Could act his Crime, and then that Crime could own.
 But, searching our Records, we found at last,
 That a long Error as a Truth has pass'd;
 For he who flies, now Justice does advance,
 Is *Charles of Valois*, not the Son of *France*.
 From those Records, the Learned clearly tell
 Your antient Title by *Queen Isabel*;
 By whom you to this Crown are lawful Heir:
 New Rights we grant not, but the old declare.
 This just Decree, in which they pay that Debt,
 We humbly prostrate at your Royal Feet.
 I from the Clergy come, to whom is giv'n
 The lasting Pow'r of Legates sent from Heav'n:
 Their Pray'rs will make you conquer when you
 fight;
 And, in their Voice, Heav'n does allow you Right.

CONSTABLE.

I from the Nobles come, who still are born
 To save their Monarchs, and their Courts adorn;
 And

And still are certain of th' incessant Care
Of Palaces, and Dangers of the War.
They in their Sphere should still continue bright,
Since they from Kings derive their borrow'd Light

Monsieur COLEMORE.

I from the People come, who always are
The Hands, as Nobles are the Heads of War:
And when the glorious Toils of War shall cease,
Their Hands are no less useful, Sir, in Peace.

Bishop of ARRAS.

And all the Three do with one Voice confess,
They in their Duty find their Happiness.

[They give the Parchment]
KING.

Th' Estates, I hope, my Lords, shall ne'er repent
What I receive, and they have freely sent.
English and French now but one People are,
And both shall have my equal Love and Care:
But *Charles of Valois* we shall soon destroy,
And by his Ruin, *France* shall Peace enjoy.
Since now 'gainst so much Guilt we are to fight,
We may depend on Conquest as our Right.
Our Swords should only Miracles produce,
Now we have join'd the *Cross* and *Fleur-de-Lys*.
'Twere Sin, the Help of Fortune to implore
To crown that Head your Hands have crown'd before.

[Exeunt omnes.]

T H E

Dramatis Personae.

THE
TRAGEDY

OF

MUSTAPHA,

The SON of

SOLYMAN the Magnificent.

Dramatis Personæ.

SOLYMAN, *surnam'd the Magnificent, Emperor of the Turks.*

RUSTAN, *Prime Minister to the Emperor, i. Vizier.*

PYRRHUS, *another of the Emperor's Ministers & Viziers.*

CARDINAL of Veradium.

THURICUS, *an Hungarian Lord.*

KING of Hungary, *a Child.*

MUSTAPHA, *Son of Solyman by a former Wife.*

ZANGER, *Son of Solyman by Roxolana.*

ASHERMAT, *an Eunuch Bassau.*

HALY, *an Eunuch Bassau.*

VICHE, *an Hungarian Lord.*

WOMEN.

ROXOLANA, *Empress, Solyman's Wife.*

ISABELLA, *Queen of Hungary, Mother of the King.*

CLEORA, *an Attendant on the Queen of Hungary.*

ZARMA, } *Roxolana's Women.*

MIRZA, }

Mutes, Guards, Pages, &c.

MUSTAPHA

MUSTAPHA.

The FIRST ACT.

SOLYMAN'S Camp, and his Pavilion.

*Enter SOLYMAN, RUSTAN, PYRRHUS, and
the Sultan's Guards.*

RUSTAN.

WHAT Influence, mighty Sultan, rules the Day,
And stops your Course, where Glory leads
the Way?

Th' Hungarian Armies hasten from the Field,
And Buda waits for your Approach to yield;
Yet you seem doubtful what you are to do,
And turn from Triumphs, when they follow you.

PYRRHUS.

We at the Sun's one Moment's Rest should more
Admire, than at his glorious Course before.
Glory, like Time, Progression does require;
When it does cease t' advance, it does expire.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

You both mistake; my Glory is the Cause,
 That in my Conquest I have made this Pause.
 Whilst *Hungary* did pow'rful Foes afford,
 I thought her Ruin worthy of my Sword;
 But now the War does seem too low a Thing,
 Against a mourning Queen, and infant King.
Pyrrhus, it will unequal seem in me
 To conquer, and then blush at Victory.

RUSTAN.

None but the Conquer'd should have Sense
 Shame:
 Shall Shows of Virtue darken your bright Fame?
 Success does cover all the Crimes of War,
 And Fame and Virtue still consistent are,
 In lazy Peace let Christian Monarchs rust,
 Who think no War, but what's defensive, just.
 Our valiant Prophet did by Slaughter rise:
 Conquest a Part of our Religion is.

PYRRHUS.

He in his holy War sounds no Retreat,
 Accounting none Religious, but the Great;
 His Martyrs, not by yielding, Glory gain;
 They th' other World, by conqu'ring this, obtain.

SOLYMAN.

To *Rome* I will my dreadful Ensigns lead;
Rome, which was once the universal Head,

Which

Which still the World's important Part controuls ;
 Once she gave Laws to Kingdoms, now to Souls :
 To that great Conquest my Designs I bend ;
 This Kingdom is my Way, and not my End ;
 Which now, since too much scar'd by my Alarms,
 Seems worthier of my Pity, than my Arms.

RUSTAN.

Since *Rome* did once the Universe subdue,
 'Tis now the only Conquest fit for you ;
 But he who Conquests wisely has design'd,
 Does never leave an Enemy behind.
 Tho' all that Heav'n e'er finish'd in a Man,
 Is now in you, yet Heav'n's great Agent can
 Proceed but as the Instrument of Fate,
 To work out Conquests, not at once create.
 Beginnings should to th' End still useful be ;
 'Tis more to use, than gain a Victory.

PYRRHUS.

The Sword must end what Valour has begun ;
 Else you disgrace what is already done :
 Your Foes would think, if you should now relent,
 That you of Conquests, as of Crimes, repent.
 When your bright Crescents are to *Buda* shown,
 'Tis but a Step to the *Hungarian* Crown :
 Your Presence lower than their Knees will bring
 Th' *Hungarian* Priests, to offer up their King.
 When by that Proof your Conquest is confess'd,
 Dispose of him by Rules of Interest.

SOLYMAN.

Bear then my Standard before *Buda's* Walls:
I should not stop my Ears, when Glory calls.
Since there the Foe all his Reserves does make,
In taking *Buda* I the Kingdom take.
Call the Divan, let them consult with you,
What with the Infant King is fit to do.

[*Exeunt the two Bashi*

Divans, like Commonwealths, regard not Fame;
Disdaining Honour, they can feel no Shame:
Each does, for what they public Safety call,
Venture his Virtue in behalf of all;
Doing by Pow'r what Nature does forbid,
Each hoping, amongst all, that he is hid;
Hidden, because they on each other wink,
When they dare act what Monarchs scorn to thin

[*Ex*

Enter ISABELLA, Queen of Hungaria, in Mourning, CLEORA, THURICUS, VICHE, and Attendants.

THURICUS.

In the *Hungarian* Council does appear
Disorder, vary'd in all Shapes of Fear.

VICHE.

And in their Looks too clearly I descry,
They'll rather tamely yield, than bravely die.

QUEEN

QUEEN.

But yet the Remedy by Death remains :
 Then that may free them, will they carry Chains?
 Their Souls are with their Armies overcome ;
 They who the Bulwark were of Christendom,
 Shall now be made at once their Scorn and Shame :
 'Tis less to lose their Country, than their Fame.
 Tho' the frighted States should yield the Town,
 I am resolv'd ne'er to resign the Crown :
 My Care of that, and my Neglect of Life,
 Are Signs that I have been your Monarch's Wife.

THURICUS.

The Death of that great King, for whom you
 mourn,

And our advancing Empire backward turn :
 The *Turks* may now the Christian World outbrave,
 Since all our Hopes lie buried in his Grave.

Enter the CARDINAL of Veradium.

CARDINAL.

The Sultan's Army covers *Buda's* Hills,
 Which our consulting States with Terror fills ;
 Who hearing he to such has Mercy shown,
 Timely yielding, did his Wrath atone,
 They will a sudden Present to him bring,
 Worth more than all their Lives, our Infant King.

QUEEN.

Give up the King ! In that Resolve I see
 Hungarians now are ripe for Slavery :

The Prince, who from your King his Birth did take
 Shall not a Part of *Turkish* Triumph make.
 Death may, but Fear shall never cast me down:
 Who yields, does ne'er deserve to wear a Crown
 Death shall us both in the first Breach relieve;
 We'll die, since in the Throne we cannot live.

THURICUS.

Ah, Madam! that which you have now designed
 Does more become your Fortune than your Mind
 Let not your Virtue teach you Cruelty.

QUEEN.

'Tis worse to merit Death, than 'tis to die:
 A Queen who does resign her Son and State,
 Does use herself worse than she's us'd by Fate.

CARDINAL.

Since now the States your broken Armies pass
 The Orders of the States they will obey;
 And what they have resolv'd, they soon will do
 Therefore my Counsel, Madam, pray pursue;
 Since they have prov'd so false and so unjust,
 Turn what they make Necessity to Trust;
 Send the Crown-Jewels, and the Infant King
 To *Roxolana*, as an Offering;
 Subdue that Beauty which the Victor sways,
 With what the Great are soonest caught with, Pr
 Extol her Virtue, and her Mercy move,
 By all the Charms of Pity, and of Love.

gaining her, you make the Sultan sure;
 desp'rate Ill can have no common Cure:
 Whilst with Applause high Minds you higher raise,
 you make them virtuous to make good your Praise.

QUEEN.

The States, not I, this Counsel may esteem;
 I will make me do what I abhorr'd in them.
 by their Cowardice I am destroy'd,
 I'll bravely meet what I in vain avoid.
 Ah! 'tis enough my Fate to undergo:
 Must I the Patient be, and Agent too?
 'Tis hiazardous on th' Empress to rely:
 by the Sultan's Conquest can but die;
 and 'twill less Glory to my Death afford,
 to perish by her Sentence, than his Sword.
 by my own Way, I but to Death submit;
 but if I follow yours, I merit it:

or when a Monarch is subdu'd by Fear,
 What he does suffer, he deserves to bear.

CARDINAL.

My Way, the worst that can befall our King,
 to become his People's Offering;
 of the two Ills, which will the greater be,
 to die for them, or by their Treachery?
 thus he'll afflict whom he can ne'er reclaim;
 or sure the sharpest Punishment is Shame:
 the worse they are, his Fate the better seems,
 when those who him destroy, he thus redeems.

Religion too makes it a greater Thing,
To die a Martyr, than to live a King.

QUEEN.

My Lord, your pious Reasons make me yield:
Nature to Virtue should resign the Field.
Bring me, *Cleora*, my unhappy Son,
And with him all the Jewels of the Crown.

[Exit Cleora]

You, *Thuricus*, on Embassy shall go
To *Roxolana's* Tent, and let her know,
How much the common Voice of Fame I trust,
Which renders her compassionate and just:
Whilst others say, she all her Sex exceeds,
They shew their Faith by Words, but I by Deeds
I by so strange a Trust may find Relief,
If she has Virtue equal to my Grief.

VICHE.

Madam, she will not now, by one mean Act,
A future Stain on her past Fame contract,

THURICUS.

Honour will make her value what I bring,
'Tis more to save, than to destroy a King.

*Enter CLEORA with the young KING, and
Casket of Jewels, with Attendants.*

QUEEN.

Ah! wou'd thy Cradle had been made thy Grave,
Since born to be at once a King and Slave!

In Bonds thou dost thy fatal Reign begin,
And thou art punish'd, ere thou know'st to sin.

CARDINAL.

You feed your Sorrow, when you thus complain:
Think not of Loss, but count what you may gain.
Fortune, who leads him hence, will bring him back,
And long preserve what you a-while forsake.

QUEEN.

My Lord, my Sorrow seeks not your Relief;
You are not fit to judge a Mother's Grief;
You have no Child for an untimely Grave,
Nor can you lose, what I desire to have.

CARDINAL.

He'll be restor'd, unless you hazard him,
By losing Time, which none could e'er redeem.

QUEEN.

I'll now seal up the Heart which I must send
In thee, to thy new Mother, and my Friend.

[*Kisses him.*]

Oh, Heav'n! persuade her that she both may prove,
And that her Pow'r be equall'd by her Love.

Let me but seal't again, ere it does go:

Two Seals th' Importance of Dispatches show.

[*Kisses him again.*]

CARDINAL.

Madam, we must by stealth our Passage get:
Our Guards are strict, and th' Ev'ning Watch is set.

QUEEN.

Be you his Nurse, *Cleora*; teach him how
He should to Heav'n with early Homage bow;
Teach him to sooth the Empress, and to be
A pretty Suppliant for himself and me.

[*Exeunt several ways, the Queen still turning
her Eyes towards her Son, and weeping*]

Enter MUSTAPHA, ZANGER, *Attendants*.

MUSTAPHA.

Sure, my dear *Zanger*, those who heretofore
The envy'd Crown of this great Empire wore,
Ne'er knew the Charms which Friendship do attend
Or in a Brother never had a Friend;
Since he who Friendship's sacred Pow'r has known
Rather than kill a Friend, would lose a Throne:
Your Friendship at so just a Rate I prize,
As I for that this Empire can despise.

ZANGER.

That jealous Care which on his Throne attend
Thinks those too great, who merit to be Friends.
None but an Equal should in Friendship share,
And Sultans of their Equals jealous are:
They think the Proof of Wisdom is Distrust,
And then believe, whate'er is safe, is just.
Their fatal Maxims made our Sultans still,
As soon as they were crown'd, their Brothers kill.

MUSTAPHA

MUSTAPHA.

How can that Wisdom in our Sultans be,
 Which of itself is Fear and Cruelty?
 If Titles change th' Intention of the Fact,
 Then Justice weighs the Actor, not the Act:
 And who would not a Monarchy refuse,
 When, to gain Pow'r, he must his Nature lose?
 The Virtue of that Man was never strong,
 Who fear'd not more to do, than suffer Wrong.
 By our great Prophet solemnly I swear,
 If I the *Turkish* Crown do ever wear,
 Our bloody Custom I will overthrow:
 That Debt I both to you and Justice owe.

ZANGER.

And here I vow, by all that's good and high,
 I'll not out-live the Day in which you die:
 This, which my Friendship makes me promise now,
 My Grief will then enable me to do.

MUSTAPHA.

My Vow is seal'd. —

ZANGER.

— Mine, Friendship shall make good.

[*They embrace.*]

MUSTAPHA.

Friendship's a stronger Tie, than that of Blood,

Enter

Enter HALY.

HALY.

Sir, the Divan in secret Council sit :
 The Sultan to their Judgment does remit
 The Summons or Assault of this proud Town,
 Or to demand the Infant with his Crown.

ZANGER.

If the Divan may of this Realm dispose,
 Th' *Hungarians* will have scarce enough to lose.

MUSTAPHA.

Councils dare do worse than their Monarchs dare
 For where in Evil many bear a Share,
 They hardly count, when they divide the Guilt,
 A Drop for each, tho' Streams of Blood were spilt.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter ROXOLANA with her Train, CLEORA,
 THURICUS with the young KING, with a
 Casket of Jewels.*

ROXOLANA.

She thinks that my Compassion may be bought :
 You had the King without these Jewels brought,
 If she had held me worthy to have shown,
 That I without Reward would save a Crown.
 She does at once what gen'rous seems and low ;
 What her Trust builds, her Gifts do overthrow.
 Bear back the Remnants of her ruin'd State,
 And leave the Infant to expect his Fate.

THU-

A TRAGEDY.

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THURICUS.

Great *Roxolana* cannot but excuse
Those Errors which our Queen's Respects produce :
She makes for her Offence no ill Amends,
When she dares trust that Virtue she offends ;
Nor has she Cause that Error to deplore,
Which gives you Pow'r to shew your Mercy more.
Tis not below your Fame, nor yet your State,
To pardon Faults your Glory does create ;
For if your Glory had been less sublime,
You could not take her Present for a Crime.
These glist'ring Ornaments of regal State,
Become the Prosp'rous, not th' Unfortunate.
Ah ! to her Error, Madam, be more kind :
The Wrong she meant not, she the Trust design'd.

ROXOLANA.

What I resolve, I change not thro' Mistake :
Leave here your King ; but bear your Presents back.

CLEORA.

This Answer makes us both rejoice and mourn :
The greater Gift you keep, the less return.
Yet your Protection cannot be deny'd :
Honour and Mercy ever were ally'd.

[*Exeunt* Thuricus, Cleora, Roxolana.
Ladies carry away the Infant.

Enter ZARMA.

ZARMA.

From the Divan, *Rustan* is hither sent,
Who humbly begs t' attend you in your Tent.

ROXO-

ROXOLANA.

Admit him. This must of Importance be :

[Exit Zarma,

He is a Cloud between the Sun and me.

ACHMAT.

Your Beams exhal'd what they may soon dispel;
He'll shrink in lesser time than he did swell.

ROXOLANA.

He's now the Sultan's; but I rais'd him first,
And poison'd him with Pow'r, to make him burst,

Enter HALY, RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

From the Divan, great Empress, I am come:
They have pronounc'd the Royal Infant's Doom;
And now their Mutes, at your Pavilion Gate,
For Execution on your Pleasure wait,

ROXOLANA.

Can they contest with what they should despise?
Or are they in such want of Enemies,
As to pursue an Infant to my Tent?

RUSTAN.

'Tis said, that hither he's for Refuge sent,

ROXOLANA.

Design of Refuge sanctifies this Place:
Weakness pursu'd, shews strong Pursuers base.
The Privilege of Refuge I'll maintain,
And they, not breaking it, will Honour gain,

RUSTAN.

A TRAGEDY.

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RUSTAN.

States may by Honour lose, if they comply
With Mischiefs, because weak, or when they fly.
They root up Infant Danger, when it springs:
None can foretel the Height of growing Kings.

ROXOLANA.

The grave Divan, in ruining their Foes,
Are not concern'd when they may Honour lose;
Because it most reflects on future Fame:
But they seek present Safety, tho' with Shame.
Great *Solyman*, who has for Honour fought,
Does wisely prize what with his Blood he bought;
And what he values, I must value too:
Doing like him, how can I better do?
But the Divan and I shall vainly strive,
Since from the Sultan they that Pow'r derive,
By which for bloody Int'rest they contend;
And by his Pow'r, my Honour I defend.

RUSTAN.

Your Beauty keeps all human Pow'r in Awe:
What can resist it, but our Prophet's Law?
The wise Divan, arm'd with religious Force,
Contests not with your Pow'r, but your Remorse.

ROXOLANA.

Religion now does many Faces bear,
And all resemble those who copy her;
You Statesmen in your own Resemblance draw
Her Shape, by which you keep the World in Awe.

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

Fair Empress, when Religion does oppose
 What Custom plants, or in our Nature grows,
 We are incens'd; and yet we then forbear
 T' accuse the Law, but tax th' Interpreter;
 As Men refrain to quarrel with the Strong,
 But Wrongs pretend from those whom they may
 wrong:

Our Law offends them by their own Mistake,
 Whilst what is merciful, they cruel make:
 This Infant's Blood will quench the Flames of War;
 Millions of Lives we, by his dying, spare.

ROXOLANA.

But can Religion with such Ill dispense,
 As Harm prevents, by harming Innocence?

RUSTAN.

Shall true Religion (which must still declare
 Against all false Religions open War)
 Be less provided for Offence, than those
 Who practise Policy as well as Blows?

ROXOLANA.

Rustan, I did not think Camps could have bred
 One, whose Religion might in Temples plead
 For all that Heav'n enjoins, and Hell resists:
Rustan might lead an Army made of Priests.

RUSTAN.

They fight for th' other World, and yield up this:
 Would I could lead them all to Paradise!

But,

But, Madam, the *Hungarian* Child to save,
Contesting Armies, from a public Grave,
Should die, if with his Death you would dispense.

ROXOLANA.

I will have Pity of his Innocence.

RUSTAN.

His early dying may his Soul prefer
To th' other World, and may secure us here.
Those, Madam, may rejoice, who upward go;
And ought to pity us, who stay below.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, *Rustan*! you by soaring Virtue reach
Those Heights, of which our Priests can only
preach.

My Pity you correct, and then destroy,
In pleading what the Dead by Death enjoy:
And now, to show I prize what you esteem,
Call in my Mutes, and bid them strangle Him.

[*Pointing to Rustan.*]

RUSTAN.

'Tis much to say it: Can you mean it too?

[*Exit Mirza.*]

ROXOLANA.

I'll not dissemble, as you Viziers do.

Enter MIRZA, and the MUTES.

A Vizier's Power is but subordinate;
He's but the chief Dissembler of the State;

And

And oft for public Int'rest lyes ; but I,
 The Partner of Supreme Authority,
 Do ever mean the utmost that I say :
 Dispatch ; he's such a Saint as needs not pray.

HALY.

Hold ! hold ! ———

ROXOLANA.

——— How, *Haly!* by Command from you ?

HALY.

'Tis but for Leave that I may humbly sue.
 I can less doubt the Justice of your Will,
 Than that you here have Privilege to kill.
 The Greatness of his Crime none will suspect,
 Because he came t' invade what you protect ;
 But for that Height of Trespas let him live,
 Lest you should seem unable to forgive.

ACHMAT.

You only mortal Pow'r by killing shew ;
 But by forgiving it does heav'nly grow :
 Th' Offender more your Frowns, than dying, fear

RUSTAN.

To me your Anger worse than Death appears

ROXOLANA.

Live, since my Wrath does Fear of Death transcend
 Live to continue what thy Death will end.

[*Exit Rustan, bowing low*

[*Exeunt Mutes another way*

A TRAGEDY.

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HALY.

He's gone to study what Revenge can do;
But, Madam, 'tis more safe for us, that you
Have left a Vizier living to complain,
Than that the Sultan should have found him slain.

ROXOLANA.

Can you your Safety doubt, whilst you are mine?

ACHMAT.

You and the Sun warm all Things where you shine.

HALY.

Some Flow'rs seem more than others to rely
On the Sun's Favour, such as with his Eye
Open and shut, and with his Noon grow strong:
We like to those may flourish, but not long.

ACHMAT.

The Sultan will not chide your Violence,
But make our knowing of it an Offence;
And we shall certain be of Punishment,
For knowing that which we cou'd ne'er prevent.

HALY.

He'll on your Errors wink, as on his own,
And think them punish'd, in but being known.

Enter SOLYMAN.

ACHMAT.

Our Storm's already coming; wou'd 'twere past.

HALY.

Before it falls, let us to Shelter haste.

[*Exeunt Achmat, Haly*

C c

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

We in our Camp want Pow'r to check your Will
 And your Pavilion is your Citadel;
 Which you with Dwarfs, and Mutes, and Eunuch
 man,
 To hold out Siege against the whole Divan:
 This Wonder I am told, if it be true,
 We must leave *Buda* to beleaguer you.

ROXOLANA.

I thought, in gaining you, I gain'd the Field;
 And therefore would not to your Subjects yield.

SOLYMAN.

Fortune does blush at the bold Minds of those
 Who, what is long in gaining, rashly lose.

ROXOLANA.

Your Vizier is a most impatient Saint;
 He cannot suffer Wrong without Complaint.

SOLYMAN.

You would be terrible, yet pleasant too,
 And in gay Humour, when you Mischief do.
 Can you, when fullen grown, be chearful made
 With no less Sport, than Death in Masquerade?
 My Vizier, on whose Office I rely,
 Whose Pow'r should adverse Nations terrify,
 You, for your Eunuchs, and your Dwarfs Delight
 To try his Valour, with Death's Vizard fright.

Rox

ROXOLANA.

Had you not taught me, I had never known
All Pow'r to be phantastic, but your own.

SOLYMAN.

I'll teach you now, that Death's a serious Thing.
Call for your Mutes, and for your little King!

ROXOLANA.

What is your Meaning, Sultan? *Zarma*, stay!

SOLYMAN.

Ha! Is she doubtful whom she should obey?

ROXOLANA.

You rule enough, ruling the World and me;
Pray let my Women my own Subjects be.

SOLYMAN.

Your Subjects are not safe, obeying you:
They'll make my Mutes do more than yours should do.

ROXOLANA.

Your Looks are chang'd, and many Dangers there
Asssemble, like black Clouds, when Storms are near.

Ah, Sultan! what should *Roxolana* do,
If, like your Looks, your Heart were alter'd too?
Is it your Pleasure, that my Women bring,
For your Diversion, Sir, the Infant King?

SOLYMAN.

Your Question breeds Delay: Let him be brought.
Your Women sure are Mutes, and only taught

To know your Signs for what they should not do
I'll send my Mutes t' instruct them when to go.

[The Women run out]

ROXOLANA.

Alas! their Fear did make them loth to move:
They fear your Anger, but I trust your Love.

Enter the Women with the young King.

SOLYMAN.

Is this the Thing that you wou'd keep alive?
For whom the Cross does with the Creſcent strive
Nay, bring him near; his Motion has a Grace,
And I perceive a Promise in his Face,
That he'll perform what he declares in Show,
If Destiny will give him leave to grow.
His Eyes do with a diff'rent Lustre move;
They threaten Vengeance, and they promise Love.

ROXOLANA.

Pray look; methinks his Features are not ill—
But cruel *Rustan* thinks I have no Skill——
Poor Infant, none dare speak in thy Defence,
And thou want'st Words to plead thy Innocence.

SOLYMAN.

You are too fond: Be tender of your own:
They'll quit his Company to get his Crown,
If this seem strange, I'll put you out of Doubt:
Zarma, go call my Mutes; they wait without.

Rox

A TRAGEDY.

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ROXOLANA.

Stay! *Zarma*, stay! If this Sir, be your Doom,
Send me too where the Cruel never come:
I'll bind him to me with my Arms and Hair;
Then try, Sir, if your Mutes or Viziers dare
Enforce him from the Refuge of my Breast.

SOLYMAN.

Tho' with strange Valour you are now possess'd,
Yet surely, Empress, the Divan and I
May charge with the most desp'rate Enemy:
Your Heart will yield after this raging Fit.

ROXOLANA.

It may ere long, when you have broken it.

[Weeps.

SOLYMAN.

Come, come, my Mutes! ending an Infant's Life,
Which seems but new begun, will end our Strife.

ROXOLANA.

The Light of this new-kindled Life shall shine,
Till those who put it out extinguish mine:
Your Mutes may tremble, and your Viziers too,
Knowing what I have done, and still dare do.

SOLYMAN.

You will not, sure, with them and me contend!

ROXOLANA.

Against th' opposing World I will defend
The Life which in Protection I receive.

Alas, I'll do't---if you will give me leave---[Weeps.

SOLYMAN.

You, *Roxolana*, are the Conqueror.
 What Storm is not allay'd by such a Show'r?
 I only try'd whether your Virtue were
 Above my Anger, and your Sex's Fear:
 Since over both it does so nobly rise,
 It shall be more triumphant than your Eyes.

ROXOLANA.

By yielding you prevail, and your Remorse
 Gains more, than other Victors get by Force.

SOLYMAN.

Your Show'r of Tears will make my Laurels
 spring,
 And Growth does promise to this Infant King:
 He shall applaud your gentle Victory;
 For your Remorse saves him, and conquers me.

*[Exeunt : The young King being led on
 between Solyman and Roxolana.]*

The End of the First ACT.

The SECOND ACT.

Enter ROXOLANA, ZANGER, HALY, ZARMA,
ACHMAT, and Attendants to them.

ACHMAT.

THree Christian Ladies, who from *Buda* come,
Wait for Admittance in the outward Room.

ROXOLANA.

Sure they are sent from the *Hungarian* Queen.
Her Fears have made her restless: Bring them in.
Zanger, your Looks must now serene appear;
Rustan must find no more foul Weather here.
He has endeavour'd to deserve his Peace:
Therefore your Frowns must with my Anger cease.

ZANGER.

The Vizier gains so much of your Esteem,
That I, ere long, may with good Looks from him.

Enter the Queen of Hungary, and two Ladies
attending her.

QUEEN.

Madam, your Favours have so prosp'rous been,
And so obliging to th' *Hungarian* Queen,
(Still rising like your Virtue, and your Pow'r)
That she does find the Sense of this more,

Than she dares trust another to express ;
 Therefore is now her own Embassadress.
 That high Compassion, Madam, by which you
 The Infant sav'd, has brought the Mother too ;
 As the Afflicted with Devotion run
 To Altars, where great Miracles are done.

ROXOLANA.

In this you trust my Virtue, not my Pow'r ;
 And whilst you are oblig'd, oblige me more.

QUEEN.

Those who at Altars Blessings crave, may bring
 There where they begging come, an Offering :
 Which if they offer as a Recompence
 For what they then implore, were an Offence ;
 But, Madam, I shall now a Present make,
 Of what I ought to give, and you may take.
Buda for your Acceptance, Madam, waits :
 Your Virtue, by a Charm, unlocks her Gates,
Buda will bow to you, tho' it the Pow'r
 Proudly withstood of ev'ry Conqueror ;
 By Force ne'er aw'd, nor Stratagem beguil'd :
Buda, the Virgin Town ; which has been styl'd
 (When ev'ry Victor courted her to yield)
 The Mistress of the Master of the Field.

ZANGER.

Haly, we grow too great ; Heav'n makes us less
 Since Conquests bring such Beauties to Distress.

Methinks

Methinks my Mother should more tender grow.

HALY.

You'll feel that Pity, Sir, which she will show.

QUEEN.

I to your Virtue now a Present make,
Of what the Sultan's Pow'r could never take,
So much your pow'rful Virtue does oblige,
That it does take what he can but besiege.

ROXOLANA.

Whilst thus you strive to make my Virtue known,
Madam, you show a greater of your own;
And what I did, you now reward so well,
As makes the Recompence the Deed excel:
Yet but a little Virtue were in me,
If I should now let yours your Ruin be.

QUEEN.

How can my Gratitude my Ruin bring,
Trusting a Kingdom, where I trust a King?
Pardon me, Madam, if I come to you,
As all to Altars with Self-int'rest do;
Hoping they mighty Blessings shall receive,
For what they there in little Off'rings give.
I give an Infant King, whom all forsake,
And of a Town besieg'd a Present make;
But you, adopting him, restore a Crown,
And give a Kingdom, when you take a Town.
The Sultan may his Army's Valour spare;
You, by your single Virtue, end the War.

Roxo-

ROXOLANA.

Your Virtue has a greater Wonder wrought ;
 It conquers where it but Protection sought.
 Above this Height, Honour can never get ;
 For it does conquer, while it does submit.
 Madam, 'tis only *Solyman* and you
 Can boast they *Roxolana* did subdue ;
 And that your Triumph may the more appear,
 You in this very Camp have conquer'd her :
 But you are now my Guest, and you shall stay,
 Till you at least believe that I'll repay
 What you with more than Gratitude have done :
 Madam, I know you long to see your Son.
Zanger, attend the Queen, and let her be,
 By finding your Respects, assur'd of me.

[*Exeunt several ways, Zanger
 leading out the Queen.*]

Enter RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.

RUSTAN.

She o'er his Heart still more victorious grows,
 And faster conquers him, than he his Foes.

PYRRHUS.

Your dark Designs are all in Vapour gone ;
 They are but Clouds, her Beauty is the Sun.
 Great Fav'rites seldom their Resentments hide ;
 Revenge shows not their Anger, but their Pride :

She'll

She'll be reveng'd, that you her Pow'r may see.

RUSTAN.

'Twill her least Mischief seem, to ruin me:

She with the Wind and Tide of Favour flows.

PYRRHUS.

Row with that Stream which Strength cannot
oppose:

Swell up her Sails with Praise and Flattery.

RUSTAN.

Those are low Courtships for a Soul so high.

Such common Fawning she'll despise, or hate;

She must be tempted with a subtler Bait:

I must engage her by some bold Design,

In which her Int'rest with great Crimes may join.

The Great can never love, because too high

For that which Love allows, Equality;

But they to those they fear will Favour show,

And they fear those who their great Mischiefs know.

Knowing her Guilt, I may her Favour find:

Guilt, next to Love, above all Ties does bind.

Her heighten'd Mind and Nature much disdain,

That *Mustapha* should over *Zanger* reign.

I can assault her only on that Side,

Making her Virtue Vassal to her Pride.

PYRRHUS.

Advance, Sir, this Design, ere she can know

What for her sake you have begun to do:

Honour

Honour or Craft may make her else to shun
The Sin design'd, which she'll applaud when done

RUSTAN.

And, *Pyrrhus*, 'twere no little Mark of Skill
To make her think, when I oppos'd her Will,
'Twas only that I might the Sultan blind,
More safely to effect what I design'd:
My Faults to her shall such Deserts appear,
As she shall thank me, that I injur'd her.

PYRRHUS.

If she discerns you not thro' your Disguise,
She who has caught the Sultan, is your Prize.

RUSTAN.

I should her Friendship wish, were Friendship
more
Than a mere Name 'twixt those who covet Power
You shall but echo what I have begun,
To make the Father jealous of the Son.
I with the Sultan durst at first proceed
Only so far as might Attention breed.
Last Night some Words I artfully did say,
From Fame, not from myself, of *Mustapha*,
Which might the Sultan's jealous Anger raise,
Not Words of Accusation, but of Praise:
For nothing can old Monarchs more offend,
Than when their Successors we much commend.
I quickly found, that he was loth to hear;
Therefore, by Pause and Parcel in his Ear,

Did

bid civilly that Poison, Praise, infuse,
Men unwilling seem to tell all News.

PYRRHUS.

His first Disease is fix'd : What can remove
The Jealousy of Empire, or of Love?

RUSTAN.

Now I that fatal Seed have sown, 'tis fit
That I attend on Time to ripen it.

PYRRHUS.

When Fancy to that fruitful Weed does give
But any Root, 'twill grow whilst it does live.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ZANGER, and ACHMAT, at Distance from him.

ZANGER.

Warm me, and quench me; for I freeze and burn,
And at one Object both rejoice and mourn:
What mean'st thou, Nature? Is it Bad or Good,
Which makes this *April* Weather in my Blood?

ACHMAT.

I fear he has with too much Passion seen
The charming Eyes of the *Hungarian* Queen:
saw him gaze on her with such Review,
As if he fear'd the Object were not true:
No Miracles are seen by faithless Men,
Who stay, and fain would see them o'er again.

ZANGER.

Oh, *Achmat*! something does my Heart pursue:
wander from myself, and fly from you.

ACHMAT.

ACHMAT.

This, Sir, seems one of Love's great Ecstasies.

ZANGER.

I would I knew what 'tis not, or what 'tis.
Love to my Breast hath still a Stranger been;
And yet that Stranger may be gotten in.

ACHMAT.

Ah, Prince! the secret Passage of Love's Flight
Is as unseen by Day as 'tis by Night.
Tho' *Buda* should her Walls, like Mountains, re
And *Solyman* could never enter there,
No not with armed Crowds the Outworks win,
Yet Love unarm'd would by Surprize get in.

ZANGER.

Love is a God, and cannot be withstood.

ACHMAT.

Yet he's a God only to Flesh and Blood:
For those whose Souls are active and sublime,
Resist his Pow'r, and so prove Gods to him.

ZANGER.

Ah! talk not of Resistance of his Force,
Whom nothing conquers but his own Remorse:
I rather would, if e'er he conquer'd you,
Be told how first he did your Heart subdue.

ACHMAT.

As quietly as Day does vanquish Night;
I heard no Noise, but saw resistless Light.

ZANGER

ZANGER.

He does, alas! with quiet Force begin;
 Oh! what does he do when enter'd in?

ACHMAT.

My waking Thoughts I still for Dreams did take;
 And whilst I dream'd, I thought I was awake:
 With equal View, in Darkness as in Light,
 Her Image entertain'd my Sight:
 When she was absent, Sorrow made me pale;
 When she appear'd, then Blushes did prevail:
 What her concern'd, did me more nearly touch.

ZANGER.

I know too little, and I hear too much.
 Oh, *Achmat*! cease, and instantly retire;
 Your Words are more than Fuel to my Fire.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter SOLYMAN, follow'd at Distance by
 RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.

SOLYMAN.

Rustan does know much more than I dare hear:
 Can I a Monster breed, which I can fear?
 I find Suspicion a sufficient Pain;
 Fear is a Torment which I should disdain.
 He robs my Heart of all the Calms of Rest:
 I'll tear the dire Usurper from my Breast.
Rustan is full of try'd Integrity,
 And Servants often more than Parents see.

PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS.

He has more Thoughts than he has Skill to use.

RUSTAN.

The Poison of my Whisper does infuse.

Oh! cursed Court! where not to be the most
In Sight, and eminent, is to be lost;

Where still the Weary by false Steps must climb,
And yet their falling is esteem'd a Crime.

SOLYMAN.

Rustan, my Privacy you now invade.

RUSTAN.

Sir, it is Self-invasion to be sad.

SOLYMAN.

Have you a Cure? You brought the Malady;
I say, you brought it.——

RUSTAN.

——Heav'n defend me! I!

SOLYMAN.

Do you suspect the Truth of what I said?

RUSTAN.

Would I had been unborn, or worse than dead,
Rather than e'er have caus'd a Grief in you,
To whom the Comforts of both Worlds are due.

SOLYMAN.

You talk'd to me, and took my Sleep away.

RUSTAN.

Could I in Words too much my Duty pay?

Twere better I should perish in Despair,
Than you should grieve one Moment.——

SOLYMAN.

—— So it were.

RUSTAN.

Sir, you but heard what I was bound to say.

SOLYMAN.

What was it that you spake of *Mustapha*?

RUSTAN.

I did with Joy acquaint you, that your Son
Nobly the Hearts of all your Army won :
Your dreaded Anger I had justly rais'd,
If I your dearest Pledge had falsly prais'd,
To sooth you with fictitious Flattery ;
But *Pyrrhus* knows it true, as well as I.

PYRRHUS.

'Tis true, that he is generous and good ;
He will succeed by Virtue, as by Blood.

RUSTAN.

This, Sir, should cause your Joy, and not your
Grief.

SOLYMAN.

Canst thou believe my Pain will find Relief
That which shews the Justice of my Fears ?
Did I in Winter Camps spend Forty Years ;
Out-wear the Weather, and out-face the Sun,
Then the wild Herds did to their Coverts run ;

Out-watch the Jealous, and the Lunatic;
 Out-fast the Penitential, and the Sick;
 Out-wait long Patience, and out-suffer Fear;
 Out-march the Pilgrim, and the Wanderer;
 And there, where last Year's Ice was not unthaw'd
 (When, in thick Furs, Bears durst not look abroad
 I, with cold Armour cover'd, did maintain
 Life against Show'rs of Arrows, and of Rain;
 Have I made Towns immur'd with Mountains yield
 Sent haughty Nations blushing from the Field;
 And must I, at one Cast, all that forego,
 For which so oft I desp'rately did throw?
 They steal my Laurels to adorn my Son,
 Who can but dream of Fields that I have won.

Enter ROXOLANA.

ROXOLANA.

What valiant Pow'r can be secure from Fear,
 When, Sultan, we your Voice of Anger hear?
 Who dares that Anger raise, and hope to live?

SOLYMAN.

If *Mustapha* usurps, shall I forgive?

ROXOLANA.

He is your Son, and is your eldest too,
 And may shew Faults, which others must not do
 Nature will tell you, Sir, how far in him
 You ought to pardon any gallant Crime.

SOL

PO

A TRAGEDY.

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SOLYMAN.

Nature may yield, when I my Pow'r out-live ;
For when I cannot punish, I forgive.

ROXOLANA.

His Youth, Sir, has not only Time to mend,
But has some Licence also to offend ;
And since too apt for Errors, being young,
Some may Advantage take to do him Wrong ;
And, whilst they jealous of your Glory seem,
Assume a Privilege to darken him.

SOLYMAN.

He courts my Armies, to usurp their Love.

ROXOLANA.

Can that your Jealousy to Anger move ?
Their Love you purchas'd, when you bravely fought ;
Let him inherit what for him you bought :
They shew their Love to you in loving him.

SOLYMAN.

They, loving him too soon, make Love a Crime :
He knows, by Study of Usurpers Arts,
That he commands their Hands, who gains their
Hearts :

Him whom they love, they still most worthy deem.

ROXOLANA.

You have more Pow'r o'er him, than he o'er them ;
He will confine that Pow'r which Love does get.

SOLYMAN.

Pow'r never to itself could Limits set ;

It never thinks it lives, but whilst it grows,
And what it can perform, it ever does.

RUSTAN.

Our Sultans have their ripe Successors sent
To some remote and quiet Government;
Why, since that Rule is safe and antient too,
Should it for *Mustapha* be broke by you?

SOLYMAN.

I did it out of tender Care to breed
His Youth, and make him worthy to succeed.

RUSTAN.

But if, when popular, he does express
A slow Requital of your Tenderness,
Which Heav'n forbid; then you may soon remove
His Person, till you can reclaim his Love.

ROXOLANA.

Sure, *Rustan*, you, with too much Vigilance,
Turn to Design and Purpose, Things of Chance
And, over-watchful with the Eyes of Fear,
Draw little Objects, from wide Distance, near;
And see them double, whilst you seem to make
All that, which is your Malice, your Mistake:
But do not falsely, as a Spy, prevail,
Because a Son may in his Duty fail.

RUSTAN.

Madam, I cannot over-watchful be
In what concerns the Sultan more than me:

I hum

humbly take the Privilege to say,
 That you connive too much at *Mustapha*,
 And have of late been slow and negligent,
 In what your Care could not too soon prevent:
 And, Madam, this perhaps you wisely do,
 To avoid Report, grown public, tho' not true;
 Which is, that with a Byass still you run
 To follow *Zanger*, your neglected Son.

SOLYMAN.

No more! these are the rising Mists that make
 Those stormy Winds, that keep me still awake!

[Exit Solyman.

ROXOLANA.

Rustan, you must by fresh Intelligence
 Charge *Mustapha*, and with some new Offence.

RUSTAN.

Madam, I am engag'd past all Retreat.

ROXOLANA.

Go, and attend me when the Watch is set.

[Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus.

These little Arts great Nature will forgive;
 Die *Mustapha*, else *Zanger* cannot live!
 O pardon, Oh, *Solyman*! thy troubled Wife,
 Who must her Duty lose, to save a Life;
 Her Husband venture to preserve a Son;
 Oh! that's the fatal Rock that I wou'd shun!
 Or *Solyman* must *Mustapha* deprive
 Of that lov'd Life, by which himself does live;

And *Mustapha* to his untimely Grave
 Must hasten, that his Death may *Zanger* save.
 Oh, cruel Empire! that does thus ordain
 Of Royal Race the Youngest to be slain,
 That so the Eldest may securely reign!
 Making th' Imperial Mother ever mourn
 For all her Infants in Succession born.
 Excuse, Oh, Nature! what by me is done,
 If it be cruel to preserve a Son!

[Exe]
Enter MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

MUSTAPHA.

If it be Love, and you against it strive,
 Then greater Strength you to your Torment give
 Love may all Hearts under his Empire bring,
 Since to resist, and yield, is the same thing.
 Ev'n Reason's Pow'r is useless against Love;
 For when he enters, Reason does remove;
 And from your Force of Anger he is free,
 Since none with what they love can angry be:
 In vain you this unequal War abide,
 When all your Aids turn to your Conqu'ror's Side.

ZANGER.

I do not, Sir, to Love, but Grief, submit.

MUSTAPHA.

Your Grief I know not; yet I share in it:
 A Friend is Grief's Physician, and may heal
 Your Pain, if you the Cause of it reveal:

But you, by hiding that which should be known,
 Give me a Torment greater than your own;
 And do ev'n worse than when you shun Relief;
 For you kill him who comes to cure your Grief.

ZANGER.

Ah, Prince! since I the Weight of Grief deplore,
 You are unkind in loading me with more.

MUSTAPHA.

But you transgress against all Friendship's Laws,
 Shewing Effects, when you conceal the Cause:
 When those you cannot hide, these should be told;
 Those shew themselves, but you must these unfold.

ZANGER.

Your Enemy, much rather than your Friend,
 Shou'd tell you Grievs which you can never end.

MUSTAPHA.

Friendship will nothing like Reserves endure;
 But loves to share in Grievs it cannot cure.

ZANGER.

Then will I throw my vain Defence away,
 And, tho' Obedience useless be, obey.
 You know what by my Mother has been done
 For the *Hungarian* Queen's abandon'd Son.

MUSTAPHA.

Yes, and the Deed was for her Greatness fit.

ZANGER.

The Queen herself is come t' acknowledge it:

And that her Gratitude may clearer shine,
She does strong *Buda*, as a Gift, resign.

MUSTAPHA.

They may, by Virtue urg'd, for Honour strive,
But why should this make noble *Zanger* grieve?

ZANGER.

Can Fate bring greater Grief to me or you,
Than now, when the Subdu'd do us subdue?
We have by Arms th' *Hungarian* Kingdom won,
And by their Queen in Honour are out-done.
A Crown resign'd my Mother ought to quit,
Since she by keeping does not merit it.
Can you my Sorrow for my Mother blame,
Who now must lessen in her Pow'r or Fame?

MUSTAPHA.

In such a Choice she cannot chuse amiss;
But, *Zanger*, there is in it more than this.

ZANGER.

Ah, Prince! much more indeed; for had you seen
The Griefs and Beauties of the Christian Queen,
You would have felt the Trouble which I had;
These did to Pity, those to Love persuade:
They help'd each other to perform their Part,
Grief soften'd, and her Beauty seal'd my Heart;
Thro' all her Blacks the Lustre of her Eyes
Shew'd like the Sun, when it from Night does rise

But I want Words for what I should commend.

MUSTAPHA.

How soon from Liking we to Love ascend!

ZANGER.

When she her Royal Infant did embrace,
Her Eyes such Floods of Tears show'r'd on her Face,
That then, Oh, *Mustapha*! I did admire
How so much Water sprung from so much Fire:
And to increase the Miracle, I found
At the same time my Heart both burnt and drown'd.

MUSTAPHA.

What you have told, seems Miracles to me.

ZANGER.

You will see greater, when the Queen you see.

MUSTAPHA.

To me no Miracle can greater prove,
Than seeing Friendship's Right resign'd to Love:
Your Heart once lost, your Friendship too must end.

ZANGER.

Sure I may have a Mistress, and a Friend.
The Soul, dear *Mustapha*, is Friendship's Part;
And Love for his does challenge but the Heart.

MUSTAPHA.

That's a Distinction made by coz'ning Art:
Can I your Friendship have, and not your Heart?
Such Lover's Logic is too low for you:
What! love a Captive, and a Christian too!

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

How ill the Name of Captive does besit
A Mind that conquers when it does submit!
Her abject Fate who would not undergo,
That she might Virtue in such Triumph show!

MUSTAPHA.

Tho' Friendship in my just Persuasion fail,
Yet, *Zanger*, your Religion should prevail.

ZANGER.

Since Nature no Religion knows but Love,
He that loves most, does most religious prove:
Religion's true Design in Love consists;
Heav'n owns not that which Statesmen teach our
Priests.

I love; but when I on the Queen reflect,
The Cause will more than justify th' Effect.

MUSTAPHA.

By seeing of your Shipwreck I'll grow wise,

ZANGER.

How can I shipwreck'd be on Paradise?

MUSTAPHA.

Something in your Concern I hope to do.
Farewel: I must condemn, and love you too.

[*Exeunt severally*]

Enter

*Enter the CARDINAL with Tapers in his Hand,
VICHE, and an Hungarian GENTLEMAN.*

CARDINAL.

This for the Governor, with your first Speed ;
This for Count *Urick* ; this for *Ulfinsbed*.
These are the Bills, which will be paid at Sight.

GENTLEMAN.

Is it your Pleasure I return at Night ?

CARDINAL.

You must, and learn who of the Garison
Form'd the Revolt : Be careful, and be gone.
[*Exit Gentleman.*

VICHE.

Fortune's before you, wheresoe'er you come ;
You'll happy be ev'n out of Christendom.

CARDINAL.

I shall be, if she end as she begun.

VICHE.

You are for *Roxolana's* darling Son.
The glorious *Zanger* has a Message sent,
Which says, he means to find you in your Tent ;
He whom our Queen's bright Beauty did surprize.

CARDINAL.

A Lover speaks at first but with his Eyes :
But if he now hath found his Tongue, he'll say
Something which I perhaps am to convey.

VICHE.

Their happy Interview may raise us all :
Men may look up, who to the Bottom fall.

CAR-

Enter CARDINAL.

My Lord, his Visit seems design'd in Haste,
And to receive him I'll prepare as fast.
You must not go to *Buda*; you shall stay
And wait for our Success: The Myrtle may
(Which does a forward Spring already show)
Ev'n in a Camp, where all Things wither, grow.
In Fame's Records 'twill no great Wonder prove,
If we, who fell by Hatred, rise by Love.

[Exeunt several ways]

Enter MUSTAPHA and the QUEEN.

MUSTAPHA.

Madam, your Fortune would malicious be,
And make your Beauty your worst Enemy.
I know, with Reason, Madam, you depend
On *Roxolana*, as your potent Friend;
But whilst she labours to restore your Throne,
Your Beauty makes a Captive of her Son:
When she does that unhappy Conquest know,
Your kind Protectress will become your Foe.
Whilst Fate against your Beauty does conspire,
I grieve at the Perfection I admire.

QUEEN.

Do not believe, great Prince, your Brother will
Submit to Eyes where Grief inhabits still;
To Eyes in which there nothing now appears
To move a Heart, unless it be their Tears.

You

You but mistake his Pity for his Love.

MUSTAPHA.

Thy Passion, *Zanger*, why did I reprove? [*Aside.*

Madam, where Grief and Beauty so excel,
Pity and Love may both together dwell:
They both are but his Duty's Sacrifice;
This to your Fate is due, that to your Eyes.

QUEEN.

Your Virtue, which does thus my Fate lament, I
May all the Malice of that Fate prevent:
Conqu'ring a Fortune so perverse as mine,
Will made you brighter than in Battle shine.

MUSTAPHA.

Oh, Heav'n! I feel my own Subjection near,
E'en then when she would have me rescue her.

QUEEN.

Fortune in this has made her last Assault;
She'd have me bear what is alone her Fault,
And make the Empress think that I design
What cannot be her Trouble more than mine.
Believe me, gen'rous *Mustapha*, these Eyes,
Which made the last *Hungarian* King their Prize,
Deserve more Grief than to his Urn they pay,
When they do aught but weep themselves away.

MUSTAPHA.

Whilst they shin'd out, who could resist their Pow'r,
Which, thro' Grief's Clouds, crowns you a Con-
queror?

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Your Brother, when his Passion seeks Relief,
May owe his Cure to Reason, and my Grief:
It will a Blemish to his Virtue be,
If he with Fortune join to ruin me;
And *Roxolana's* Fame he much neglects,
In making her destroy whom she protects.
This you may tell him, Sir; and tell him too,
I had not sent him Counsel but by you.

MUSTAPHA.

How, Madam, with your Counsel can you trust
One whom already you have made unjust?
For I shall give to *Zanger*, for your sake,
Counsel which I myself can never take.

QUEEN.

Were you unjust, when you did well express
The Danger I incurr'd by his Address,
And counsel'd me t' advise him to refrain
From Love, which would his Mother's Hatred gain?
The Counsel is not alter'd, but the same.

MUSTAPHA.

But I am alter'd since I hither came.

QUEEN.

It is not fit you should be understood:
I know you cannot change from what is good.
My Case with Pity should your Heart inspire.

MUSTAPHA.

Ah! who can pity what he does admire?

Your

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Your Pity to my Case is rather due :
 How can I give that which I need from you?
 Madam, I but in vain strive to conceal
 A Passion which my vanquish'd Eyes reveal.
 Instruct me how myself I should reclaim,
 Before I *Zanger* for his Passion blame ;
 Or rather teach us both how to endure
 That Wound, which you declare you cannot cure ;
 And do not trust our Reason to subdue
 A Love, which Reason does invite us to.

QUEEN.

Oh, Heav'n! in what wild Ocean am I lost?
 The Tempest rises, and I see no Coast.

MUSTAPHA.

Zanger, not you, may tax me of a Crime;
 I came to counsel you from Love of him ;
 But you, when you avoid my Love, prevent
 All he could wish me for a Punishment.
 Your Int'rest brought me here to keep you free
 From such a Love as might your Ruin be.
 Let me, when gone, at least your Pity have,
 Dying for you, whom I did come to save.

QUEEN.

You cannot be so cruel as you seem :
 Why do you break that Heart which you esteem ?
 Leave me; you must not love, and should not hate
 One cruel made by Rigour of her Fate.

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

You should not of your Destiny complain;
You are depos'd but with more Pow'r to reign.

QUEEN.

Fate of this little Beauty took a Care,
Only by that to heighten my Despair.
Since you resolve to stay, I must be gone:
True Grief endures not any Looker on;
And mine, I feel, to such a Height does rise,
That 'twill, I hope, revenge me of my Eyes.

[Exit

MUSTAPHA.

She is as tyrannous as she is fair,
Born to breed Love, and to beget Despair:
I did lament her Fortune; but I see
One much more cruel is reserv'd for me.
Can *Zanger*, for my Love, my Friendship blame
When the same Fire does us alike inflame?
My Weakness cannot forfeit his Esteem,
Since I but yield to that which conquer'd him:
To love whom he first lov'd, can be no more,
Than if I hate whom he did hate before.

. [Exit

The End of the Second ACT.

Th

The THIRD ACT.

Enter MUSTAPHA, RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.

RUSTAN.

TIS, Sir, the Sultan's Will to have it so!

MUSTAPHA.

Tow'rds *Syria*! and To-morrow, must I go?

The Order is severe, and I am sent,

Not to a fair Retreat, but Banishment.

My Memory is ill, if I have done

Aught that should make a Father hate a Son.

RUSTAN.

Great Sir, take heed lest you his Kindness blame;

He sends you not to Exile, but to Fame:

His *Asian* Armies will be led by you;

Whilst he the West, you must the East subdue;

Since for high Valour, and for Conduct too,

The public Voice allows, that each of you

Is for the spacious World's whole Conquest fit,

Why here should both subdue but Part of it?

MUSTAPHA.

You hold me up too high, when I am prais'd:

like a Meteor waste, by being rais'd.

I am already by my Friends undone,

raising the little Battles I have won;

Th VOL. I.

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And

And I the *Persians* should subdue in vain,
Losing a Father, when I *Persia* gain.

PYRRHUS.

Your Father this Distemper should approve,
Since you but jealous are of him you love.

RUSTAN.

If his Displeasure hastens you away,
Do not increase it by Desire to stay;
Or if his jealous Love sent this Command,
Yet do not inconvenient Love withstand.

PYRRHUS.

Which way soever you consider it,
You should approve his Orders, and submit.

MUSTAPHA.

I'm Debtor to you both; leave me awhile,
That I may Grief and Duty reconcile.

RUSTAN.

You'll be defended against all Offence,
Adding but Patience to your Innocence.

[*Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus*]

Enter ZANGER, observing him.

MUSTAPHA.

Fortune did never in one Day design,
For any Heart, Four Torments great as mine:
I to my Friend and Brother Rival am;
She, who did kindle, would put out my Flame.
I from my Father's Anger must remove,
And that does banish me from her I love.

If, of these Four, the least a Burden be,
Oh! how should I support the other Three?

ZANGER.

Can my dear *Mustapha* a Grief admit,
And not let *Zanger* know the Cause of it?

MUSTAPHA.

I having *Zanger's* Friendship, how could Fate
Destroy my Peace, but by my Father's Hate?
Time does too long with the Afflicted last,
But now in my Affliction moves too fast;
To-morrow from to Day will quickly grow,
And I To-morrow must tow'ards *Syria* go,
Unless your Pow'r with *Roxolana* can
Revoke the Order sent by *Solyman*.

ZANGER.

Depart To-morrow! no, let Time run on;
My Mother stays, and you are yet not gone.
Sir, are you not of *Zanger's* Friendship sure?
And can you mourn for Ills which he may cure?
But why do you aloud your Grief deplore,
When I am silent, tho' I suffer more?
If by your Foes you are to *Syria* sent,
You'll there in Armies gain by Banishment:
Persia, not you, th' Event of this should fear,
Since, by that Hatred which does send you there,
You will prevail as Victor of the Field;
But Love stays me, where, like his Slave, I yield.

MUSTAPHA.

The highest Glory Conquest can bestow,
I would not purchase by my leaving you.

ZANGER.

To any Deity, but Love, Men come
With open Glory to their Martyrdom;
But I must perish, and conceal my Flame,
As if to be his Martyr were a Shame.

MUSTAPHA.

Yet no Affliction, *Zanger*, can transcend
The Grief of being banish'd from a Friend.

ZANGER.

My Grief much greater is, whilst I remain
Near her I love, and am not lov'd again.
Oh, my dear *Mustapha*! when you have seen
The Tears and Beauties of th' *Hungarian* Queen;
Her Tears forbidding whom her Eyes invite,
Whilst she appears the Joy and Grief of Sight;
Whilst empty Hope does rise but to decline;
Then you will think your Sorrows less than mine.

MUSTAPHA.

Alas! you saw not more than I did see;
She who did conquer you, has conquer'd me:
And now I may my Grief to yours prefer,
Since I am banish'd both from you and her.

ZANGER.

Ah! Did you see her, Sir, and see her so,
That from my Friend, you did my Rival grow?

Yo

You made your Visit in a fatal Hour.

MUSTAPHA.

You know her Eyes, and can you doubt their
Pow'r?

In blaming me, you will detract from them;
As those who do the Conquer'd much condemn,
Do then, disparage him who overcame;
Since all may yield to Worthies without Shame:
None could her Force resist, and how could I
Then chuse but yield? for none can from her fly.

ZANGER.

Tho' we but seldom the Subdu'd condemn,
When we the Victor's Conduct much esteem;
Yet they are less excus'd, if they did know,
From others Harms, the Forces of the Foe.

MUSTAPHA.

If, *Zanger*, Freedom of Confession may
The Anger due to an Offence allay,
Then I acknowledge, I my Visit made,
That from your Love I might the Queen dissuade;
Yet 'twas in Fear, lest whilst you did pursue
Your Love, your Mother might abandon you:
But if you had beheld that breaking Light,
Which like a sudden Dawn surpriz'd my Sight,
Love would have seem'd 'gainst Friendship a less Sin,
Than not to love against her Eyes had been.
I struggled much ere I his Fetters wore;
But that Resistance shew'd her Pow'r the more;

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And

And where Resistance could not Conquest stay,
It was Discretion quickly to obey.

ZANGER.

Yet we may just to one another prove;
You are the Heir to Empire, I to Love:
You as the Eldest may the Sceptre bear:
You first the World did see, I first saw her;
And as I no Invasion would design
Against your Right, so you should leave me mine

MUSTAPHA.

If by mere Sight we may Possession take,
How vain is that long Love which Lovers make?
None but the Sleepy can their Fortune doubt;
Men need but rise betimes, and look about:
But she must be by Merit's Claim possess'd,
And he who loves her most, deserves her best.

ZANGER.

Deserves her! This all Injuries exceeds;
Her, by your Words, you wrong; me, by your
Deeds:

He of her Love unworthy does appear,
Who does but think that he can merit her.
It may of her, ev'n as of Heav'n, be said,
Which, tho' attain'd, is never merited:
If loving her can any Merit be,
Who is the Man that dares contend with me?

MU

MUSTAPHA.

I am the Man who silence all that boast
 How much they love; for I love more, and most;
 And will not such a wretched Lover be,
 As merely to depend on Courtesy.
 He who declares that he no Merit has;
 Then when he loves, does heedlessly disgrace
 Her whom he thinks he highly does prefer,
 By saying, that no Love can merit her;
 As if her Virtue could not soon improve
 To her own Value all that dare make Love.
 Love makes both Sexes equal, and but one;
 A Cottage-Lover may deserve a Throne.
 Love is, like Valour, still improv'd by Praise:
 And whilst I thus Love's Merit highly raise,
 I would not the Reward of it destroy;
 The Beauty whom I love, I must enjoy.

ZANGER.

Did ever Love assume a Shape like this?
 Or Passion talk with such an Emphasis?
 Your Sense of Banishment does dang'rous grow,
 It sends your Reason from you, ere you go.

MUSTAPHA.

Zanger, you may my Banishment approve,
 Because my Absence may promote your Love.

ZANGER.

Affliction makes Men wise, but seldom vain:
 You fear your Absence more than her Disdain.

The Empress strait will in your Cause appear,
 And get you Licence to continue here;
 And since you Height of Love as Merit boast,
 Make good your Claim by daring to love most.

MUSTAPHA.

What Destiny ordain'd me to contend
 Against so brave a Rival, and a Friend?
 And yet my Passion I must still pursue!
 Let Love, which makes my Fault, excuse it too.

[Exeunt several ways]

Enter SOLYMAN, RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.

SOLYMAN.

Were my Commands with such Surprise receiv'd

PYRRHUS.

He seem'd as much amaz'd as he was griev'd.

RUSTAN.

Wonder and Grief did his Condition fit,
 Tho' each did seem to t'other opposite;
 Wonder inferr'd he knew not his Offence,
 But so much Grief disgrac'd his Innocence.

PYRRHUS.

Yet grieving for a Punishment from you,
 He does but pay that Sorrow which is due.

RUSTAN.

When your Dislike does up to Anger climb,
 You reach too high for an intended Crime.

Such

Such Grief as his no Fiction could admit.

SOLYMAN.

I may believe he did not counterfeit;
For having on my Stage begun his Part,
I call'd him off, ere he could shew his Art.

RUSTAN.

Can he who is so highly born and bred,
Walk under Ground, and be by Traitors led?

SOLYMAN.

From harmless Childhood I with tender Care
Did breed him up to all the Harms of War;
I taught him, that unguarded Innocence
Serv'd but to tempt the Pow'rful to Offence;
That none are safe from Wrongs, but when so
strong,
As always to be able to do Wrong;
That only Valour is true Faith, and those
Do most trust Heav'n, who always Life expose:
I taught him Virtue, and to love her so,
As tame Philosophers durst never do;
Enduring for her sake the Pangs of Pow'r,
And all the Toils that make a Conqueror:
For none but Chiefs, who firmly these endure,
Can reach such Pow'r as may the Good secure:
I taught him such a Greatness as might be
From all the Yokes of Subjects Counsel free.
None but our Prophet Empire understood,
Which, when 'tis bounded, ceases to be good.

His

His Sword did two usurping Saints devour;
 Forbidding ev'n the Saints to share his Pow'r:
 He bleis'd Heav'n's King, who Monarchy first made
 And prais'd him, 'cause he no Companion had.
 All this I taught my Son; but when we give
 Our young Successors Counsel how to live,
 They are in haste, thinking we do them Wrong,
 And we their Lives mispend when we live long.

Enter ROXOLANA.

ROXOLANA.

Forgive me, Sultan, if I boldly sue
 In Nature's Cause between your Son and you;
 Those Orders which to *Mustapha* you sent,
 His filial Kindness takes for Banishment.
 When you your Successors so far remove,
 Reason may make him jealous of your Love.
 I'll answer for the Kindness of his Grief,
 And you'll want Pity, if he wants Relief.

SOLYMAN.

Alas! 'tis far above a Woman's Art
 To reach the Height of an aspiring Heart:
 He who by Craft my Army's Love procures,
 Can never want the Cunning to gain yours.

ROXOLANA.

Seduce your Army's Love! No human Skill
 Can do it, and, I hope, he wants the Will.

SOLY

SOLYMAN.

The Nations whom I lead will not seem strange,
 If they like other Nations long for Change;
 For Men, of what they have, soon weary grow,
 When they the utmost Value of it know;
 And long to change plain Things, which they possess,
 For that which Hope does gild with Promises.

ROXOLANA.

Be to yourself, and to your Army, just;
 You should their Love, and your own Merit trust.
 Prodigious Jealousy! how can it shoot,
 And spring to such a Height, without a Root?

SOLYMAN.

It may awhile be hidden from your Eye;
 For Roots are deepest, where the Trees are high.
Rustan and *Pyrrhus* can direct your Sight,
 But they a Curtain draw before the Light.

ROXOLANA.

Perhaps they find what they are loth to see;
 Virtue in others may offensive be
 To some, who when it is to Lustre grown,
 Are jealous that it may eclipse their own.
 Sultan, no Curtain can be drawn so wide,
 That it the Sun can from the People hide:
 The World is full of *Mustapha's* Renown.

RUSTAN.

Yet we offend in telling what is known.

ROXO-

ROXOLANA.

You injure him, whose Virtues you conceal.

RUSTAN.

We need not shew what does itself reveal.

SOLYMAN.

I tax them not, that they his Virtue hide;

But they conceal the Danger of his Pride:

His Race of Glory is too soon begun.

ROXOLANA.

None blame the early rising of the Sun,

Nor wish for Clouds his Lustre to disgrace.

SOLYMAN.

But if he shines too fully in my Face,

I'll draw a Curtain, and his Lustre hide;

His Glory shall not make me turn aside.

The shining *Mustapha* must change his Sphere;

He threatens me worse than a Comet here,

ROXOLANA.

Can *Solyman* by those forsaken be,

Whom he so often led to Victory?

SOLYMAN.

They by the many Battles I have won,

Think all the Stock of my Success is gone:

Tho' Fortune often grac'd me in the Field,

And many Favours hung upon my Shield;

Yet now cold Looks Men to my Winter bring,

Whilst they rejoice at my Successor's Spring:

Fortune, they think, is to his Youth in Debt ;

And what she pays to him, they hope to get.

ROXOLANA.

Tho' Glory may awhile his Youth misguide,

Yet he has Duty to correct his Pride.

Nature does give him Counsel against this.

SOLYMAN.

Pride is more natural than Duty is ;

Duty is only taught by Care and Art,

Pride is by Nature planted in the Heart :

He who to Empire hastily aspires,

Is only counsel'd by his own Desires ;

And thinks all Crimes which help him to a Crown,

Are then absolv'd, when he does put it on.

ROXOLANA.

I fear you have discover'd more than I

Discern'd, who on your Judgment must rely ;

Therefore, in Care of you, I beg he may

For a few Days have Liberty to stay.

That Licence is to narrow Time confin'd :

If he has any public Crime design'd,

He must by many Hands assisted be :

Crouds are inconstant, and want Secrecy :

If guilty, why should you his Death delay ?

If innocent, he then may safely stay :

Your Anger ought to kill where it does touch ;

His Exile is too little, or too much.

Pyrrhus.

When in few Days this Secret shall look out,
Punish his Crime, or else suppress his Doubt.

Rustan.

Be pleas'd t' allow what th' Empress does advise
And seem to wink, whilst we employ our Spies;
Your Doubts will just appear, or quickly cease,
Excuse your Anger, or restore your Peace:
Let not the Prince, whilst thus suspected, fly
Beyond the Reach and Terror of your Eye.

Solyman.

Go, I'll consider ere I change his Doom;
I'll reckon what is past, and what may come.

[Exit Rustan, Pyrrhus.]

Oh, *Roxolana*! Fate in vain bestows
Continual Conquests o'er my open Foes;
Whilst it a Tumult raises in my Breast,
Fiercer than all those Wars I have suppress'd.
Justice persuades what Nature fain would shun.
Pity a Father, who must hate his Son.

[Exit.]

Enter the QUEEN and ZANGER.

ZANGER.

He who can all his Love contain in Words,
Has such a Heart as little Love affords.

QUEEN.

He has too much for those who none return:
You know my Sorrow, and for whom I mourn:

Fro

A TRAGEDY.

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From such a guilty Person you should fly,
As does the Duty want by Grief to die.

ZANGER.

I would not in my Wishes covet more,
Than to change Fates with him whom you deplore:
You crown'd him with your Love when he did live,
And to his Death your Life in Sorrow give.
But, Madam, why will you so highly grieve,
For one more happy dead, than I who live?
You are in this unjuster than your Fate,
Wasting your Sorrows on the Fortunate.
Heav'n did his Death design, to make it known
That you a Blessing are too great for one.
The Christian World did to your Beauty bow,
Which o'er our larger World must govern now.

QUEEN.

In Pity and in Prudence, Sir, forbear
To speak what my Discretion should not hear.

ZANGER.

Lovers high Thoughts to Wonders are inclin'd,
And boundless Thoughts suit not with Speech
confin'd.

I wonder much how he, whom you bemoan,
Having your Love, could not defend your Throne;
And how by any Force he was suppress'd,
Whilst with the Influence of your Favour bless'd:
But, Madam, now his Losses you repair;
For you revenge all his Defeats in War;

Fate

Fate did deny his Sword Success in Fight;
Only by that to do your Beauty Right.

QUEEN.

Your raising me by your depressing him,
May find my Hatred, seeking my Esteem.

Enter MUSTAPHA.

ZANGER.

Ha! I imploy'd my Mother for his Stay,
And Rival-like he hastens me away;
But I'm past Hope, and need no Rival fear.

MUSTAPHA.

This Visit without Leave may rude appear:
Yet, Madam, when you shall vouchsafe to know
That I To-morrow must tow'ards *Syria* go;
Th' Opinion of my Rudeness you'll re-call:
I must attend you now, or not at all.
Think on a Lover's Sorrow, who removes
From seeing and from serving what he loves;
Whilst he suspects those Blessings are design'd
For a more happy Rival left behind;
Do but allow your Pity to allay
That Sorrow which your Love might take away.

ZANGER.

Madam, if this Request successful be,
Then I shall need your Pity more than he:
I am destroy'd, if this be not deny'd;
For Pity is to Love too near ally'd.

Love's Wounds are safe, when of your Pity sure;
The Wounds you pity, you desire to cure.

MUSTAPHA.

Your Love does make you cruel, when you plead
Against that Pity which your Friend does need.

ZANGER.

Your Love in high Injustice does delight,
Pleading to get your Friend's, and Brother's Right.

MUSTAPHA.

You have declar'd, that Love no Right can show,
But what a Mistress freely does bestow.

ZANGER.

As of the fair new World he claim'd a Right,
Who chanc'd to have it first within his Sight;
So, since to me she did the first appear,
I claim the Right of a Discoverer.

MUSTAPHA.

The first Discov'rer only saw the Shore;
The second claim'd Possession, seeing more.
In your first seeing, and then loving her,
The Favour of your Fortune did appear,
Not Greatness of your Love; for all, like you,
Having but Eyes to see, would love her too.
You but the Beauty of her Face did find;
I made the rich Discov'ry of her Mind.
You of the Borders of *Elizium* boast;
Her Mind is all the Inland to that Coast.

I by a second Voyage finding more
Of Beauty than was ever found before,
More in it to be lov'd and worshipp'd too,
Must therefore love her more than you can do.

ZANGER.

Among the Priests of Love there Casuists be,
Who Love's Religion vex with Sophistry;
But I for Sacrifice bring such a Heart
As Nature offers in Disdain of Art.

QUEEN.

Princes, no more. You both but vainly strive
To be possess'd of what I should not give.
That which I should not give, you should not take
Nor prize my Love, when Duty I forsake.
It is in me Impiety to stay:
Detain not whom the Dead does call away.

[She offers to go out; Zanger stays her.]

ZANGER.

Stay, Madam. When the Clouds of Grief are
gone,
Which cannot darken long so bright a Sun,
Let *Zanger* in his Love so happy be,
That none may happier prove in yours than he:
If you to any other's Suit incline,
Then my Successor's Love disgraces mine.
This is not Envy, but does rather shew
I prize my Love, because 'tis giv'n to you.

MU

MUSTAPHA.

True Friendship, Madam, cannot yield to this;
If you reject my Love, accept of his:
Next to your Love, the Blessing I would choose,
Is, that my Friend may gain what I must lose.

ZANGER.

I am amaz'd at what you seem to do;
Let me not bear Love's Wounds, and Friendship's too.

MUSTAPHA.

Only those Lovers should be counted true,
Who Beauty's Int'rest, not their own, pursue;
Who nobly would, when by their Fortune cross'd,
Have others get what to themselves is lost.
None but the Fiends can wish Heav'n empty were,
Because they cannot get Possession there.

ZANGER.

This Gallantry does reconcile in you
The utmost of Revenge and Friendship too:
Revenge appears most sensible and high
In placing Favours on an Enemy.
Forgive me, if that Style I undergo;
He who a Rival is, is then a Foe.
Friendship till now did ne'er so high ascend,
As to endure a Rival in a Friend.
In one bright Sphere we may together move,
Whilst you excel in Friendship, I in Love.
But having paid what to my Love was due,
Let me discharge my Debt of Friendship too.

F f 2

Madam,

Madam, I thus would expiate my Crime;
 That which he beg'd for me, I beg for him.
 Tracing his Steps, how can I surer tread?
 I'll follow Virtue, which I should have led.

QUEEN.

This, which you Beauty call, so much offends,
 When it does Rivals make of two such Friends,
 That I, by drowning it, will give Relief
 To your unequall'd Friendship, and my Grief.

[She weeps]

ZANGER.

Against that Beauty why should you repine,
 Which makes our Friendship with such Lustre shine

MUSTAPHA.

You wrong the World, when you your Beauty
 wrong:

That and the Sun to all the World belong.

QUEEN.

My Grief is greater than I should endure:
 I'll fly from Wounds I make, and cannot cure.

[Exit, and they gaze after her]

MUSTAPHA.

Oh, Zanger, look not after her so long!
 Thro' all her Clouds her Lustre is too strong.

ZANGER.

As Courage of weak Towns, in their Defence
 Against strong Armies, is held Insolence;

So I, resisting Fate in this Assault,
May make ev'n Fortitude become a Fault.

Enter ACHMAT, and whispers ZANGER.

ACHMAT.

The Empress, Sir, commanded me to say
She has prevail'd, and *Mustapha* shall stay.

ZANGER.

Leave us ; we shall her Pleasure strait attend.

[*Exit Achmat.*

MUSTAPHA.

What froward Message does my Fortune send ?

ZANGER.

Sir, you are timely eas'd of half your Fear :
My Mother says that you shall tarry here.
Since I have this procur'd, you may allow
Yourself to think that I will keep my Vow.
I have in Friendship vow'd not to survive
The fatal Day on which you cease to live :
And 'tis a Work more difficult and high
To help a Rival, than it is to die.

MUSTAPHA.

I know you'll keep your Vow ; and I some Sign
Have giv'n, that I shall faithful prove to mine.
I vow'd, if by Succession I should gain
Th' Imperial Sceptre, you should with me reign.
And since in Love's nice Int'rest I comply,
Whose Empire is secur'd by Jealousy,

And where each Lover strives to rule alone)
I can admit a Rival in my Throne.

[They embrace: Exeunt.]

Enter THURICUS, VICHE, CLEORA.

VICHE.

Ha! Will she leave the Camp? Who can prepare
Counsel for Changes which so sudden are?

THURICUS.

My Lord, her Resolution must seem strange;
But, as 'tis sudden, so it soon may change:
She did by me a second Offer make,
Urging the Empress instantly to take
The Keys of *Buda*, our revolting Town;
Hoping, by quitting that, to keep the Crown.

VICHE.

What was the Answer, which the Empress
made?

THURICUS.

She summon'd all the Glory that she had;
Then said, she would not from the Queen receive
A Present, till she could a greater give:
And then declar'd, her Sultan ought and must
Esteem that Faith which did his Honour trust;
That he by Conquest should proceed no more;
And what his Glory took, it should restore.

Enter

Enter CARDINAL, and QUEEN.

CLEORA.

The Cardinal seems thoughtful, and the Queen
Does feel more Sorrow than she would have seen.

[*Exeunt* Thuricus, Viche, Cleora.]

CARDINAL.

But, when pursu'd, will you from Refuge run,
And Sanctuaries shut against your Son?

Your Infant, whilst from proffer'd Love you fly,
Must meet the Hatred of your Enemy.

Rustan has long your Royal House abhorr'd,
And he is now to former Pow'r restor'd:

The Storm which from the Empress he endur'd,
Has his Foundation try'd, and Strength secur'd.

QUEEN.

When you the Princes proffer'd Loves commend,

You seem to Empire, not to me, a Friend:

And when your King I in his Grave forsake,

I lose more Love than you would have me take.

CARDINAL.

Be taught by Nature; she forsakes the Dead;

Your precious Tears you but on Ashes shed;

Which now an Urn keeps sacred, but they must

By wand'ring Winds be blown with common Dust.

Nature does turn her Looks from Death's ill Face;

Where Ruin does not Nature's Strength disgrace,

But by the Slightness of Man's Fabrick shows,

Which Time ev'n with a Touch soon overthrops)

That she made Flow'rs, intending they should fade
 And Mourners err, when Nature they upbraid.
 It is at once Idolatry and Pride
 To place on Altars what she throws aside.
 Love only to the Living does belong:
 Loving the Dead, you all the Living wrong;
 And both betray, and lose Love's Int'rest, when
 You love the Dead, who cannot love again.

QUEEN.

But is there to the Dead no Sorrow due?

CARDINAL.

What useful is, grows only fit for you.
 Grieve not for one made useless, being gone;
 But favour those who may restore your Throne.

QUEEN.

Since both the Princes do alike pretend,
 Which to my Favour will you most commend?
 If I must love, and shall be taught by you,
 I cannot, sure, be counsel'd to love two.

CARDINAL.

But you may favour both, and may disguise
 Or shew your Love, as Int'rest shall advise.

QUEEN.

I cannot Int'rest by such Arts improve,
 Seeming to favour whom I do not love;
 Nor with two Faces sev'rally invite
 From both, what I in neither can requite.

CAR

CARDINAL.

Yet do not both, for want of Loving, lose;
 But suddenly consider which which to chuse.
 In gaining *Zanger*, you the Empress gain;
 But *Mustapha* must by Succession reign.

QUEEN.

Each is sufficient to restore my Throne :
 But whilst for Empire you are studious grown,
 You nothing for the other World prepare.
 My Lord, take Heav'n a little in your Care.
 How can I aught of Love from Princes hear,
 Who scorn those Altars, where I kneel with Fear?

CARDINAL.

They their Religion did by Conquest make;
 And will no Rules but from their Conqu'rors take.
 If they, till taught, can never Truth discern,
 They must be conquer'd to be made to learn:
 And since no Pow'r but Love can them subdue,
 Madam, they must be overcome by you.
 But she who will o'ercome in Love's fair Field,
 Must, by her yielding, make her Lover yield.

QUEEN.

My Lord, your purple Robe has study'd well :
 Must I this Way convert an Infidel?

CARDINAL.

Love is persuasive, and will soonest teach.

QUEEN.

They both can to the Top of Empire reach,

But

But cannot soar to our Religion's Height.

CARDINAL.

By trusting *Mustapha*, you'll teach him Faith.

Enter CLEORA.

CLEORA.

My Lord, Prince *Mustapha* is in your Tent.

CARDINAL.

Madam, my Thoughts are with true Duty bent
To serve your Throne. Do not kind Fortune lose,
When she presents you two great Lots to chuse.

[*Exit* Cardinal.

QUEEN.

Without a Clue I'm in a Lab'rinth left,
And where ev'n Hope is of her Eyes bereft.
With noble *Zanger Mustapha* contends;
They strive as Rivals, and they yield as Friends:
I injure one, if I the other chuse;
And keeping either, I the Sultan lose.
Flying from both, I from my Refuge run;
And by my staying shall destroy my Son.
Them for their false Religion I eschew,
Tho' I have found their Virtue ever true.
And when Religion sends my Thoughts above,
This Card'nal calls them down, and talks of Love:
And simple Love (which does as little know
State Int'rest, as Religion ought to do)

He would, bold with Ambition, lead through all
The dark and crooked Walks where Serpents crawl.
His Priests to what he counsels gravely bow ;
Whilst other Priests condemn what those allow.
Those would by pious Craft restore our Loss ;
These scorn the Crescent should redeem the Cross.
Zeal against Policy maintains Debate ;
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the State :
The Learned do by Turns the Learn'd confute,
Yet all depart unalter'd by Dispute.
The priestly Office cannot be deny'd ;
It wears Heav'n's I v'ry, and is made our Guide.
But why should we be punish'd, if we stray,
When all our Guides dispute which is the Way ?

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

The

The F O U R T H A C T.

Enter QUEEN, and CLEORA.

QUEEN.

Dispatch, *Cleora*, lest we should be seen.
 Lay my Disguise beneath the Couch within.
 You should have sent to call the Cardinal :
 I have forgot my Letters : Burn them all.
 Here, take the Key ! Make up my Jewels strait.
 You shall attend me at the Eastern Gate :
 But burn my Letters in the inner Tent.

CLEORA.

I fear you will this Haste too soon repent.

QUEEN.

Fortune, with my Distempers I must strive ;
 And from a Crime will not my Cure derive.
 Those who by Policy their Actions steer,
 Faint when they Faults as well as Losses bear ;
 But those who on firm Virtue still rely,
 May boldly perish, when they guiltless die.

CLEORA.

'Twere want of necessary Faith in me,
 To think your Virtue can successless be.
 All your Commands I'll instantly obey.

QUEEN.

Our Flight, *Cleora*, cannot brook Delay ;

Nor

Nor can I any Pause to Fear allow.

Enter ROXOLANA.

ROXOLANA.

You were my Guest, but are my Pris'ner now.
Do you not tremble, seeing me appear?

QUEEN.

None but the Guilty should have Sense of Fear.

ROXOLANA.

Dismiss *Cleora*! we must be alone,
To reckon both what I and you have done.

QUEEN.

Retire! Th' Intentions of my Flight are all
Betray'd by her, or by the Cardinal.

[*Exit Cleora.*]

ROXOLANA.

To make the Audit of my Actions true,
I'll briefly take their Register from you.
Did I not struggle in your Son's Defence,
When with no Armour, but his Innocence,
The Rescue of his Crown I undertook,
Whom all his Nation, being arm'd, forsook?

QUEEN.

Madam, of what you did, this is the least.

ROXOLANA.

No Bird new fledg'd, and frighted from his Nest,
Could, more than he, be of his Home bereft,
Or more to Nature's casual Mercy left.

Did I not boldly his weak Cause maintain
 Against the Vizier, and the whole Divan,
 Tho' from their Number I did need Defence?
 For Number has a prosp'rous Impudence,
 Which more prevails in Courts, than in the Field
 Making by Clamour single Fav'rites yield:
 And I was forc'd, when charg'd by the Divan,
 To my last Strength, the Love of *Solyman*.

QUEEN.

Your Enemies could not but many be,
 You having then all that were so to me.

ROXOLANA.

When, without Leave, you did adventure her
 And, by the Right of War, my Pris'ner were,
 Did I not then my Favour so extend,
 That you became no Pris'ner, but my Friend?
 When *Buda* you did offer to resign,
 Did I not constantly the Gift decline,
 And in your Cause the Sultan did implore,
 That what his Sword had gain'd, he would restore

QUEEN.

All Bounties, Madam, must to yours submit,
 Which nothing equals, but my Sense of it.

ROXOLANA.

Having confess'd my Allegations true,
 Mark what Returns have since been made by you
 For more than Hope of what you wish'd to be,
 For your Protection, and your Liberty,

For all I did, and purpos'd to have done,
 You, in Requital, have enslav'd my Son ;
 A Son, who never yet my Will controul'd,
 Till he your fatal Beauty did behold :
 But now, with that enchanted, is no more
 By his own Reason rul'd, nor by my Pow'r.
 What my Designs have built, you have o'erthrown :
 And I, in *Zanger's* Ruin, feel my own.
 My Patience has not Strength for this Assault.

QUEEN.

Oh! do not make my Misery my Fault.
 You now confirm all my prophetic Fears ;
 I did imploy my Reason, Pray'rs and Tears,
 To make the Prince his fatal Love decline ;
 I knew you would resent his Fault as mine :
 But I, alas ! found my Dissuasions vain.

ROXOLANA.

Why did you not betimes to me complain ?

QUEEN.

Who to a Mother could accuse a Son,
 Or lead you to that Grief which you would shun ?
 When I perceiv'd his Love was fix'd so sure,
 That 'twas above my Tears, and Reason's Cure,
 I did resolve in a Disguise to fly,
 Where I unknown, might in a Cloister die.
 And, lest you might suspect what I design'd,
 This Letter I did mean to leave behind ;

[*Gives her a Letter.*

Which

Which begs your Pardon, and informs you too,
 My Flight was but in Thankfulness to you.
 Nor can I doubt your Mercy to my Son,
 When I, to keep your Love, from *Zanger's* run.

[*Roxolana reads the Letter to herself*]

ROXOLANA.

In taxing you, who now so just appear,
 I am more guilty than I thought you were:
 Nor can you your Revenge more cruel make,
 Than when you shew the Guilt of my Mistake.

QUEEN.

Of what is past you shew too great a Sense;
 The Reparation does exceed th' Offence.
 Again you'll wound me, if you treat me so;
 I only meant my Innocence to shew;
 You, seeing that, make me obtain my End.

ROXOLANA.

You must my Pardon seal, and be my Friend.

[*Kisses her*]

And that I may deserve what I request,
 I'll lodge my greatest Secret in your Breast.
 I know you will be ever kind and just.

[*Kisses her again*]

QUEEN.

No Obligation binds so much as Trust.

ROXOLANA.

The Friendship plac'd by my unhappy Son
 On *Mustapha*, is not to you unknown.

QUEEN

QUEEN.

To that high Friendship I no Stranger am;
 A nobler yet was never told by Fame.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, Queen! from that dire Friendship I receive
 The deepest Wound which Fate did ever give.
 You know the bloody Custom of this Crown;
 Nought but the Sultan's Life secures my Son:
 For when the eldest does the Throne enjoy,
 He must the younger by our Laws destroy.

QUEEN.

That Custom he by Friendship will reclaim.

ROXOLANA.

Friendship to Love and Pow'r seems but a Name.
 Tho' *Mustapha* has Virtue and Renown
 Fit to possess and dignify a Crown;
 (For never yet did any Sultan's Son
 Perform and promise more, than he has done)
 Yet, when he shall th' Imperial Sceptre bear,
 He must become my *Zanger's* Murderer;
 For that is made a righteous Law by Time,
 Which Law at first did judge the highest Crime.

QUEEN.

Pow'r's private Safety is the public Good;
 It lives in Health, by letting others Blood.

ROXOLANA.

The Sultan's Love gives me a Pow'r so high,
 That I to this could give a Remedy,

If *Zanger* did not secret Friendship pay,
 Ev'n with religious Rites, to *Mustapha*.
 All my Designs fond *Zanger* does oppose,
 Who saving *Mustapha*, himself will lose.

QUEEN.

Your Fate against your Virtue does conspire.

ROXOLANA.

Alas! I must destroy what I admire.
 In this Attempt I shall your Aid implore:
 And since your Beauty they do both adore,
 You must love *Mustapha*, and slight my Son.
 Despair may do what Reason should have done
 For Friendship never yet could climb above
 The high Resentments of neglected Love.

QUEEN.

Madam, the Weight you on my Bosom lay,
 I cannot bear, nor your Commands obey.
 Prince *Mustapha* my Love can never have;
 My King and Love are bury'd in one Grave.

ROXOLANA.

If *Mustapha* cannot your Love obtain,
 It may suffice, when you Affection feign.

QUEEN.

But Honour, Madam, quickly will forget,
 And lose itself, whilst it does counterfeit;
 As Men a little us'd to speak untrue,
 The just Remembrance lose of what they knew

Till their first Shapes grow to themselves unknown.

ROXOLANA.

Can this be said by you, who wear a Crown?
When from your Heart your Looks do diff'rent show;
Love does but change the Weather of your Brow;
Which should no more a constant Meaning bear,
Than th' outward Face of Heav'n should still be clear.
The Great should in their Thrones mysterious be;
Dissembling is no worse than Mystery.

Obscurity is that which Terror moves:

The Gods most awful seem'd in shady Groves;
And our wise Prophet's Text a Rev'rence bears,
Where it is hard, and needs Interpreters.

QUEEN.

I ever was without Dissembling bred,
And in my open Brow my Thoughts were read:
None but the Guilty keep themselves unknown.

ROXOLANA.

No wonder we so soon subdu'd your Throne;
When wise Dissimulation, which should guard
Chief Pow'r, and make th' Approaches to it hard,
Was banish'd from your Court to Rebel-States,
To Conclaves, Councils, and small Magistrates.
These stronger grow than Monarchs, who refuse
The close false Armour which their Subjects use.

QUEEN.

Madam, you teach what Christians are not taught,
And seem to soar as high in Flights of Thought,

As now your Empire wide in Compass swells.

ROXOLANA.

Sure Christian Kings live not in Courts, but Cells
That is uncourtly, ill-bred Innocence,
Which cannot with dissembled Love dispense.
You must dissemble Love to *Mustapha*,
And make him think by what you often say,
That you for Love can mourn, and languish too.

QUEEN.

Madam, I shall need Counsel what to do.

ROXOLANA.

How, Madam! you may Counsel take of me,
But should from Subjects Counsel still be free.
We, but in asking it from Subjects, give
Much more of Value, than we can receive:
We give our Secrets to them, which, when known
May make their Int'rest greater than our own.
By Counsel Men persuade, or else direct;
Directions like Appointment we suspect:
And ev'n Persuasion does the Throne invade;
For Slaves may govern whom they can persuade.
Advise yourself, and boldly then proceed:
Counsel must yield to Courage and to Speed.

QUEEN.

When I shall Counsel ask, I'll none reveal;
I can advise myself what to conceal.

ROXOLANA.

I'll press you now no farther, but retire.
Madam, improve what Honour shall inspire.

If that which I request may not be done,
 You ruin me, and *Zanger*, and your Son.
 But, ere I go, assure me of your Stay.

QUEEN.

In this, because I can, I will obey. [*Exit Roxol.*
 No: Fortune aims at more than she can do;
 She takes my Crown, then tempts my Virtue too.
 I am for *Mustapha's* true Love in Debt,
 Which I will never pay with counterfeit.

Enter CARDINAL.

CARDINAL.

Madam, last Night I did advise your Stay;
 But now I come to hasten you away.
 Time has been active since I saw you last.

QUEEN.

Shall I trust Counsels which can change so fast?

CARDINAL.

By various Ways we may our End pursue.
 Counsels should alter, as their Causes do.
 Physicians, Madam, will not think it strange,
 If I change Med'cines when Diseases change.
 The Plot, of a most firm and constant Mind,
 Must shift his Course, and turn with ev'ry Wind.

Enter THURICUS, VICHE.

THURICUS.

The Sultan's Troops, more swift than in Alarms,
 Are, without Orders, running to their Arms.

G g 3

VICHE.

VICHE.

Rustan does now in several Shapes appear;
For he is often alter'd by his Fear.

CARDINAL.

The Army is so bent to Mutiny,
That *Mustapha* does counsel you to fly.
Madam, we all are to your Flight inclin'd,

QUEEN.

But to this Place, my Lord, I am confin'd,
And by a Tie which has such Influence,
That I will rather die, than fly from hence.

[*A mutinous Noise is heard*]

CARDINAL.

Their Anger is grown loud! Madam, 'tis fit
That you send out to know the Cause of it.

QUEEN.

Make haste, my Lords, and sev'rally inquire,
If those who rais'd this Storm, can raise it higher
And when you have the Danger of it learn'd,
Observe how far the Princes are concern'd.

[*Exeunt* Thuricus, Viche

Enter CLEORA *at another Door, and whisper*
the QUEEN.

CLEORA.

Zarma has hastily a Whisper brought,
Which says, That Means for your Escape is wrought

Th

This Tempest *Mustapha* would have you shun;
And she will help to send away your Son.

QUEEN.

O how am I perplex'd! secure him, Heav'n!

[*Aside.*

I have my Faith to *Roxolana* giv'n,
I'll assure her of my Stay, by which my Son
May in my Fortune equal Hazard run.

[*Whispers Cleora.*

Go strait to *Roxolana's* Tent, and there
Observe what Change does in her Looks appear.

[*Exit Cleora.*

CARDINAL.

Madam, you said, you would not fly from hence;
Tis a Resolve of fatal Consequence.

QUEEN.

The Cause of that Resolve I must conceal;
But will a Secret of more Use reveal.
The Prince has by his Presents *Zarma* won,
Who will contrive to send away my Son.
This is a Bus'ness worthy your Debate.

CARDINAL.

Unhappy is the Minister of State,
Whom for successful Counsel you despise,
Yet that conceal by which he should advise.
His Fate, and not his Skill, you ought to blame,
Who plays the Cards, yet must not see the Game:

If I but hold the Cards which you will play,
I throw your Judgment, not my own, away.

QUEEN.

But this which needs your Counsel, open lies.

CARDINAL.

To what you have reveal'd, I thus advise:
Your Son to *Buda* flying, will redeem,
By his own Loss, those who abandon'd him.
You trust the Conquer'd, who were safe before,
And by Distrust provoke the Conqueror.
How can your Son by Flight advantag'd be,
Who quits the Port to meet a Storm at Sea?
And doubtless, Madam, you, by staying here,
The whole Revenge of his Escape must bear.
These are the Dangers which attend his Flight;
But he is safe in *Roxolana's* Sight.
For, till her growing Pow'r you can suspect,
Doubt not his Safety whom she does protect.

QUEEN.

Your Reasons urging his Continuance here,
Like Rays of Light, are sudden, strong, and clear.
My Lord, as these convince me for his Stay,
So let my Counsel hasten you away.
The Mutinous, who now in Tumult rise,
Hate our Religion, and your Robe despise.
This Storm you may in *Buda* safely see.

CARDINAL.

Madam, it will no more my Wonder be,
 That you, not trusting me, disguis'd appear,
 Since you suspect I am so faint with Fear
 As to forsake my Queen in her Distress :
 But, Madam, walk in Clouds, and trust me less.
 Tho' but in part your Mind you will declare,
 Yet in your whole Misfortunes I will share :
 And tho' my Counsels may defective seem,
 I'll by my Suff'rings merit your Esteem.

[Exit.]

QUEEN.

Our greatest Couns'lors think we are unjust,
 When our least Thoughts are hidden from their Trust:
 And till (by knowing th' utmost that we know)
 Those restless Couns'lors may our Rulers grow ;
 They do not love us, and they sullen seem ;
 But after, care not, tho' we love not them.

[Exit.]

*Enter SOLYMAN, RUSTAN, PYRRHUS. Shouts
 are heard from within.*

SOLYMAN.

What Shouts are these? ———

RUSTAN.

—— Shouts which your Soldiers pay,
 Hearing Prince *Mustapha* has Leave to stay.

PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS.

About his Tents the joyful Soldiers croud.

SOLYMAN.

There was no Need their Joy should be so loud:
Their Shouts of Triumph never rose so high.

RUSTAN.

It shews they love him more than Victory.
And when these Shouts they in your Presence make,
It is a Sign they love him for your sake.

SOLYMAN.

How long can they the Father love, who run
With such a guilty Kindness to the Son?
'Tis much to do it, more to show it so.

PYRRHUS.

Men never fear to pay the Debts they owe.

SOLYMAN.

He takes that Love which does belong to me,
And lets me reign but by his Courtesy:
His early Acquisition shews his Skill
In ruling, and his Pow'r declares his Will.

RUSTAN.

Suspicion's good, unless it start too soon,
And then does faster than th' Offender run:
If he pursues too early, and too fast,
Your Army's Love, he errs but in his Haste.
Your Jealousy, and his Desire to gain
That Love, from which he should awhile abstain,

May

May be excus'd; for neither is a Crime,
But as you both may err in point of Time.

PYRRHUS.

Why should your Army's Kindness be his Fault?

SOLYMAN.

They love or hate, but so as they are taught.
By Fear Usurpers should their Pow'r sustain;
But a true Prince chiefly by Love should reign.
Whilst, in loose Knots, Fear but the Body binds,
We strongly rule by Love our Subjects Minds.

RUSTAN.

Yet wisest Monarchs by Success have prov'd,
That it is safer to be fear'd, than lov'd;
For Subjects, as they please, their Love dispense;
But always fear, as it does please the Prince.
A King should more the ruling Pow'r esteem
Plac'd in himself, than when 'tis lodg'd in them.

SOLYMAN.

That Error is destructive to a State;
For whomsoever the People fear, they hate.
This is in me, and in my Subjects, true;
For fearing *Mustapha*, I hate him too.
And he, ev'n in my Camp, my Pow'r controuls,
I ruling but their Bodies, he their Souls.

PYRRHUS.

By his first Deeds he seem'd to study you,
And of your Story a fair Copy drew.

Can

Can he deface the Virtue he has shown,
And on his Father's Ruin build his Throne?

SOLYMAN.

Since on Ambition's Wings he means to rise,
He will both hate and flight all Nature's Ties.
A Father's Name cannot his Nature fright
From Glory, when it does his Youth invite.
Th' enchanting Sound of Pow'r so charms his Ear,
That he will now no other Music hear.

*[New Shouts are heard,
at which Solyman starts.]*

This Insolence is loud enough to wake
Revenge from duller Sleep than Death can make.

RUSTAN.

Perhaps, not understanding their Offence,
They deem this Duty, which is Insolence,
And think they not offend in what they do.

SOLYMAN.

My Army then is bravely taught by you.
Can any ignorant of Treason be,
Who shout for aught but Victory and me?

RUSTAN.

Yet do not, Sir, decline what I advise:
Repentance is a noble Sacrifice;
But if, when taught, their Crime they should pursue,
Twill justify what you intend to do.

PYRRHUS.

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PYRRHUS.

When but a few into Offences run,
Justice may safely punish what is done;
But when whole Camps are kindled to a Flame,
Persuasion then, not Force, must them reclaim.

RUSTAN.

Revenge, which to the Injur'd does belong,
Can be successful only to the Strong.
Your Foes you summon, ere their Towns you storm:
If to your Army now you less perform,
They all in Arms for *Mustapha* will rise,
Because you use them worse than Enemies.

SOLYMAN.

I yield to your Advice: Go both, and try
To make them in their Joys more mannerly.

[*Exeunt Rustan, Pyrrhus.*]

My Race of Glory did proceed too fast;
My Armies now grow weary of my Haste;
And yet, tho' tir'd, they shout, and gladly run
To see me overtaken by my Son:
All in this Race are stopt, when overtook;
And I, whom all did follow, am forfok;
Forfok by him whom I begot and bred;
I'm left behind by those whom I have led.
Must I, like conqu'ring Fleets, when Storms begin,
Take all my glorious Flags and Streamers in?
Tho' *Mustapha* by Heav'n's Decree was sent
To warn great Monarchs by my Punishment,

Yet

Yet he does Heav'n offend, offending me:
 What means our Prophet by this Mystery?
 My Son's ordain'd to what he should not do;
 And I to bear what I should punish too. [Exit

*Enter MUSTAPHA, ZANGER. MUSTAPHA
 seems very pensive.*

ZANGER:

Ah, Prince! you wrong your Love, whilst you
 admit

Another Passion thus to reign with it.

MUSTAPHA.

Zanger, my Grief may well my Heart subdue,
 Since 'tis too great to be reveal'd to you.
 Pity that Fate with which I now contend;
 It makes me hide my Danger from my Friend.

ZANGER.

What can you seem unwilling to declare,
 After confessing you my Rival are?
 Or of that Friendship are you not secure,
 Which did, unshaken, such a Proof endure?

MUSTAPHA.

Let what I heard be silenc'd as untrue,
 Since my believing it may trouble you;
 And yet my speaking it may pardon'd be,
 Since your not hearing it may ruin me.

ZANGER.

What can I more an Injury esteem,
 Than when by Silence you distrustful seem?

Mus

A TRAGEDY.

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MUSTAPHA.

Alas! you know not that you are unjust,
When thus you take my Kindness for Distrust;
Be loth to hear what I shall speak with Pain.

ZANGER.

I Torment feel in that which you retain.

MUSTAPHA.

Your Mother with the Vizier is agreed,
And she hath secretly my Death decreed.

ZANGER.

You wrong me, Brother, and yourself deceive,
And I wrong Nature, when I this believe.

MUSTAPHA.

I'll rather perish by your Misbelief,
Than give you Evidence t' increase your Grief.
Farewel! The Duty of a Son retain;
You'll hear your Brother and your Friend is slain.

ZANGER.

'Twere cruel, Sir, to leave me with this Wound.

MUSTAPHA.

You are too good to see what I have found.

[Going out.]

ZANGER.

Stay, Sir, I cannot Nature much offend,
Doubting a Mother, to preserve a Friend:
Our Friendship does the Mind's Alliance show;
Let me the utmost of this Secret know.

Mus-

MUSTAPHA.

It comes from one that does not Prudence lack;
 Nor his Intelligence from Rumour take;
 One to whom *Zarma* does with Trust disclose
 (Charm'd by his Love) all that her Bosom knows.
 This bloody Mischief is with Art design'd;
 The Secret cautiously to few confin'd,
 Which by such close Contraction is made strong,
 And still your Mother abler to do Wrong.

ZANGER.

Perhaps she is thus cruel, since I grow
 As cruel, in believing she is so;
 Yet then, she with herself does disagree,
 Knowing I die in you, and she in me.

MUSTAPHA.

This Junto could not so successful be
 Were not the Sultan wrought to Jealousy,
 That I, affecting popular Esteem,
 Follow those Crouds which have forsaken him;
 And that I aim'd not, by my Battles won,
 To conquer *Persia*, but usurp his Throne.
 These false Suggestions I might soon remove,
 Were I admitted to implore his Love:
 But, Oh! that rigid Form which us bereaves
 Of all Approach, without our Fathers Leaves!
 That rigid Custom, which does bring no less
 Than Death, when we, unsent for, seek Access!

But, *Zanger*, if I could Admittance gain,
I must not, where your Mother rules, complain.

ZANGER.

If they have rais'd the Sultan's Wrath so high,
You must, to save your Life, vouchsafe to fly.
Your Stay makes Life depend upon his Breath;
Your Flight prevents his Guilt, and your own Death.
Whom he suspects, he does but seldom save;
A Prince's Prison is a Prince's Grave.

MUSTAPHA.

'Twere better, *Zanger*, that my Blood were spilt,
Than sav'd by Flight; Flight is itself a Guilt.
Since still my Duty did my Actions steer,
I'll not disgrace my Innocence by Fear,
Lest I the saving of my Life repent:
I'll rather bear, than merit Punishment.

ZANGER.

When Pris'ner made, 'twill be a new Offence
T' accuse his Wrath, by pleading Innocence.
Your Death he'll then decree, t' avoid Complaint;
Pow'r oft by Death does justify Restraint,
And, when incens'd, into two Faults will run,
Rather than own that it has acted one.
We shall, by your Retreat, gain Time to learn
Those Dangers which our Haste cannot discern;
You then may make that Innocence appear,
Which yet his Passion will not let him hear.

MUSTAPHA.

I'll sooner yield my Person to his Pow'r,
Than be held guilty by him but one Hour.
By Flight my Fear and Shame will equal be,
And Fear or Shame is worse than Death to me.

ZANGER.

I doubt your Virtue will your Life betray;
But since so nobly you resolve to stay,
I'll to my Mother strait, and she shall know
Th' important Secret of our mutual Vow.
It will divert the Hope of her Design,
When she's assur'd your Ruin must be mine.

MUSTAPHA.

Friendship like this, who ever did enjoy,
Which rival'd Love, nor Death, cannot destroy?
Oh, *Zanger*! if you knew how much I strove
To make my Friendship overcome my Love,
(Tho' in that Strife I could not Victor be)
You would both envy then, and pity me.

ZANGER.

I'm glad in that Design you miss your End:
Who quits his Mistress, may forsake his Friend;
And none of Friendship should a Proof admit,
Which may occasion Fear of losing it;
For he who can break off your Conqueror's Chain,
Has such wild Strength as nothing can restrain.

MUS-

MUSTAPHA.

Ah! stay! methinks I'm on a sudden brought
 To Light's last Glimpse, and to a Stop of Thought!
 Something, methinks, prophetic in my Breast,
 Bids me make haste, and in Fame's Temple rest.
 And as Men dying leave chief Legacies
 To those whose Friendship they did dearest prize;
 So *Zanger*, I, as to your Merit due,
 Bequeath the Queen, my Life's last Gift, to you.

ZANGER.

Our secret Sympathy your Fate secures:
 If bad, my Breast would feel 't as soon as yours.
 And since you but bequeath a Legacy,
 Which cannot be possess'd before you die,
 You safely give what I shall ne'er receive,
 Because I cannot *Mustapha* out-live.

MUSTAPHA.

How poorly some in Friendship take a Pride,
 Which never yet was by Love's Int'rest try'd!
 To ours alone the perfect Praise is due,
 At once of being Friends and Rivals too.

[*Exeunt embracing.*]

Enter RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS.

Compliance now must serve us more than Force,
 Since th' *European* and the *Asian* Horse

Refuse our Orders, and in public say,
That we conspir'd to banish *Mustapha*.

RUSTAN.

No Pride so dangerous is as being proud
Of prosp'rous Mutiny. They threaten loud,
Who us'd but in their Whispers to complain.

PYRRHUS.

If they the Janizaries Aga gain,
We are, beyond Repairs of Court, undone.

RUSTAN.

The Force we dare not meet, we ought to shun.

PYRRHUS.

The Empress feels Remorse, or finds her Fear.

Enter ACHMAT, HALY.

RUSTAN.

We shall be call'd: *Zarma* expects us here.
Achmat, the *Asian* Horse have long been led
By you, and by your great Example bred.
This Monster-mutiny will all devour:
You might oblige the Sultan with your Pow'r,
If you could quell this Monster. —

ACHMAT.

—— May be, so:

But you had better try what you can do.

RUSTAN.

The Deed is noble, and belongs to you:
I would not take what is to *Achmat* due.

ACH

ACHMAT.

Indeed you ever, with a tender Hand,
 Touch'd what another Bassa should command.
 Your Justice (which knows when and whom to strike)
 Usurps no Bus'ness which you do not like.

PYRRHUS.

Haly, this doubtful Language strange appears.

HALY.

You'll in the Army find Interpreters.

RUSTAN.

Haly, it seems, does listen to the Crowd.

HALY.

Men need not listen, where Complaints are loud.

PYRRHUS.

The People rail, to exercise their Tongues.

HALY.

Their Patience, first, is exercis'd with Wrongs.

PYRRHUS.

They, wanting Judgment, should submit to Laws,
 And cannot Judges be in their own Cause;
 But to their Rulers gently should appeal.

ACHMAT.

Men their own Judges are of what they feel.

RUSTAN.

This is not meant in Friendship, nor for Sport.
 Sure, *Pyrrhus*, they are angry with the Court,
 And having found none for their Anger care,
 Strive, out of Malice, to be popular.

Enter ZARMA, who whispers RUSTAN.

ZARMA.

You must bring *Pyrrhus*, and may have Access.

[Exit, with Zarma, Rustan, and Pyrrhus, smiling scornfully on the other two, and they on them.]

ACHMAT.

Methinks we were ill-natur'd to express
So much Contempt of Greatness in Distress.

HALY.

When shining Fav'rites grow with Greatness
proud,

All Men rejoice to see them in a Cloud.

If this Ill-nature be, 'tis not confin'd

To us alone, but is in all Mankind:

And whilst we blame ourselves, we injure all:

Nothing's ill-natur'd, that is natural.

ACHMAT.

I must confess, in this insulting, you

Do but as Statesmen to each other do.

HALY.

When they are more afflicted, we will seem

To mourn with their few Friends who pity them;

But secretly we will their Foes incense,

And then in Haste bring them Intelligence

Of Mischiefs, which they never can avoid;

And so be thank'd by those we have destroy'd.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

A TRAGEDY.

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Enter ROXOLANA, RUSTAN, PYRRHUS.

ROXOLANA.

My Favour to the Sultan you implore
Only for Governments you sought before.
You sue for *Egypt*, you for *Babylon* :
If I could these procure, you would be gone.

RUSTAN.

In these from sudden Foes we distant are ;
No Mutiny can last to march so far :
And we, by Absence, may perhaps abate
The Rage contracted by this Army's Hate.

PYRRHUS.

This Army's Temper, well consider'd, shews,
You are not safe, when we our Safety lose ;
But 'twill in vain with your Designs contest,
When in our Hands you shall possess the East.

ROXOLANA.

Men, who to high Designs, like this, are bent,
Should less fear Death, than not to see th' Event.

RUSTAN.

The Camp to *Mustapha* such Love has shown,
That we shall hasten by his Death our own.

PYRRHUS.

That which does lead our Hope the surest way,
Brings us to certain Ruin, if we stay.

ROXOLANA.

You vow'd (striving my Favour to regain)
That *Zanger* after *Solyman* should reign :

H h 4

And

And, that I might no Mark of Horror bear,
You said, I still against it should appear.

PYRRHUS.

But, Madam, neither of us promis'd, we
The Prince's Executioners would be.
All but the Mutes will that black Office shun,
And all things else are near Perfection done.

ROXOLANA,

None here the fatal Orders will obey,
If in this Juncture you should fly away.
You both must stay, and what you plotted, act:
I'll not the Guilt of your Designs contract.

RUSTAN.

In staying, we the Prince's Fate partake;
We who are guilty only for your sake:
So guilty none did ever yet appear.

ROXOLANA.

You only guilty are, because your fear;
But Fear in Statesmen is the highest Crime:
Those who to Empire's upper Station climb
Are not so useful, by their being wise,
As they may hurtful be by Cowardice;
For they, fearing to act what they should do,
Make, with themselves, the Valiant useless too.

RUSTAN.

Provoke not those, who with your Ruin may
Save both themselves, and injur'd *Mustapha*.

PYR.

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PYRRHUS.

This, were we Cowards, we could quickly do.

ROXOLANA.

Am I forsaken, and then threaten'd too?

You, doing this, will your best Visage wear:

Falshood in Statesmen is less vile than Fear.

Go to the Sultan, go! and th' Int'rest try

Of crafty Art: On Nature I'll rely.

You are whole Statesmen, and his Friends in Part;

Statesmen, like States, are but the Works of Art.

When in both Shapes your Wisdoms have appear'd,

Weak Wives and Mistresses may chance be heard.

You with your Blood must for your Mischiefs pay;

But a few Tears will wash my Guilt away.

What you design'd, Ambition made you do;

I did but that which Nature call'd me to.

You did the Plot contrive to kill his Son;

At which I but conniv'd, to save my own:

Go then, and by your Deaths the Diff'rence prove

'Twixt those whom Kings but trust, and whom

they love.

RUSTAN.

'Our Treason against you would be a Fault

Greater than ever enter'd in our Thought.

Pardon our Passion, since you did deny

The Suit we made with sharpest Injury.

PYR-

PYRRHUS.

Too much your loyal Servants you despise,
When you their Care impute to Cowardice.

ROXOLANA.

Care does unworthy of itself appear,
When it the ugly Vizard wears of Fear.
If, as you said, the Deed is almost done,
Stay but one Day, to end what you begun.
The Soldiers Fury, which you would decline,
If well improv'd, will perfect your Design :
Their Love to *Mustapha* is turn'd to Rage,
Which nothing but his Blood can now assuage.
Go then, and make my Son the Empire's Heir;
Leave your Preferments to my sudden Care.

RUSTAN.

We in your Cause all Dangers will despise.

PYRRHUS.

And with your Fortune quickly fall or rise.

RUSTAN.

We will the Sultan instantly attend :
The Prince's ling'ring Fate in Death shall end.

[*Exeunt* Rustan, Pyrrhus.*Enter* ZARMA.

ZARMA.

Madam, Prince *Zanger*, much impatient, stays
Within, and humbly for Admittance prays.

ROXOLANA.

I guess the Bus'ness which has brought him here :
His fatal Friendship gives me Grief and Fear.

Find-

Finding the Sultan does his Brother hate,

He would employ me as his Advocate.

Say, I am close at my Devotion; go!

Say, I'm retir'd; make haste and tell him so.

Admit him not, tho' much he will pretend.

ZARMA.

He is too much a Brother and a Friend. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Zarma.*

ROXOLANA.

What Sin of mine, O Heav'n! incenses thee?

Thou mak'st my Son his own worst Enemy.

What by my Care and Art he might enjoy,

He does himself contribute to destroy:

And I, in my perplex'd Condition, must

Become unnatural, or else unjust;

Must leave a Son to Empire's Cruelty,

Or to a gen'rous Prince inhuman be.

My Husband, whom I love, I cruel make,

Ev'n against Nature, yet for Nature's sake.

His Son, by my Contrivance, he must kill;

Whilst I preserve my own against his Will.

The Blood I save must answer for my Guilt,

And wash away the Stains of what is spilt.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

The

The FIFTH A C T.

Enter SOLYMAN, ROXOLANA, PYRRHUS,
RUSTAN.

SOLYMAN.

I Will not stay to see him in my Throne:
I yet can reach him, and will take him down.
Rustan has now my Orders: he shall die,

ROXOLANA.

Excess of Justice turns to Cruelty.

SOLYMAN.

Whilst but Suspicion did my Breast invade,
Your Mediation could my Wrath dissuade;
But now his Treason is so certain grown,
That I must take his Life, or lose my own.
The Name of *Mustapha* infects your Breath:
Those who desire his Life, design my Death.

ROXOLANA.

Then, Sir, my Intercession is unfit:
Yet pardon me, if I with Grief submit;
For it does too much Cause of Grief afford,
When Justice against Nature draws her Sword.

SOLYMAN.

His Death is but deferr'd, because I stay
To send him to his Grave the safest way.

RUSTAN.

RUSTAN.

Since you by *Achmat* did the Prince advise,
That if he either loyal were, or wise,
He from the Camp should secretly retire,
And by his Absence quench his raging Fire;
It were convenient you to *Achmat* sent,
With Kindness to invite him to your Tent;
Pretending 'tis your Will he should receive
Your Counsel, ere he does the Army leave.
But, Sir, since for your Safety he must die,
It should be done with Speed and Secrecy.

PYRRHUS.

Else they may rescue him by open Force.
His Train and Guards are thirty thousand Horse:
And he so much your Soldiers rules, that they
Will scarce, but in your Presence, you obey.

SOLYMAN.

Already his dark Ev'ning is begun:
He shall be sure to set before the Sun;
And never more shall rise to be ador'd,
But part in an Eclipse, and be abhorr'd.
Send *Achmat* hither, to avoid Delay.

[*Exeunt* Rustan, Pyrrhus.

ROXOLANA.

Fate rises in your Brow! I dare not stay
To hear the bloody Sentence you must give:
Horror and Pity in my Bosom strive.

Re-

Rememb'ring what to *Mustapha* is due,
And not to punish him, would ruin you.

[Exit.

SOLYMAN.

We our Compassion rather should extend
To Strangers than to Sons, when they offend :
With Wrongs from Strangers we may well dispense,
Who nothing have receiv'd to recompense :
They only are by common Justice bound ;
None are ingrate, who have no Favour found.
But *Mustapha*, (unthankful for that Care,
Which bred him to deserve the Wreaths of War)
Whom all the Bonds of Nature could not tie,
Shall now, for Nature's sake, unpity'd die.

[Exit.

Enter MUSTAPHA, ZANGER.

MUSTAPHA.

This Counsel *Achmat* from the Sultan brought,
Whose Favour I have now by *Achmat* sought ;
Begging I may attend him ere I go,
And fully my suppos'd Offences know.
If to this just Request he does consent,
I may avoid my fatal Banishment,
And be deliver'd from a double Grief,
Whilst I to Love and Friendship give Relief.

ZANGER.

I fear, in your Request by *Achmat* made,
You have but sought the Means to be betray'd:

And

And since against yourself you now conspire,
 Who will oppose that Fate which you desire?
 My Mother, in denying me Access,
 Does rashly your determin'd Death confess.

MUSTAPHA.

Since only guilty Minds have Cause of Fear,
 It does to me more probable appear,
 That ev'n my Foes are likelier to abhor
 Their Mischiefs past, than to consult of more.

Enter ACHMAT.

ACHMAT.

The Joys of Conquest ever fill your Breast!
 The mighty Sultan yields to your Request;
 Believes your Love is in your Message sent;
 He trusts that Love, and thinks you innocent.
 His Cloud is vanish'd, and his Brow so clear,
 That you may plainly read a Father there.
 Sir, he does strait expect you in his Tent:
 Improve his Kindness, whilst he does relent.

MUSTAPHA.

How like you now the Way I did pursue?

[*To Zanger.*

ZANGER.

I think the Change too sudden to be true.

MUSTAPHA.

If false, I then am but of Life bereav'd:
 'Tis worth my dying, to be undeceiv'd.

And

And who would with a Father be in Strife?
 Rather than Duty lose, I'll lose my Life.
Zanger, farewell! I leave, in leaving you,
 The best of Friends, and best of Brothers too.
 Yet I shall take some Glory in my Death,
 Counting the Worth of what I can bequeath:
 And, to confirm my Legacy, I now
 Freely release the Rigour of your Vow.
 For if in th' upper World we aught can know
 Of Things, which those we love transact below,
 I shall rejoice, when I am thither gone,
 That you possess my Mistress, and my Throne.

ZANGER.

Can you such Gifts to one so worthless give,
 As after you will be content to live?
 Ah, Prince! if this Discourse you should pursue,
 Sorrow to me would kinder prove than you.

MUSTAPHA.

If in my Fate, dear *Zanger*, you should share,
 Who of the Queen's Concerns will take a Care?
 Think it her Suit, not mine, which you deny.

ZANGER.

When you are dead, Honour will make me die.

MUSTAPHA.

I shall be strong enough for my Defence,
 Where Nature pleads the Cause of Innocence.

ZANGER.

Methinks both these should all Things overcome;
Yet Hope finds in my Breast but little Room.

MUSTAPHA.

I must not your prophetic Sorrows hear:
Tis only Friendship, which creates your Fear.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter the* QUEEN, ZARMA.

ZARMA.

One whom I lov'd, injoin'd me to obey,
With faithful Service, you and *Mustapha*:
And, Madam, I attend you, now you are
Alone, that all I know I may declare.

QUEEN.

I'll not ungrateful be for what you do;
I'll serve you in Rewards and Friendship too.

ZARMA.

I still have fear'd, that *Roxolana's* Love
To *Zanger*, would his Brother's Ruin prove;
But many Proofs do now my Thoughts convince,
That she designs to save and serve the Prince.
For that Effect, she's to the Sultan gone;
But first commanded me to tell her Son,
That he this Ev'ning in her Tent should stay,
To speak with her concerning *Mustapha*.
The Tumult in the Camp begins to cease,
And all put on the chearful Looks of Peace.

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I i

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

You tell me what I most desir'd to hear:
Which soon will free me from my Grief and Fear.

ZARMA.

Since all Things move to meet with your Desire,
Your Son has no Occasion to retire.

QUEEN.

By your Advice I may successful grow.

ZARMA.

Still what I hear, you instantly shall know.

[*Exit Zarma.*]

Enter CARDINAL, THURICUS, VICHE,

CLEORA.

QUEEN.

My Lords, by *Zarma* (who is newly gone)
I hear the Sultan smiles upon his Son:
The Empress nobly has procur'd his Peace:
The Chiefs of Faction from their Tumults cease,
And now for Favour to her Tent resort.

CARDINAL.

I doubt all this is but a Turn of Court.
Think not the Empress will her Pow'r employ,
T' establish him, who must her Son destroy.

QUEEN.

Honour has in her Soul the highest Place.

CARDINAL.

Nature has greater Pow'r than Honour has.

But,

But, Madam, whilst this seeming Calm does last,
 You, with the Infant, should to *Buda* haste;
 Which now, disloyal grown, will scarce withstand
 The worst of all your Foes, King *Ferdinand*.
 For whilst the *Turk* invades us from the East,
 Th' unchristian King assaults us in the West.
 With Craft and Wealth he has advanc'd his Pow'r.

THURICUS.

Madam, we now came from the Governor;
 Who bid us tell you, that he has surpriz'd
 Three of King *Ferd'nand's* Officers, disguis'd.

VICHE.

With these there have been blank Commissions
 found:
 Some of their Faction we in Fetters bound.

QUEEN.

Before this Danger does resistless grow,
 You must, with both these Lords, to *Buda* go.

CARDINAL.

Your Presence, Madam, will be needful there.

QUEEN.

My Promise will awhile detain me here.

CARDINAL.

You'll then be left afflicted, and alone.

QUEEN.

You leave me for my Safety, not your own.
 Whilst I the Rage of Fortune here withstand,
 We may be ruin'd there by *Ferdinand*.

I must not be deny'd. Your being there
Will free me from a most important Care.

CARDINAL.

Madam, my strict Obedience makes me go:
All that does happen, you shall hourly know.

*[Exeunt Queen and Cleora one way, the
Cardinal and Lords at the other Door.]*

*Enter MUSTAPHA. The Guards, and others,
passing by him, shake their Heads with sorrow-
ful Looks.*

MUSTAPHA.

All shake their pensive Heads in passing by,
As if they did dislike my Destiny.
Let him dispatch whom he intends to kill:
'Tis less to suffer Death, than fear it still;
Nor is the worst of Deaths so bad a Fate,
As still to live under a Father's Hate.
My Torments are so many, and so high,
That only Death can be my Remedy:
Death will my Father's Jealousy remove,
And free me ever from neglected Love;
Whilst to my greatest Guilt it puts an End
Of being Rival to so brave a Friend.
But ev'n that Comfort brings me Sorrow too;
For Death will then more than my Friendship do.
And if his Kindness makes him keep his Vow,
He, dying, will the greater Friendship show.

He'll

He'll freely, for my sake, quit Life and Love;
 But cruel Force does me from both remove.
 In Death his Friendship will so clearly shine,
 That when I die, he'll see the Faults of mine:
 For I, by Rivalship, was faulty grown,
 And Death resigns what Friendship should have done.

*Enter six Mutes. One of them advances before the
 rest, and kneels down, delivers MUSTAPHA
 a black Box with a Parchment, the Sultan's
 Great Seal hanging at it in a black Ribband.
 Then he holds up a Bow-string, and makes Signs
 that he should kneel, and submit to the Sultan's
 Sentence.*

These are to add new Wings to my last Hour:
 I understand your Signs, and see your Pow'r.
 Stand off; I with your Bus'ness can dispense;
 But your officious Haste is an Offence:
 I will consider what I ought to do,
 And die to satisfy myself, not you.

[They retire to the further End of the Stage.]

Can I my Duty shew when I do ill,
 Unjustly yielding to a Father's Will?
 Sure we, by Nature's Gift, the Right enjoy,
 To strive with those who would our Lives destroy;
 And when I tamely die, without Defence,
 I teach the World to doubt my Innocence:

But with my Father why should I debate?

My Death he wishes, and my Life I hate:

Why should I make his Anger higher rise,

By striving to preserve what I despise?

[He beckons to the Mutes to come near him, and they advance.]

Before I die, I'll to the Sultan show

My injur'd Innocence; that he may know,

My Death will to the judging World proclaim.

He is more guilty, than he thinks I am.

When I have told him what I ought to say,

Then what he does command, I will obey——

[They all shake their Heads in Sign of Denial.]

How, Slaves! Am I refus'd? I will not die,

Till I have first obtain'd what you deny.

[The Mutes draw their Scimetars, and assault him; he draws too, and kills two of them.]

Enter SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN. •

O Traitor! Art thou such an Enemy

To thy high Blood, which is deriv'd from me,

That now, enforc'd by this new Crime, I must,

With my own Hand, mix it with common Dust?

Against my Pow'r thou dying art at Strife,

To make thy Death as guilty as thy Life.

[At the first hearing of Solyman's Voice, the Mutes give over fighting; and at the End of Solyman's Speech, Mustapha, kneeling, lays his Scimeter at the Sultan's Feet.]

MUS-

MUSTAPHA.

The Cause of my Defence from their Assault,
Was, that from you I might have learn'd my Fault.
Alas! what is't I with that Life shall do,
Which, Sir, is hated and proscrib'd by you?
All I endeavour'd by my Life's Defence,
Was to gain Time to shew my Innocence,
I shun not dying, Sir; but to be held
Guilty, is dying after I am kill'd,
Losing the Life of Fame, when I am dead.

SOLYMAN.

A Man condemn'd is not allow'd to plead.
I'll hear no more. ——— [Mustapha rises.

MUSTAPHA.

— Then, Sir, to Death I'll go:
I am too guilty since you think me so.
May not my Servants do what must be done?
Let not your meanest Slaves destroy your Son.

SOLYMAN.

Tho' Justice takes that Life which he must lose,
Yet Nature cannot this Request refuse.

[Aside.

Go lead him in, and let his Servants do
That sudden Justice which I left to you.

[To the Mutes.

MUSTAPHA.

That Chearfulness with which to Death I go,
Some Proof, Sir, of my Innocence does show.

And since by Death I would your Hate remove,
What would I not have done to gain your Love?

[*Exeunt Mustapha and Mutes, Solyman looking after Mustapha, whilst he is in Sight.*

SOLYMAN.

What I have now decreed, does just appear;
But against Nature who can stop his Ear,
Tho' she against the Right of Justice stands?
My Heart does sigh for what my Tongue commands.
[*Exit.*

Enter ROXOLANA.

ROXOLANA.

Now the great Deed is doing, or else done;
I have been cruel to preserve my Son.
That cruel Deed which makes him th' Empire's Heir,
Heav'n, sure, forgives, since it rewards my Care.
And nothing now can ever make me grieve,
But for his Death by which my Son does live.

Enter ZARMA.

ZARMA.

Madam, the Guards are doubled ev'ry-where.

ROXOLANA.

If Guards can make you safe, what need you fear?

ZARMA.

Your Servants hide their Looks, and fear to show
The Grievs they feel, and Dangers which they know.

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ROXOLANA.

Zarma, be deaf to what you should not hear;
Or use your Strength to what you ought to bear.
Easing yourself, when you of Grief complain,
To many others you transfer your Pain.

Enter HALY weeping.

By your Amazement, and the Tears you shed,
[To Haly.
You seem to tell me, *Mustapha* is dead.

HALY.

Yes, and so dy'd, that the most Fortunate
Would gladly, for his Fame, have had his Fate;
But, Madam, be suffic'd, that he is dead.

ROXOLANA.

No, I dare hear both what he did and said.

HALY.

The Sultan his last Suit could not deny;
Which was, that by his Servants he might die.
And each of those declar'd it a less Crime
To kill himself, than 'twas to murder him.

ROXOLANA.

It shews he was with highest Love esteem'd,
When none would kill whom *Solyman* condemn'd.

HALY.

It turn'd our Blood to Tears, when he did pray
To all in vain, to take his Life away.

He

He said aloud; Can I so wretched prove,
 That your Denials must declare your Love?
 See what your guilty Kindness drives me to;
 Worse than my Father did, 'twill make me do.
 One whom he guilty thought, to Death he sent;
 But you will make him kill the Innocent.
 'Tis you have made your Prince unfortunate,
 Who finds your Love more cruel than his Hate.
 And now (afraid of nothing but Delay)
 He frowning said; Unfriended *Mustapha*
 Must be beholding to himself for Death:
 Then snatch'd a Sword, which strait he did unsheath.
Morat cry'd out, The Murd'rer's Part I'll do;
 'Tis fitter I should bear that Blame than you.
 The Prince about his Neck his Arms did spread,
 In Sign of Gratitude, and smiling said,
 Is it not fit my wretched Life should end,
 When he who kills me I esteem my Friend?

ROXOLANA.

He could not give more Ornament to Death,
 Than when so calmly he resign'd his Breath.

HALY.

When griev'd *Morat* the fatal Deed had done,
 (Which Kindness made him do, and others shun)
 With Haste he said, No Tears can be so good
 To shed for such a Loss, as Tears of Blood.
 His Hand then acts the second tragic Part
 So on his own, as on his Master's Heart;

But

But Grief had wounded him so much before,
That scarce his Scimeter could wound him more.

ROXOLANA.

This was at once a Duty and a Crime.

HALY.

It made us pity first, then envy him.

ROXOLANA.

Call *Zanger* hither, and return with Speed;
But keep him ignorant of this dire Deed.

[*Exit Haly.*

Brave Prince, if now thy Mother were alive,
She, by my Sorrow, might be taught to grieve.
How soon thy Death a Miracle has done?
It makes me weep for what preserves my Son.

[*Exeunt Roxolana, Zarma.*

Enter SOLYMAN.

SOLYMAN.

Forgot are now those Fields his Valour won,
Which did too soon his Head with Laurel crown!
His Virtue with his Foes he overthrew;
For growing great, he strait grew guilty too.

*Enter ZANGER, who kneels; SOLYMAN steps
to him, and takes him up.*

ZANGER.

I come at your Command, by *Achmat* sent;
Who said, I should attend you in your Tent.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Zanger, I now did for your Judgment send;
You are my Mind's Physician, Son, and Friend.
Tell me, can mortal Monarchs always keep
The Watch o'er Empire set, without some Sleep?

ZANGER.

No Man can live, whom Sleep does not repair;
Much less can Monarchs, who are born to Care.

SOLYMAN.

Behold then the Revenge which I did take
On him, who kept me many Months awake.

ZANGER.

My Brother dead! you have the World bereft
Of much more Virtue than is in it left!
'Twas Jealousy, not he, (Oh dire Mistake!)
Which did so many Months keep you awake;
And it was just, that you, who in your Breast
Would Jealousy admit, should take no Rest.
My Speech is by this Object overcome:
No Grief is well express'd, till it is dumb.

[*Zanger goes towards Mustapha.*

Ah, loyal Prince! till Death does close mine Eyes,
Accept these Tears, my Friendship's Sacrifice!

SOLYMAN.

Traitor! dost weep for one condemn'd by me?
This shews that thou as guilty art as he.

Desist,

Desist, or thou shalt share in his just Fate.

ZANGER.

That, Sir, will rather shew your Love than Hate.
Death is the only Blessing I can find :
You think it just, and I shall think it kind.
I will his Worth to all the World declare.

SOLYMAN.

He did aspire, and grew too popular.

ZANGER.

Rustan and *Pyrrhus* did his Life pursue :
We their Contrivance of this Murder knew,
And I desir'd him from your Wrath to fly ;
But in Obedience he would stay to die :
For, but one Day, when banish'd from your Sight,
Was worse to him than Death's eternal Night.
If, in himself he any Guilt had known,
He, with your Leave, to *Syria* might have gone.
He told me still what he design'd or knew.

SOLYMAN.

His black Designs he did conceal from you.

ZANGER.

Nothing could more his Trust of Friendship
prove,
Than that we both th' *Hungarian* Queen did love :
And tho' he then my first Pretensions knew,
Yet freely he confest he lov'd her too :
And when a Rival does his Love reveal,
What can his Cunning, after that, conceal ?

How

How could you his unblemish'd Virtue doubt?

SOLYMAN.

Have I not often heard my Armies shout,
When he appear'd, and with Applause so high,
As if his Presence brought them Victory?

ZANGER.

In that their Error, and not his, appear'd;
He with more Grief than you their Gladness heard.
By all the Duty to a Father due,
And to our Prophet, *Mustapha* was true;
True as your Viziers have been false, and wrought
You into wrong Suggestions of his Fault.

SOLYMAN.

Oh Heav'n! my Guilt now makes it an Offence,
To hear untimely of his Innocence.
This Truth (which now I may my Torment call)
You should have sooner told, or not at all.

ZANGER.

Who could, without offending you, have thought
(When your kind Message was by *Achmat* brought)
That 'twas a Train laid for my Brother's Life?
And yet my Doubt with Duty was at Strife:
And Doubt prevail'd; for sev'ral Ways I try'd
To get Admittance, but was still deny'd.

SOLYMAN.

Zanger, to ease our Grievs, let us agree
T'impute his Fate to our ill Destiny.

Those

Those who to Death have made me send my Son,
Shall instantly, in Torture, meet their own.

Let Wisdom check your Sorrow, and prepare
To be this Day proclaim'd my Empire's Heir.

ZANGER.

But, Sir, religiously to me he swore,
That, if the *Turkish* Crown he ever wore,
He to our bloody Law an End would give,
And I should safely in his Bosom live.

Myself I then by sacred Promise ty'd,
Not to out-live the Day in which he dy'd.
And as I knew he nobly did design
To keep his Vow, so I remember mine.

[*He turns to Mustapha.*

'Twas only Love had Strength enough t' invade
That mutual Friendship which we sacred made:
But now o'er Love I have the Conquest got;
Tho' Love divided us, yet Death shall not—

[*Zanger stabs himself, and falls at
Mustapha's Feet. Solyman runs to him.*

SOLYMAN.

Hold, *Zanger*, hold! ———

ZANGER.

— The happy Wound is giv'n,
Which sends my Soul to *Mustapha*, and Heav'n.

SOLYMAN.

Friendship and Cruelty alike have done;
For each of them has robb'd me of a Son.

ZANGER.

ZANGER.

When, Sir, you have forgiv'n me for my Death,
Grant what I ask with my departing Breath:
Your dying *Zanger* begs th' *Hungarian* Crown
For th' injur'd Queen, and for her guiltless Son.

SOLYMAN.

Shall I so little give for *Zanger's* sake,
Whose mighty Mind would not my Empire take?

ZANGER.

Sir, for your Gift in Thankfulness I bend:

[*Bows to him.*

In Death I serve my Mistress and my Friend.
He'll live in your Esteem, she in her Throne.
Now all I had to do on Earth is done.

[*Turns again to Mustapha.*

Low at your Feet, dear Friend, your Brother lies,
And where he took Delight to live — he dies.

[*Zanger dies.*

SOLYMAN.

Fame in her Temple will adorn thy Shrine:
No *Roman* Glory ever equall'd thine.
Zanger, in Height of Youth, for Friendship's sake,
Did rather die, than proffer'd Empire take.
I would die too, but by Revenge am staid,
Due for you both; you shall be doubly paid.
My Viziers shall be first your Sacrifice,
Nor is she safe who in my Bosom lies;

For

For they, without her Int'rest in the Deed,
Durst not at last have urg'd me to proceed.

[Turns to Mustapha.]

Oh *Mustapha*! the Worthy may in thee
The dangerous State even of great Virtue see.
Thine was to all the Height and Compass grown,
That Virtue e'er could reach to get Renown:
And the Reward of it pernicious prov'd;
For I did punish thee for being lov'd.
Thy Mother was the first that e'er possess'd,
By Conquest, the Dominion of my Breast:
And had thy Mind been blotted, and as black
As Virtue could paint Vice, yet, for her sake,
(The brightest Beauty, and the softest Wife)
I might, alas! at least have sav'd thy Life.
But I shall mourn too long; for whilst I stay,
To count thy Wrongs, I thy Revenge delay.

[Exit.]

Enter ROXOLANA, HALY.

ROXOLANA.

How, *Haly*! are you certain that my Son
Is to the Sultan's great Pavilion gone?

HALY.

Achmat was for him by the Sultan sent;
And you will find him in the inner Tent.

ROXOLANA.

You should have brought him to consult with me;
Ere he had known his Brother's Destiny,

HALY.

I humbly beg, this may be rather thought
Your Servant's great Misfortune, than his Fault.

ROXOLANA.

Wait, in my Name, on the *Hungarian* Queen:
Tell her, that those rude Tumults she has seen
May still increase, and may renew her Fear;
And therefore I would fain secure her here.
But something from yourself you ought to say,
She having heard too much of *Mustapha*.

[Exit Haly.

[Roxolana goes towards the Scene, where she
sees Mustapha, and Zanger with his Dagger
in his Hand; and then she starts back.

Both dead! O Horror! *Zanger* does appear
Arm'd 'gainst himself, as his own Murderer.
This Deed, Friendship and Pity made thee do:
But was not I thy Friend and Mother too?
That Friendship against Nature was a Crime,
Which paid me nothing, and too much to him:
Tho' Friendship to a Friend thou might'st assign,
Yet, since I lent thee Life, that Life was mine.
Unjust to Nature, tho' to Friendship true,
In paying Friendship's Debt with Nature's Due,
Is this the last Reward of all the Pain
I felt, saving thy Life, to make thee reign?
Thou hast reveng'd (O Heav'n) what I have done
With so much guilty Kindness for my Son!

Enter

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Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN.

What Voice of Sorrow is alone so loud,
As if the Cause had made the Mourner proud?
For after noble *Mustapha* is slain,
Who can enough without my Help complain?

ROXOLANA.

Ah, Queen! add to your Grief by looking there;
Zanger is dead, and his own Murderer.

QUEEN.

Zanger! I did not think Fate could have shown
(After it took away my King and Throne)
Another Loss which could a Grief impose
To make me weep as justly as for those.
Why did not *Zanger* fatal Virtue lack,
Since it did highest Friendship cruel make?
Grief grows too hard for our Complaints alone,
When the World's Loss is greater than our own.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, *Mustapha*! I hither came to grieve,

[*Aside.*

That by thy Death I made my *Zanger* live:
But he too soon for my Offence has paid,
And I, thy Traitor, am by him betray'd.
Madam, your Tears will now injurious be;

[*Turns to the Queen.*

In Grief, as Honour, you out-rival me.

MUSTAPHA:

QUEEN.

You *Zanger* lov'd; then do not me reprove,
Grieving for two, who had no Fault but Love.

Enter HALY.

ROXOLANA.

Haly, if you come nearer, you'll despise
All Glory, and repent that you have Eyes.

HALY.

The Sultan, full of Horror, did relate
A tragic Story, of such dismal Fate,
As keeps me from approaching, out of Fear
To see, what it was Cruelty to hear.
But these high Sorrows are accompany'd
With others, which Compassion fain would hide.

ROXOLANA.

Will Heav'n more Weight on your Afflictions lay?

HALY.

Madam, the Guards and Train of *Mustapha*
Assault the Camp with their united Force,
And are assisted by Prince *Zanger's* Horse.
The Sultan arm'd, against this sudden Rage,
Is now advanc'd their Fury to assuage.

ROXOLANA.

O fatal Strife, where Victors nothing gain!

HALY.

The Viziers, by his Order, are both slain.

Madam,

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Madam, to you, as Regent for your Son,

[Turns to the Queen.

The Sultan does present th' *Hungarian* Crown.

The old *Moravian* Troops are, by Command,
Prepar'd to march against King *Ferdinand*.

You, with your Son, may now to *Buda* go,
To meet your Friends, and to pursue your Foe.

Your Restauration he before design'd,

When first the Empress with his Purpose join'd :

But this Dispatch, he justly has confess'd,

Is the Effect of *Zanger's* last Request.

QUEEN.

The Looks of Gratitude should chearful be ;

But, *Zanger*, I am so oblig'd by thee,

As it Occasion gives to make me mourn,

That to the Dead I nothing can return.

ROXOLANA.

Madam, the Sultan's Bounty strait receive ;

And, in your Absence, trust me here to grieve.

QUEEN.

Madam, I'll with my Son to *Buda* go,

And my last Duty to his Father show :

Then in a shady Cloister will remain,

And, as a fatal Mourner, still complain

Of that which here both you and I have lost,

Where Death does over Love in Triumph boast.

I shall undo my Son, if I look back

On those whom I unwillingly forsake :

I'm more concern'd in what I leave behind,
Than in the Joys he shall in *Buda* find.

ROXOLANA.

Go, Madam, go, and hasten to your Throne!
Live to find *Zanger's* Friendship in your Son.
Be with much Pow'r more happy than I prov'd;
Live to be fear'd, and yet continue lov'd.

QUEEN.

I'll fly from Pow'r; but yours to the Distress'd
Has been a Refuge, and should be increas'd,
Till (when you weary grow) your Suppliants sue,
That Heav'n may be a Refuge then to you.

[*They embrace. Exeunt Queen and Haly.*

Enter ZARMA at the other Door.

ZARMA.

The Mufty is within, and bad me say,
That he is sent to counsel you to pray.

ROXOLANA.

Why dost thou weep? I do not Dying fear:
Thou griev'st, because Grief's Remedy is near.
I'll meet the Mufty, and for Death prepare:
Lead me this way; for I would shun Despair.

[*She looks backward towards the dead
Bodies, and goes from them.*

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes.

Enter ACHMAT, HALY.

ACHMAT.

The tortur'd Viziers did their Guilt confess;
And, ere they dy'd, accus'd the Sultaneſs,
Who to their first Propoſal did incline;
But, by ambitious *Ruſtan*, the Deſign
(In Hope to gain her Favour) was begun;
And was purſu'd by her, to ſave her Son.

HALY.

The Guards and noble Train of *Muſtapha*
Have got Renown, tho' they have loſt the Day.

ACHMAT.

Till *Solyman* in Perſon did appear,
They, in they firſt Aſſault, victorious were.
With Thirty thouſand Horſe they brav'd the Field;
Of which, Five hundred are not left unkill'd.
He pardon'd thoſe, and pity'd their Offence;
But they ſo hated Life, and lov'd the Prince,
That it was harder to preſerve thoſe few,
Than 'twas t' o'ercome the many whom we ſlew.
When Rumour (ſwift, tho' it flies low) had ſpread
Thro' all our Camp, that *Muſtapha* was dead,
And that his Friends, who had that Battle fought,
Were only for his Safety hither brought;
Then the Victorious threw their Arms away,
And wept for thoſe whom they did lately ſlay.

K k 4

Some,

Some, who had kill'd their Sons, more Tears did shed
For their own Guilt, than that their Sons were
dead;

Guilt wrought by Fate, which had their Valour
mov'd

Against that Prince, whom they for Valour lov'd.

Enter SOLYMAN, ZARMA.

HALY.

His Brows are full of Clouds, his Eyes of Fire;
There's dang'rous Thunder near: Let us retire.

[Exeunt Achmat, Haly.

*A Table, with a Standish and a Chair, upon
the Stage.*

SOLYMAN.

Well: Call her in, and do as I command.

You, with her Women, must be still at hand.
The Mufty is of use; let him attend.

[Exit Zarma.

Thy Progress, Love, was long; but it shall end.
By Beauty (which does ev'n the Wife delude)
The Valiant ever soonest are subdu'd.

'Tis Nature's Snare, and in Defiance laid;
For when least hidden, we are most betray'd.
Beauty's fair Hand has many a mighty Name
Too foully blotted in the Book of Fame.
Accursed Beauty! 'tis at last to thee,
That famous Chiefs have ow'd their Infamy.

Oh!

A TRAGEDY.

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Oh! what has it not done, and may do still?

Enter ROXOLANA.

ROXOLANA.

I come to know Heav'n's Pleasure in your Will.

SOLYMAN.

Draw nearer then! Alas! be not afraid,
When'tis too late to fear. Speak, have you pray'd?
For you have much to lose, but more to save.
Have you been penitent? —

ROXOLANA.

—— Sultan, I have.

SOLYMAN.

You needed many Tears, to wash away
The Stains which have defil'd this bloody Day.
Brave *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* too, is dead;
These have deserv'd more Tears than you can shed,
Since all, in Honour's List, they did excel:
But in their Cause full Thirty thousand fell;
And twice that Number were in Battle kill'd
By those who did deserve to gain the Field.

ROXOLANA.

Oh, Sultan! do not give me leave to speak;
But give that Heart, which loves you, leave to break!

SOLYMAN.

Let it intire, awhile, for my sake, last.
I would not now have mention'd what is past,

But

But that 'tis Justice, and some Kindness too,
To shew sufficient Cause for what I do,
Which else might cruel seem; for you must die.

ROXOLANA.

When you bring Death, I will not ask you why.

SOLYMAN.

It shews the civil Greatness of your Mind,
When to your Punisher you can be kind:
But 'twill oblige me, and become you too,
More than your fatal Beauty e'er did do,
If you so gracefully depart from Life,
As fits our Childrens Mother, and my Wife.

ROXOLANA.

Perhaps I liv'd unworthy of your Fame,
But none shall *Roxolana's* Dying blame:
Yet I must grieve so as I ought to do,
When I, by leaving Life, depart from you.

SOLYMAN.

You may your little Debts of Kindness pay;
But I must be oblig'd another way,
Which will be first by your Confession shown;
Confessing not what you, but I have done.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, Sir! most willingly I will confess,
You found me in the Region of Distress;
A Flow'r being newly sprung, and in the Shade,
My Growth I from your shining Favour had.

SOLY-

A TRAGEDY.

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SOLYMAN.

This is not the Confession I would hear ;
It shews untimely Gratitude, or Fear ;
And makes me guilty of upbraiding you,
With what Love's secret Pow'r did make me do :
I aim not to be told what I have done
By Love's persuasive Force, and but to one ;
For when you lov'd me too, that Debt was paid ;
And Debts, discharg'd, none justly can upbraid.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, do not, Sir, forbid my Thankfulness !

SOLYMAN.

You quite mistake the Thing you should confess.
'Tis not what Love, but Honour made me do
For all your Sex, and not alone for you.
Tho' the strict Laws of *Ottoman's* high Race
Did not allow our Sultans e'er should grace
The Mothers of their Sons with Privilege
Of Marriage, yet your Sex I did oblige,
And lifted you above the Scorns of Life,
When I, by sacred Forms, made you my Wife.

ROXOLANA.

This is but mention'd to augment the Sense
Which you suspect I want, of my Offence :
Or else you shew me that I useless grow,
Whilst I confess but what the People know.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

If what I did was then by Honour done,
 Let me that Honour keep, when you are gone,
 Let me the Favour of your Sex retain:
 Which since I justly did by Marriage gain,
 I would not lose it now by Death's Divorce,
 Whilst they unjustly think I want Remorse;
 And that my Justice is but Cruelty,
 Because my Wife does by my Sentence die.

ROXOLANA.

Do but instruct me, Sultan, how I may,
 In Death, for all my Life's Offences pay?

SOLYMAN.

It is not fit our Priesthood or Diyan
 Should sit to judge the Wife of *Solyman*.
 But yet the Blood by your Ambition spilt,
 Cries out so loud 'gainst your audacious Guilt,
 That now my People, Armies, and the State,
 Behold your Beauty with malicious Hate:
 And no Expedient e'er can satisfy
 The Justice they expect, unless you die.
 You only can to Heav'n for Mercy trust.

ROXOLANA.

Sir, I will die, that they may find you just.

SOLYMAN.

But, that your Sex may ever think me so,
 You must a Form of Process undergo;

Which

A TRAGEDY.

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Which strict Necessity does make me use :
 You must, under your Hand, yourself accuse ;
 Which, as a true Record, may rescue me
 From false Opinions of my Cruelty.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, *Sultan!* this Proceeding is severe !

SOLYMAN.

You nobly should your own Impeachment bear,
 Left you a ruder from your Bashaw's hear.
 Go, *Roxolana*, sit, and write it down.

ROXOLANA.

I, with my Crime, shall make my Duty known.

[*Leads her to the Table.*]

SOLYMAN.

Be brief and clear. Posterity should know
 The hidden Root which made your Mischief grow.
 When the first Causes we of Ills discern,
 We safely, and with Ease, Prevention learn.
 You had your Aids in the Conspiracy ;
 My Viziers else had not been doom'd to die.

[*He steps to her, whilst she is writing.*]

What Form do you, in your Confession, use ?

ROXOLANA.

Sultan ! I wholly do myself accuse :
 And yet the Dying, sure, may blame the Dead,
 Who safely are by Death from Danger freed :
 Besides, both they and I shall strait appear,
 Where Heav'n's just Monarch will the Injur'd hear.

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Accuse yourself, and let their Guilt alone.

ROXOLANA.

If the Contrivance was by them begun,
May I not make of Truth peculiar Use,
And Crimes extenuate, when I shun Excuse?

SOLYMAN.

Already is your whole Contrition spent?
Leave off, if you unwillingly repent.

[*He offers to take up the Paper;
she rises, and holds it aside.*]

ROXOLANA.

Forgive me, Sultan, and I will proceed.

SOLYMAN.

Oh, Heav'n! when she so much does Pardon need,
Can I deny it, and endure to live?
I cannot be forgiv'n, if I forgive:
So much her Crime all Mercy does exceed;
For *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* too, is dead.
Make haste! Write fully your Ambition down,
In changing the Succession of my Crown.

ROXOLANA.

Pardon the Tears I on the Paper shed,
If I have written what you cannot read.

SOLYMAN.

Forgive her, Heav'n! Here, take my Handkercher.
Dispatch! why do you pause? —

ROXOLANA.

—— I'll hasten, Sir: [*She rises again.*
But,

But, whilst I now my Crime at full express,
Let me a little speak in much Distress.

SOLYMAN.

Your Time forbids the Tediousness of Grief;
Complain not, when you cannot have Relief.
Yet you may speak : Take Courage, but be brief.

ROXOLANA.

Sir, this Confession must a Record be,
To save you from imputed Cruelty.
Heav'n give you, Sir, an everlasting Fame,
And Heav'n persuade you to prevent my Shame.
I have but little thro' Ambition done;
Nature did more, and 'twas to save my Son.

SOLYMAN.

What did mysterious Nature make you do?
Could you at once be kind and cruel too?
Farewel; you are relaps'd, worse than before.

ROXOLANA.

Sultan, I'll write, and I will speak no more.

[She sits down again.]

Enter HALY.

Sultan, I shew my Duty in my Haste;
For with new Clouds your Camp is overcast :
The bloody Bus'ness of this fatal Day
Grows bloodier since the Death of *Mustapha*.

The

The Janizaries, by their Aga led,
Accuse the Empress, and demand her Head.

[Roxolana rises, and seems disorder'd.

They have their Grievance by their Aga sent,
And he attends at th' Entrance of your Tent.

SOLYMAN.

They trust my yielding, but shall feel my Force.
Bid *Achmat* face them with my *Syrian* Horse.
You must your best Disguise of Friendship wear,
And meet the Aga with the Looks of Fear :
Call him to Council, and disorder'd seem ;
And when he is admitted, strangle him.

[Exit Haly.

These threat'ning Tumults only dang'rous are
To Monarchs, who dare less than Subjects dare.

[Goes to Roxolana.

Sit down ! Is your Confession finish'd yet ?

ROXOLANA.

Sultan, it is. —

SOLYMAN.

— I'll read what you have writ.

[She, kneeling, gives him the Paper.

ROXOLANA.

Sir, now I feel the Torments of true Fear,
Because your Dangers great as mine appear.
Give to rude Hands the Life which I must lose :
If you defend it, you your own expose.

SOLY-

A TRAGEDY.

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SOLYMAN.

No, *Roxolana*; you shall calmly die:
You shall find Justice; but no Cruelty.
Your Women wait without; the Musty too:
What must be done, they decently shall do.

Enter HALY, and kneels.

HALY.

The sudden Tempest suddenly is past.

[She rises.]

No Clouds can long before your Lustre last.
With Tears the Janizaries now implore
That Favour which their Rage disdain'd before,
Sir, *Achmat* for the Aga's Life does sue;
Which he repriev'd, to have it sav'd by you:
It will a Triumph to the Army give,
Who are with Grief subdu'd.——

SOLYMAN.

——Go, let him live.

[Exit Haly.]

ROXOLANA.

Ah, *Solyman*! Shall she, who heretofore
Still, with Success, for others did implore,
Be now deny'd, when for herself she sues?
I beg not what I ought, Sir, to refuse,
If it were granted, your Consent to live:
Oh! take my Life, but my Offence forgive.

SOLYMAN.

Oh! why did Heav'n such perfect Beauty
 make,
 Yet let such beauteous Things Perfection lack?
 Love against Justice in my Bosom strives:
 Let Justice pardon Love, what Love forgives.

[He takes her up.

Rise, *Roxolana*, you shall Mercy find:
 But as when you were cruel, you were kind;
 So I will Deeds by your Example do;
 For I will now be kind, and cruel too.

ROXOLANA.

Heav'n, which begins to take your Clouds
 away,
 Will, from departing Night, make Break of Day.

SOLYMAN.

I give your Life, and I forgive your Crime;
 Yet in this Kindness I shall cruel seem.

ROXOLANA.

Oh! stay, Sir; and but hear what I implore.

SOLYMAN.

Your Doom is seal'd; I'll never see you more.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, Sir! you gave what I can ne'er enjoy;
 What you preserv'd, you instantly destroy.

SOLY-

A TRAGEDY.

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SOLYMAN.

Zarma! call All to look on my Remorse;
And then be Witnesses of our Divorce.

*Enter ZARMA, four of ROXOLANA's Ladies,
ACHMAT, HALY, the three Attendants of
MUSTAPHA and ZANGER, eight of the
the Guard, and six Pages: The Number on
the Stage being now Twenty-six.*

Take with your Life perpetual Banishment.
Long may you live, that you may much repent:
But from my Sight be still so far remov'd,
As I may quite forget I ever lov'd.

ROXOLANA.

Ah, Sultan! do but hear what I can say,

SOLYMAN.

Oh, Cruelty! you kill me if you stay.

ROXOLANA.

I'll but Forgiveness beg for Love and Grief,
Since both offend you, when they seek Relief.

SOLYMAN.

Oh, Heav'n! still will you speak? —

ROXOLANA.

—— Sir, I'll depart,
And at your Feet leave a forsaken Heart.

[Exit.]

SOLY-

SOLYMAN.

Farewel for ever! and to Love farewel!
 I'll lock my Bosom up, where Love did dwell;
 I will to Beauty ever shut my Eyes,
 And be no more a Captive by Surprise:
 But, Oh! how little I esteem a Throne,
 When Love, the Ornament of Pow'r, is gone!

[Exeunt omnes.]



The End of the FIRST VOLUME.